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H. D. Broughton

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AINSWORTH'S

MAGAZINE:

A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

General Literature, & Art.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
JOHN MORTIMER, PUBLISHER, ADELAIDE STREET,
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MDCCCXLIII.

TO THE

READERS OF AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

"Fresh fields and pastures new" may be adopted as a motto for our present Number, the opening one of a new volume of the Magazine.

The two romances which have been contributed to this periodical by the pen of the Editor, have successively formed a prominent feature, which, as its attraction and success have been without rivalry, (and it might even be said, without precedent,) it is naturally supposed the reader desires to see preserved. The tale of "Modern Chivalry," which he has now the pleasure of introducing, will open up, by its scenes and characters, a source of interest which it is confidently hoped will be appreciated and welcomed; while the subjects it embraces, as well as the mode of treatment, constitute, in this department of the Magazine, a decided novelty. But in addition to this, on which the Editor so relies for the maintenance, in a different way, of any charm which Romance in these popular pages may have held over the Reader, he has the pleasure and the good-fortune to present the opening chapters of a Novel descriptive of English life and character, English sentiment and conduct, by one who, knowing them thoroughly, is admitted to have been a master in the art of communicating his knowledge, with equal force and brilliancy, to thousands of admiring readers;—this story is by the late William Maginn, LL.D.

The Contributors who have been approved by the Reader from the first, will continue in their several characters to appear

before him monthly, bringing in their company, from time to time, as many new ones as space may admit and variety require. The satisfaction which has been generally felt and expressed forbids any very material change in the arrangements by which this necessary variety is secured, whether as respects verse or prose; yet some additional features of interest perhaps may be discerned, as the months roll away, in the endeavour to restore a portion of the Literary plan with which this periodical commenced—in the attempt to catch and to preserve some of those leading points of literary and critical interest, which belong to the time, and claim to be preserved beyond it. In a very few pages, not filled with dry details, some glimpses of the great world of books may be afforded; and thus may be exercised one privilege—should we not rather say, thus may be accomplished one duty, of a periodical—to present amidst its pictures and records some traces of the month in which it appears.

In one important particular we do not profess to seek at present for any profitable change—we allude to the Illustrative department. In an age when "Illustration" is at its height, and pictorial embellishment is called for in excess, it is pleasant to be able to challenge comparison, whether for power of design or finish of execution, with the masterly etchings which adorn Ainsworth's Magazine.

Manley's visit to Howardson.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

"A travers cette étourderie apparente de style et de plan, vous découvrez l'homme qui pense, même quand il rêve. Gardez vous bien de le croire frivole."—J. JANIN.

Dedication

TO YOUNG ENGLAND, ESQ.

MY DEAR ENGLAND!—See to what you have brought yourself (as Leigh Hunt wrote to Lord Byron) by liking my whimsies! Whether you may savour them as much when steeped in printer's ink as when steeped in the best of claret, remains to be proved. You will, perhaps, consider that I have whetted my knife somewhat Shylock-ishly against the tough sole of the world. But it is not every man who possesses a Mechi; and when not over sharp, I am apt to be too blunt. Your verdict must decide whether it be cut and come again, or cut and run, with the literary blade of your faithful chum

SPECIOCISSIMUS.

FLIGHT I.

"Ut homines sunt, ità morem geras."—PLAUTUS.

I paint mankind true to the letter;
No fault of mind if they aren't no better!—
(*Translation for the Country Gentlemen.*)

WATERTON the naturalist, who, like MUNGO PARK, and other bold adventurers into lands beyond the sea, passes for the fabricator of half the marvels he was the first to witness, asserts that whenever he encountered an alligator *tête-à-tête* in the wilderness, he used to leap on its back, and ride the beast to death.

This feat, so much discredited by the stay-at-home critics, was an act of neither bravery nor braggartry,—but of necessity. Either the man or the alligator must have had the upper hand.—*Il a fallu opter.*

Just so are we situated with regard to the world. Either we must leap upon its back, strike our spur into its panting sides, and in spite of its scaly defences compel it to obey our glowing will, or the animal will mangle us with its ferocious jaws, and pursue its way towards its refuge in the cool waters, leaving us expiring in the dust.—Either the world or the individual must obtain the upper hand.—Happy he who hath the genius and presence of mind of a Waterton!

The greatest difficulty experienced now-a-days in accomplishing the subjugation of the brute, is to get it on foot, with the view of mounting. Lazy and over-fed, it lies ruminating, half-lost amid the springing grass of its fertile meadows, like a Cheshire cow, which, when roused by an occasional impulse of friskiness, goes cumbrously frolicking round the pastures, without aim or end, save that of its own cork-screwed tail, only to subside anew into the apathetic torpor of obesity. What is to be done with such a world?—A prick less penetrating than that of a goad will not awaken it from its luxurious and self-sufficing ruminations; nay, a stunning blow between the horns is absolutely indispensable to overmaster its huge, heavy, and powerful organization.

Between the somnolence and selfishness of the applauding classes, celebrity has become a thing of yesterday!—There is neither courage nor energy left in the world to engender a great reputation. As of old the gods deserted Greece, great men are deserting Great Britain.

Occasionally, indeed, roused from its stupifying slumbers by some bold pretender to renown, it rises and gives a roar of applause, without knowing why or for whom, intent only on re-subsiding into a snooze; thus conferring on some quack or mountebank—political, professional, scientific, artistic, no matter what—the vulgar reputation of a day.

But is this renown?—Is the clarion of the fashionable *cornet à piston*, blown by a figure of Fame arrayed in the last costume of the *Journal des Modes*, worth the faintest echo of one of those prodigious blasts of the centuries of old, which made the earth reverberate from Caucasus to Chimborazo?—O ye infinitely little!—O ye Lilliputian worthies!—O ye Pindars of monthly magazines, who have harnessed Pegasus to a pony carriage!—O ye prophets of Exeter Hall!—O ye Catos of the Reform Club, and Scipios of the Carlton!—O ye homœopaths and hydropaths!—ye Titians of Suffolk Street, and Newtons of the Bridgewater Treatises!—answer me, and say,—*is* this renown?

In this disgraceful year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, can parliament, with its "*gravité de beau*

parleur,"—can the clubs, with their hollow echoes,—can the coteries, with their psittaceous cackle,—confer more distinction on man or thing than is requisite to sell a new ribbon at Howell and James's, or a new patriot to a manufacturing borough?—By the Lord Harry, no! Nay, the time is come when even such finikin reputations as these three great powers of the social state of England are capable of creating, ought to be secured by a patent medicine stamp, to ensure popular respect for the space of a year.

How many of these modern offshoots of the laurel have we not seen survive their immortality!—some, drowned like Swift and Marlborough, in the drivellings of premature dotage;—some, like sparkling torrents which forfeit their names and brilliant qualities by falling into the smooth and solemn channel of a river, losing in the mighty flow of politics the reputation they had acquired amid the loftier eminences of literature:—

Some perishing of pleasure—some of study;

some, subsiding from a granite pedestal to the woolsack, and from the woolsack to the silken divan of a lady's boudoir; some, converting a field-marshal's bâton, or the club of Hercules, into a distaff; some, self-exhausted, like extinct volcanoes, by an over-angry emission of flames and stones to crush their fellow-creatures; some, victims of crinoline petticoats, some of acetate of morphine. Of the giants that were on earth aforetime, nothing now remains to us but the wooden effigies of Gog and Magog!

La terra molle,
Simile a se l'abitator produce.

After all, though such a state of things be fatal to ambition, by reducing the standard of moral elevation to as dead a certainty as the physical stature of man—("the height thereof shall be so many cubits,")—society is the gainer; its surface all the smoother—its physiognomy guaranteed against the frightful, open-mouthed, saucer-eyed expression of wonder created by the presence of exceeding greatness. We are not perpetually forced to have hat in hand, in honour of some prodigy. A smooth, level, unmeaning, mediocrity around us, affords a wider and sublimer view of the distant horizon; enabling the eye to penetrate the misty past, overcast by the sun now vertical over our heads with the backward shadows of time; or the brilliant future, into which that star of progress is casting its brightness before, filling it with a gorgeous confusion of wondrous objects,—vague and mysterious with excess of light, as the past with excess of darkness.

Society, we repeat, is the gainer. Society has become a vast platitude,—like a calm at sea, painted by Vandervelde, or the Looking-glass Prairies described by Boz. No man blushes at being stupid and insignificant as his neighbours. The happy medium of dulness envelops and environs every object, passive or active; and we say to each other, as Louis XIII. said to Cinq Mars,—"*Mon mignon!* let us go and look out of the window;

et ennuyons nous,—ennuyons nous bien!"—The moment insignificance and monotony become the normal state of a society, yawns are out of place.

The predominant growth of such an order of things is unhappily a monstrous egoïsm,—like the hippopotamus and other frightful creatures engendered amid the verdure of the level pastures of the Nile. Self becomes the One Divinity;—amalgamating the worship due to Apollo and Diana, Isis and Osiris;—and superseding at once the golden image set up for public adoration and the Lares and Penates of domestic piety,—a prodigious economy of devotion! For the egoïst has so far the advantage over every other species of devotee, that his idol is ever present. Like the catholic priests who, during the Reign of Terror, carried portable altars in their pockets and the insignia of their faith concealed in a walking-stick, *he* is always prepared for his devotions. The shrine and the lamp burning before it, are identical. His Faith knows no misgivings,—his fervour no intermission. Like the Delhai Lama, he is eternally absorbed in ecstatic contemplation of his own divinity.

Twenty years ago, one of the most admired examples of this well-born well-bred egoïsm of the day, was Howardson,—"Howardson of Greyoke" as he was termed by the manual of the Landed Gentry; "Sentinel Howardson," as he was called for a year or two after his famous bay horse Sentinel had won the Derby; and "Corn-law Howardson," as he was styled by the reporters, for a session or two after the explosion of his maiden speech;—but simply and sufficiently known in the world as Howardson;—having long eschewed factitious notoriety, and followed the example of women careful of their reputation,—"not to make themselves talked about."

Except within the boundaries of the county where his venerable mother kept up the neatest dressed charity-school and best system of drill husbandry, his claims upon Greyoke were in fact almost overlooked;—the old lady who enjoyed the place for her lifetime, enjoying it in so quiet, sober, and systematic a manner, that there seemed every probability of the lifetime lasting from July to eternity.

There was a time, however, when this hereditary claim told in his favour. The year he left Cambridge, and commenced his career as a man about town, Howardson of Greyoke had the honour of dancing throughout the season with a certain Lady Caroline and Lady Lucy, the ugly, but highbred daughters of the Earl of Crohampton, the great man of his county; who would have been less graciously disposed towards Howardson by himself Howardson, than towards "Howardson of Greyoke." Moreover, when he had anything particularly dull to say in parliament, its matter-of-factness was invariably exonerated by the plea of his "stake in the country." An unanswerable apology for prosiness lay in his turnip-fields.

But all this was over and forgotten. He appeared to assign

so little importance to Greyoke, (except on the 1st of September and 1st of October, for the first partridge and pheasant of the season,) that those who knew him best, concluded the estate was mortgaged to its full value. For the friends of Howardson were not of a nature to conjecture that an inheritance to be derived from the death of a mother,—a good mother, of whom you are the only child,—has that upon its surface which renders the contemplation distasteful.

It is true he troubled himself little to testify respect towards a parent of whom he fully understood the value;—the shadow of his egoïsm interposing like a gigantic screen betwixt him and his filial duties. But he knew that Mrs. Howardson, disappointed in the two dearest wishes of her heart,—those of seeing him distinguish himself in public life, and establish himself by a happy marriage in private,—had, in process of years, reconciled herself to the forfeiture of her expectations; and that, with a cheerfulness of spirit very different from levity,—a change of object wholly free from volatility,—she was devoting herself in her age to the careful cultivation of her estate,—finding in the prosperity of Greyoke the solace she once expected to derive from the well-doing of her son.

On the other hand, there was independence on both sides;—Mrs. Howardson possessing for life a landed estate of five thousand per annum; and her son being in enjoyment of his father's hereditary fortune of two thousand five hundred a-year, that is, of the fortune which had *been* two thousand five hundred when he came into it at one-and-twenty, but which had probably experienced some extravasation in the course of the last eighteen years.

Not that Howardson was a spendthrift. Your true egoïst knows better! The state of a prodigal is one of discomfort and uneasiness, of rags and husks; and people duly impressed with the love of self, are aware that, for the personal enjoyment of life, it is as essential to be easy in your circumstances as easy in your clothes. He was consequently remarkable for the steady regularity of his affairs. But as most wisdom is learned by experience, it was surmised that this discretion was the result of early excesses, which the attainment of his majority had enabled him to parry. All, however, was surmise; for Howardson was too careful over his comfort to have attached to himself that inconvenient appendage, a confidential friend—otherwise, an intimate enemy, who becomes the depositary of your secrets for the good of the public. *His* friends were far too many in number to have any claims on his confidence. They—

Came not single spies, but in battalions;—

and the duty of battalions is scarcely that of a vidette.

Howardson was a man whose entrance into White's, on his arrival in town for the season, was not hailed with

Shouts, from mere exuberance of delight;

for, not being a professed dinner-giver, or liveryman to the great world at a country-seat, for battues in the autumn or hunting in the winter, he had no inordinate claim upon the enthusiasm of society. But he was consequently less liable, on his final exit for the Continent, to be assailed by the merciless fangs and claws which had not profited sufficiently by his hospitalities—nay, perhaps by a few which *had*. Meanwhile, there was always room and a smile for Howardson. Everybody was glad when he came,—everybody was sorry when he went.

The tellers of news and good stories told them first to *him*, because aware that he would not usurp their privilege or spoil their market, by repeating them in his turn. On the other hand, troublesome people and service-seekers were never known to attack him; for the cool listlessness of his air and countenance froze the courage of a petitioner.—He was, consequently, never obliged to peril his popularity by denial; for no one proceeded so far as to trouble him with an unwelcome request.

Such was the man who had long enjoyed the pleasures and privileges of a man about town of good family and fortune. He had enjoyed them as a bird enjoys the air, or a fish the water through which it glides,—without leaving a trace behind. London—or, rather, that particular parish of it which is called the World,—was his natural element. Howardson of Greyoke was an hereditary fraction of parliament, the clubs, and the coteries. The name had progressed through fourteen generations of estated gentility to a certain degree of consideration in society. He was therefore content to be that obscure thing—"a man whom everybody knows."

FLIGHT II.

"Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro."
HORACE.

'Tis time to dance and sing
And cut your mammy's apron-string.
(*Translation for the Country Gentlemen.*)

THIS species of St. James's Street celebrity, moderate as are its proportions, is rarely achievable without as much outlay of time and courage as, in a better age, was indispensable to the creation of a Sidney or a Raleigh.

"*Petit à petit, l'oiseau fait son nid;*" and "*petit à petit*" the man about town accomplishes the station entitling him to a place at the best dinner-parties—i. e., not mere county-meetings at the tables of grazing earls—nor family-meetings at the tables of rheumatic dowagers,—nor mobs of undistinguished marquises and marchionesses, in the aristocratic ark of some lordly nonenity;—

but those *élite* parties, whereof every guest has a specific name in Great Britain,—and the cook, on the Continent.

To accomplish this, it is necessary to be an egoïst of some standing. To be accepted in London, on similar terms, from the moment an ox has been roasted whole in honour of your majority, it is necessary to be the son of a popular nobleman—ay, and the eldest; without which, cubhood must ever be cubhood, whatever your personal pretensions.

But Howardson had so far surmounted the difficulties of his probation, as greatly to abridge the usual novitiate. Thanks to his high proof of genius in guessing the secret of his century, he had passed his examination and taken his degree among the Doctors of Egoïsm full ten years before the ordinary attainment of such high honours.

Yet this man was born with a soul,—nay, with high qualifications of heart and mind. There had been a time when his breast beat high with noble ambitions. The great examples of Greece and Rome had spoken trumpet-tongued to his nature, as to that of most intelligent lads; and on progressing from the marble statue-gallery of ancient history to the throng of breathing and vivid illustrations of modern times, he had exclaimed to himself, with swelling veins and panting breath—"I, too, will be an honour to my country!"

But the generous sentiments thus spontaneous, and cherished, till fifteen, by the excellent private tutor in whose family he was brought up, were as thoroughly crushed during his first month at Eton, as the promise of a fine vintage by an April frost. The incipient patriot was shamed out of study and bullied out of every finer emotion. Cambridge completed the abasement. Howardson was admitted to be a famous scholar—a first-rate mathematician. Yet there was every reason he should blush for his capacities.—He had a deuced bad seat on horseback!

That the heir to an estate so honourably enrolled among the chronicles of the landed gentry should not know how to ride, was past pardon. "*C'était pire qu'un crime,—pire qu'un vice,—c'était un ridicule;*"—and he accordingly left college undistinguished by the academic honours to which he was entitled, in his great haste to get to Melton and break his head, or into the Life-guards and break his heart,—in order to prove to half a dozen Lord Johns and Honourable Henries, that though some may be *born* equestrians, by others such greatness may be achieved.

The nature of his exploits at this period of his life was supposed to have impaired his fortune.—The same high intelligence, however, which had caused his boyish frame to thrill with delight at the name of Thermopylæ, or in sympathy with Bayard or Sidney, soon enabled him to appreciate the nature of his position. He saw that the alligator was getting the best of it; but he also discerned that at so advanced a period of

human civilization, when education places men upon as equal a footing as they are placed by brutality in a state of nature, it is next to impossible for an *individual* to leap upon the back of the animal, "strike his spur into its panting sides, and compel it to his glowing will;"—that in these days of federation, the deed unaccomplishable by a single hand is easy to the many; and that to compass the social independence to which he aspired, he must contrive to obtain the freedom of the company in ascendancy for the time being over the other guilds of society,—the company, (under whatever name, charter, or designation,) of the Predominants.

Thus did Howardson demonstrate the strength of his genius by penetrating the secret of his epoch. Overlooking the mere tribes of Politicians, Literati, and Sportsmen around him, he recognised the supremacy of the mighty confederation of the Egoïsts, or modern Epicureans—elective, like that of the Fellows of All Souls, from all other callings, but rendering statesmanship, authorship, and sportsmanship, subordinate to the paramount claims of personal comfort.

Enrolment in such an association was, of course, to be accomplished as stealthily as the entrance of Reynard into a hen-roost, or a Spartan bridegroom into his home; for it is an offence to public delicacy to make a parade of religious sentiments, even though Self be the divinity worshipped. Moreover, egoïsm is a conspiracy against mankind; and of all conspiracies, secrecy is the soul.

Howardson consequently pursued the even tenour of his way, true to the mysterious freemasonry of his caste,—having taken a sacred oath, as binding as the vows of a Knight of Malta, to perpetual celibacy and undeviating selfishness;—not squaring his arms, so as to keep the crown of the causeway, the pretension of vulgar egoïsts,—but subsiding quietly into the stream, to avoid the molestation of opposition.

His first step was into parliament; less with the high-minded purposes which had formerly placed before him, in perspective, the perfectibility of human nature, or the equalization of human happiness, than because a name unincluded in the pages of the peerage, is nothing in the eyes of the world unless stamped with the initials M.P.;—just as no wine is esteemed in France unless the bottle exhibit the seal of a specific vintage. To be a member of parliament, conveys at least a public certification against utter idiotcy or utter insignificance. The flaw of a cracked vessel, rung upon the hustings, is easily ascertained; and speakers' dinners and levees, committees, deputations, and even the ordinary congregationship of the house, serve to render an obscure face familiar to eyes polite. The first purchase of a rich upstart is sure to be a seat in parliament. But if so well-born a gentleman as Howardson condescended to follow the vulgar example, it was simply in the interests of his calling —

viz., to obtain an easy footing among men of understanding, and a place where he might idle away his evenings in good company, when too lazy to dress for a ball. Howardson always declared (after the single session to which he limited the luxury) that he had never digested half so well as during his siestas in the House.

He was not tempted, however, to renew the enjoyment. Having no debts to render the protection, or ambitions the arena of parliament desirable, he chose to consider his senatorial novitiate as a bachelorship of arts, or ensigncy, or cornetship;—a *premier pas*, which, like other *premier pas, coûtait cher*, and which there was no occasion to retrace. Howardson felt that he had now sufficiently incorporated himself with those who have the upper hand of the alligator, to dispense with the *Travaux Forcés* of the House.

Meanwhile, as the social business of the sons of the century is twofold—to acquire and to discard,—that is, to discard in order to acquire,—more especially as regards discarding troublesome acquaintances and acquiring congenial ones,—the Howardson who, at six and twenty, discarded parliament and its responsibilities, discarded also such boon companions of his unfledged days of inexperience as had not taken the pledge with himself and become Ego-totallers. Most of his Eton and Cambridge chums were now infatuated sportsmen or violent politicians,—the kennel and the cabinet forming the Scylla and Charybdis of men of high caste in Great Britain. Now the society of *violent* anything was contrary to the acquired nature of Howardson. He would as soon have thought of keeping a rabid dog, or mounting a restive horse, as cultivating the friendship of a vehement fox-hunter or thorough going party-man.—Out-and-outers were not of his tranquil element.—

Some people, however, are *not* to be discarded. Either from excess of sensibility or excess of *in*sensibility, some inconvenient friends do not choose to be flung aside like a last year's almanack. Of the connexions which Howardson regarded as early companionships, but which others regarded as early friendships, two, in spite of all his manœuvres, adhered to him like limpets.

There was a certain man named Mauley, who, having been Tom Mauley with him at his private tutor's, pretended to a sense of obligation, for having been preserved by his intervention from drowning in a pond, or goring by a bull, or flogging for orchard-robbing, or some such school-boy act of service; and would not be denied when, three or four times in every season, he called at Howardson's bachelor residence in Halkin Street; or to be cut, when he extended his hand once a year to his old friend, in the crush room at the opera. Mauley was one of the bores of this life from which Howardson saw that it was impossible to enfranchise himself without a stronger effort than was compatible with his sense of his own comfort.

The other friendly incumbrance was a Sir John Honeyfield,—called by his friends and the Sporting Magazine, "Jack Honeyfield," who, having been Howardson's co-mate at Trinity, chose to make him the butt of his good jokes in May Fair, as he had done at college. *Nota bene* that the principal achievement of Howardson's two friends since their boyish intimacy had been for "*Tom* Mauley" to concentrate himself into the dignity of Mauley, and for "Sir John" to popularize into Jack;—the one having acquired consistency,—the other, looseness.

To get rid of Jack Honeyfield, however, would have been twice as difficult as to discard Mauley. Rain down what scoffs and scorns you would upon him, he was an insubmergeable machine, kept afloat by boisterous good humour. The only thing would have been to call him out and shoot him;—and this, too, was an effort incompatible with Howardson's sense of what was due to his own comfort.

"How are you,—how are you?" cried Mauley, intruding one morning into the quiet, cozy room where Howardson was luxuriating upon his chocolate and the last number of a popular review.—"Your fellow wanted to deny me; but I took the privilege of an old friend, and forced my way in."

"Quite right to make haste and assert it," observed Howardson, with a calm smile, placing one fore-finger in the half-closed volume, (as if prepared speedily to resume it,) and extending the other towards the intruder, "for, thanks to the march of intellect, all ancient privileges are becoming abrogated. Hemmings must have lived with either a prime-minister, a coiner, or a spendthrift; for he denies me, as if he apprehended a petition, a bill, or a warrant, at the hands of every one who knocks at my door."

"I hoped I was in time to breakfast with you," observed Mauley, glancing at the rich but solitary chocolate cup, and scattered crumbs of dry toast.

"Had you prepared me for such a favour, the chocolate should have been tea," observed Howardson, coolly; "more especially as chocolate is a thing so trying to the digestion, that I never attempt it unless secure of a quiet hour after breakfast. A little light reading is the only thing reconcilable with so heavy a nutriment."

"You counterbalance the food of the body, then, with the food of the mind, eh?" cried Mauley, laughing heartily at what he considered one of Howardson's wild conceits. "Depend upon it, my dear fellow, active employment affords a better stomachic than any palliative of the kind. And to prove to you that a man of wholesome habits may confront even chocolate undismayed, Hemmings shall bring me a cup, though instead of diverting myself with the cutting and maiming of a review, I am going straight from hence to evening church."

There was no help for it! Howardson took his finger out of the book, and rang the bell for more chocolate and clean plates: the *paté de foie gras* on the table being still unblemished.

"I am come to tell you a piece of good news," said Mauley, seating himself as comfortably as the unsociable little table would allow,—"a piece of news I am sure you will be glad to hear," continued he, regardless of the polite immobility of his host, who looked as if he had been frosted over at the *Glaciarium*. "I am coming into parliament!"—

"You look as if you expected me to wish you joy!" said Howardson, mildly; "and as you have cruel need on such an occasion of the good wishes of your friends, I will not disappoint you. Accept my congratulations. Pardon me!—No sugar!—Hemmings sweetens his chocolate in milling."

"Thanks — thanks, — both for your good advice and good wishes," cried Mauley. "I have now achieved my utmost desires. You may remember my telling you last year how famously I was getting on at the bar; and that I wanted nothing but an opening to professional honours through the House. Well! thanks to Lord Grope and Grab, I have secured it. I led that famous cause of his last year against the collieries; and pleased him so much, that he is to bring me in for Blackholm."

"In order that you may advocate his interests in the house, as well as at York assizes?" observed Howardson, with a slight sneer. "My dear Mauley, I fear you have the worst of it!—a prodigious deal of dirty work on your hands, and an impending abbreviation of your days from the foul atmosphere of the house, as well as of your briefs from its calls upon your time."

"Nothing hazard, nothing have!" replied Mauley. "Though my father did not choose to bring me into parliament, he can well afford to keep me there, since I have shewn myself capable of working hard enough to keep myself."

"*Working* hard enough!"—was the faint and shuddering response of Howardson.

"The labour we delight in, physics pain!" quoted Mauley, good-humouredly. "Work, when crowned with success, as mine has been, delights *me* as much as pleasure delights *you*. Besides, I have an ulterior object. Parliamentary distinction clears the way to preferment; and place and perquisites, howbeit, for their own sake I despise them, will enable me to accomplish the dearest wish of my heart!"

Bored as he was, Howardson managed to assume an air of patient interrogation.

"To marry—to settle in life!"—replied Mauley, swallowing a morsel of *foie gras* as uncognizantly as though it had been pigeon-pie.

And again Howardson, faintly and shudderingly, re-echoed, "To settle in life!"—

"You remember Emma?"—said Mauley, with smiling complacency.

"Emma Clifton?" inquired Howardson, reverting at once to the hateful parsonage of Dr. Clifton, with its heterogeneous associations of Greek testament, Yorkshire-pudding, family

prayers, Thermopylæ, Bayard, and Sidney. "My dear Mauley! *have* the last ten years done nothing for you but widen your shoulders and contract your understanding?—*Still* harping on your tutor's daughter?"—

"You forget," remonstrated Mauley, in a graver tone, "that I told you when I quitted Clifton's, we were engaged?"

"Of course! as *every* young man is engaged to his tutor's daughter, when he happens to have one. *I* was engaged *then*, to Gertrude Montresor. We corresponded, while I remained at college, and the thing might have gone on and given me no end of trouble. But, fortunately, I was able to break off the affair, by stating, in a general way, that my mother would not hear of the match."

"Had I possessed your independence," replied Mauley, significantly nodding his head, "and been an only son, I think I should have managed to make a convert of my mother."

Howardson smiled. The slight shrug of the shoulders, with which the smile was accompanied, escaped the notice of his companion.

"I saw Miss Montresor at my last circuit," resumed Mauley; "the judges dined with Sir Henry, and I was one of the party. The old gentleman was High Sheriff, and hearty and hospitable as ever. Lady Montresor, too, as mild and dignified,—though much broken, and with her hair as white as snow."

"I have not heard their names before these half-dozen years!" observed Howardson, proceeding to cut the leaves of his review, either as an occupation for his hands or a screen for his countenance. "Sir Henry is the sort of country baronet who abstains from London as though the plague were still raging there. How does Gertrude wear?—I think you said she was not married?"

"Miss Montresor is scarcely less broken than her mother. In any other house, I should not have recognised her, poor thing, as the light-hearted, fair, plump, lovely girl we all thought such a goddess, at Clifton's. Yet she is only a year older than Emma, who is still young, plump, fair, and merry!—By the way, old Clifton (who, you know, has given up his living in Wiltshire to his son, and resides at his archdeaconry) has behaved in a manner to reconcile my father to the match, for the old gentleman is to lay down ten thousand pounds for us, out of his savings!"

"Dr. Clifton certainly owes you every guinea of it, for such exemplary constancy!" observed Howardson, drily; "nor can I but admire your virtue, in contenting yourself with a woman of seven-and-twenty, instead of the pretty girl of seventeen to whom you, what *you* call, 'engaged' yourself. I confess *I* should require something more than such scanty manna to support me through the wilderness of life. Did Miss Montresor mention my name?"—

"*I* mentioned it, and was afraid I had done wrong, when I saw how deeply it affected her. But as she so far recognised our

old acquaintanceship as to inquire after the Cliftons, who have long quitted her neighbourhood, old times naturally fell under discussion. She spoke of that unlucky fishing-party, in which I fell into the lake; and, in acknowledging my obligations to you, I could not forbear adding that the boy had proved father to the man; and that you were still the same handsome, distinguished, and fastidious fellow who used to treat us all *de haut en bas* at Clifton's."

"And what had she to say in reply?" inquired Howardson, stepping, in his dressing-gown, to the window, and looking up, inquisitively, to the sky, as if to ascertain whether a passing cloud conveyed serious indications of rain.

"Perhaps I might affront you by telling——"

"I never was affronted in my life," replied Howardson, resuming his seat, while his companion crossed his knife and fork, and pushed away his plate.

"She said you were 'a noble creature spoiled,' or words to that effect; then, entered into so earnest a discussion of an interesting cause we had tried that morning, that there was no recurring to the subject. It is a thousand pities she did not marry Lord Rainhurst, who, I know, proposed to her repeatedly before the Cliftons left Yorkshire. She was intended for an excellent wife and mother—intended to be an ornament to society—intended for the highest sphere of life;—not to be the *souffre douleur* of an ailing mother and thick-headed country baronet."

"It is certainly much to be regretted that she should have given way to a misplaced attachment," replied Howardson, coolly. "As I told her when my mother broke off the match, our engagement was formed when we were both ignorant of the world and knew no better—not even our own minds."

"Miss Montresor apparently knew hers; for I suspect her inclinations are as unchanged as Emma's and my own."

"Did she commission you to tell me so?"

"I have repeated to you the utmost syllable of our conversation. The world has been too busy in talking of your *liaisons* to admit of my inspiring her with fruitless hopes of having retained a place in your affections."

"You would speak more accurately were you to say, of my retaining affections of the kind you mean for *any one* to find a place in!"—coolly retorted Howardson.

"And *Mademoiselle Mélanie?*" demanded Mauley, with what he intended for a knowing smile.

"I should have thought you too good a family man in perspective, to read the Sunday papers," observed Howardson, now openly shrugging his shoulders. "You do not, I trust, connect such a name with the *affections?*"—

"Then why waste your time and money on such a person?"

"I waste no time on her that I should spend more discreetly were there no Mademoiselle Mélanie in existence. In point of

extravagance, every wise man puts down in his annual budget an item of "so much for fooleries." Whether the sum be spent on an opera-dancer, a race, or a green cloth at Crockford's, *qu'importe?*—I threw away more money in ten minutes on Sentinel, during my short experience of the turf, than on all the Mélanies with whom I was ever acquainted."

"But Miss Montresor informed me you had given up the turf."

"A few syllables *did* pass between you, then, more than you related to me?"—

"Simply those. She asked me how you employed yourself now you were out of parliament. I replied that I understood Sir John Honeyfield had tempted you upon the turf."

"Jack Honeyfield tempt any rational being into any earthly thing!—*That* was the unkindest cut of all!"—cried Howardson. "I only wish he had attempted it! In that case, I should never have seen Newmarket, and been some thousand pounds in pocket. However, as Miss Montresor truly told you, I *have* given up my racing-stud. I could not stand the bore of a book. One might be a banker or a tax-gatherer with half the trouble. There is something humiliating, too, in a pursuit in which one is always secondary to one's trainer, and at the mercy of one's jockey."

"I quite agree with you. I, who am professionally brought in contact with the most expansive minds of the age, can scarcely understand how you *very* fine gentlemen put up with the slang of such blackguards. Not, however, my dear Howardson, that I admire your alternative. An opera-dancer would be as offensive a companion to me, by way of woman, as a training-groom by way of man."

"Who ever sought an opera-dancer *as* a companion?"—

"I have often remarked," continued Mauley, following his own train of reflections, instead of replying to his companion—"that the higher the tone of a man's mind, the lower that of the female he selects for an associate.—On what creatures did Byron bestow his company!—On what creatures, Rousseau!"

"Your inference, I trust, extends to myself?"—cried Howardson, with an ineffable smile; "in return for which compliment, let me explain to you *why* men of genius derogate so strangely in matters of love. It is because they invest the object of their idolatry with the colours of a fervid imagination. They behold her through the medium of the poetry of their souls. Were a really delicate, refined, and intelligent woman to fall to their share, the occupation of their fancy would be gone. They would have nothing to create. Half of us would rather adore the idol our own hands have carved out of wood or stone, than a truer divinity."

"Still, it does not strike me as necessary that you should seek out a piece of wormeaten wood for the purpose, or waste your art upon paving-stones, when statuary marble is to be had."

"Such as Miss Gertrude Montresor and Miss Emma Clifton, eh?—My good friend, you are speaking in condemnation of a class of which you know about as much as *I* of Chancery barristers;—that is, their wigs by sight, and their pleadings by newspaper report."

"All the world knows them to be venal and profligate!" exclaimed Mauley, a little nettled at this imputation of ignorance. "I confess to you, I look upon the whole *corps de ballet* as so much mud!"—

"The water-lily, that floats all purity on the surface of the water, has its roots in the mud," replied Howardson. "*Du reste*, as I have received no retaining-fee to plead their cause against you, have it your own way! Be assured, meanwhile, that I have given more time and thought to Mélanie in this little discussion, than she had ever before the honour of receiving at my hands. —Going?—Is it late?—Is it time to think of dressing?"—

"I have a visit to pay in this neighbourhood before evening service at the Lock," said Howardson, taking out his cumbrous watch.

"And I have promised Honeyfield to look at his bay mare at Tattersall's," added Howardson, ringing for Hemmings. "You cannot afford much time, I fear, to your visit. We have brought it to half-past two."

"You will be at least aware of the sacrifice I have made for the enjoyment of your society, when I tell you, that my visit is to Lady Rachel Lawrance," observed Mauley, as he was leaving the room.

"Lady Rachel?—My fair neighbour?—Are you on intimate terms with her? And, may I ask——"

"Ask nothing just now, or we shall both be too late," cried Mauley, turning the crystal door-handle. "Smoothly as the sands fall from the hour-glass, not all your best efforts or mine would cause a single grain to re-ascend. Time is precious.—Good bye!"—

"What in the world can induce that charming woman to admit so vulgar a dog into her drawing-room!" thought Howardson, as he repaired to the looking-glass on his friend's departure, to ascertain whether the wear and tear of professional life, or the stagnancy of Epicureanism, were the ablest abettor of the ravages of time;— "a woman with whom I positively should not mind being acquainted myself, but for my horror of entanglement. The most dangerous ordeal one has to surmount, is the sort of female friendship that winds its way imperceptily into love. '*Aimer*,' says a great French writer, '*c'est déplacer son existence, c'est vivre dans un autre*;' whereas the principle of *my* life is to live in, for, and with, myself. Still, it is strange enough how an obscure fellow like Mauley should have reached the society of Lady Rachel Lawrance!"

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HEATH BROOM.

BY M. Y. W.

Poor Outcast that I am!
From men I scarce can claim a passing thought;
Yet on the far blue mountain whence I came
They scorn'd me not.

For o'er its rugged side,
By me and mine a purple robe was thrown;
And the rich hues, so long the landscape's pride,
Were ours alone.

The shifting light and shade
Of cloud and sunshine o'er my birthplace flew,
And lovely from afar the spot was made,
Where once I grew.

Oft resting there by me,
The traveller gazed upon the quiet vales
So far beneath, and on the sunlit sea,
And gliding sails.

Thither the shepherd came,
His scatter'd flock with careful search to gather,
Or the keen sportsman, eager for his game,
Trod down the heather.

And oft did towns remote
Send forth the young and gay, in summer's prime,
The mountain paths to seek, and (free as thought)
The heights to clime.

Nor was it hard to bear,
When from my tuft they pluck'd the richest wreath,
And fondly said, there was no flower so fair
As that wild heath!

But ruder hands too soon,
Harden'd by daily toil, their sole pursuit,
And careless of my beauty, cut me down
Close to the root.

They let not one escape
Of all the feathery stems that grew together,
But soon transform'd to this degrading shape
The tuft of heather.

And now no more from me
The breeze should dash the dew at early morn,
Nor to my honey'd bells the wandering bee
At noon-day turn.

Along the dusty road
Soon was I borne for many a weary mile,
On to the town where men have their abode,
And all things vile.

Then did they shout my name,
Which mingled there with every meaner sound,
And my last blossoms, as they blush'd for shame,
Fell to the ground.

None by my fate were moved,
Who on the mountain side had deem'd me fair;
Alas! it is our place that makes us loved,
Not what we are!

My brethren, one by one,
To different masters had been sold for slaves,
And day by day more dim and pale had grown
My sickly leaves.

Soon to the vilest use,
In miry street and alley was I turn'd,
And then, because I had been injured thus,
Was shunn'd and scorn'd.

Worn to the heart at last,
Unfitted for my toil I have become,
And here, by those I served, have I been cast
To wait my doom.

Look on me now, and ask
Who in the gratitude of men should trust,
And clear their trodden paths (an endless task)
From mire or dust?

And yet despise me not,
Changed as I am since last I saw my home;
But pitying, think how low the world has brought
The Old Heath-broom!

THE BABYLONIAN MARSHES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The captiousness of learning has, in this country, become almost a proverb, and the public mind is only at variance as to whether the mathematician or the classical scholar is most severe in criticism. This painful truth has been recalled to my mind, by reading the following passage, written by Foster, a commentator on Xenophon:—"Speaking of the magnitude of the Euphrates, puts me in mind of what Strabo says of it, where he informs us that it runs through the middle of ancient Babylon, and was a stadium (two hundred yards) in breadth; which Calmet, with the generosity of modern writers, takes for granted, without examining what difficulties such an assertion is loaded with. Xenophon, who forded it himself, affirms that this river is four stadia (eight hundred yards) broad at Thapsacus, above five hundred miles higher than Babylon; and all the world is sensible, that rivers do not grow narrower the further they proceed in their course." Now this overwhelming closet critic, who brings the whole world against the accuracy of the Amasian geographer and the generosity of Calmet, happens in this case to be in the wrong; for the Euphrates, contrary to what is certainly generally the case, narrows in its lower or Babylonian portion, and dwindles away to almost nothing. The width of the river at Thapsacus is, as described by the illustrious author of the Anabasis, about eight hundred yards; but on entering the plains of Babylonia, its waters are drained by several large canals going to the Tigris, till by the time it has reached Babylon, it is no more than about two hundred yards in width; and below this again, they are carried off by many minor canals, to the right and left, that so little water is left in the main channel, as to render it no longer distinguishable from the derivatives, spreading like a net-work, over the wide-extending marshes, which result from this state of things.

The steamer Euphrates entered these marshes on a fine summer afternoon. The river was narrow and tortuous, and at times confined to a bed of scarcely two hundred feet in width; at others, nearly covered with vegetation; while the marshes around were at times so low, that the stream was only retained in its course by artificial embankments, which, had the steamer ran against them, would in all probability have given way, carrying river and ship together into the morass, to leave the latter, in a short time, imbedded, like a huge fish, amidst reeds and sedges. The pilot was somewhat puzzled to find his way amid these intricacies, but at length we arrived at the reed-built town of Lemlun, which is situated upon a narrow tongue of land, advancing, where the river is divided into two branches, and having a mud fort placed so as to defend the extreme point, and close to the fork of the river.

This town is inhabited by Arabs of the Khezail tribe, Persians by descent, Shiite by persuasion, and robbers by profession, but they also feed buffaloes, and cultivate much rice. They were undoubtedly the most wild, cunning, and strange Arabs, that we met with during the whole navigation. The first proof of their faithlessness which they gave us, was by indicating a wrong branch of the river as the navig-

able one; and, in consequence, we had not followed it for above a mile or so, when the steamer, after overcoming many difficulties, finally stuck in the mud; and thus we were left to spend the night in the wilderness of waters, attended by a cloud of musquittoes, which, by their density, almost anticipated darkness. Some smoked, others covered up their hands and faces, and many sailors climbed up the rigging, to avoid the pest, but it was in vain; they were so numerous, and so fierce in their attacks, that they penetrated everywhere, and through everything.

But there was something so new and so striking in these great marshes, that they rivetted the attention, despite the musquittoes. Besides, the channel we were in, calm, glassy, and diversified by flowering plants, we could distinguish from the deck that all around us was water, out of which grew high plants of the reed, rush, and flag kind, and tall grasses, which, in these latitudes, assume the port and bearing of reeds. Amid this dense vegetation were meres, or little lakes of water, interspersed with great white lilies and other beautiful and large flowering plants, amid which, stately pelicans sailed about, as if proud of the undisputed possession of such safe and tranquil retreats. Afar off, were some grassy spots, on which an occasional buffalo was seen feeding, or, on the extreme limits of which, some dusky encampment of Arabs was just perceptible, while on the very verge of the horizon, and rising out of the sea of reeds and tall grasses, lofty mounds of earth and sun-dried bricks, were seen faintly against the sunset.

When Alexander the Great was at Babylon, he determined, with his characteristic excursional spirit, to explore the "Paludes Babyloniæ;" but the undertaking was not so simple as at first appeared, for on this occasion many of the galleys lost their way, and during a gust of wind, the Imperial Tiara was blown from the conqueror's brows—curious forewarning of the fatal attempt to regenerate the doomed city—and was brought up by one of the mounds in question, which, at those early times, as at present, diversified the surface of the marshes. Many of these mounds indicate the sites of temples belonging to ancient Babylonian and Chaldean cities; but others, as Arrian relates, are monuments of the dead, and tombs of the Kings of Assyria; and modern travellers have found glazed earthen coffins in some of them. In these latter respects, they resemble the Dakmah of the Persians, where the fire-worshippers exposed their dead bodies, and which, in many cases, still serve as a place of prayer and sepulture to the Muhammedans.

Islanded amidst this wilderness of waters, were also occasionally to be seen the reed tombs of the Sheiks, or holy men, while a few of the living members of the tribe stole stealthily along in their light canoes from mere to mere, by narrow invisible channels known only to themselves, till they got into the neighbourhood of the steamer. These Khezail Arabs were remarkable for their long, spare forms, all ease and freedom. They were almost entirely naked, and their dark hair, plaited in long ringlets, fell over their shoulders, sheltering them from the sun, and doing duty as a kerchief. Their limbs, which were otherwise well-proportioned, were so extremely long, that it was impossible not to think, that, like wading birds, whose legs are adapted for their peculiar habits of life, a long residence in marshes, and

the habits of wading consequent thereon, continued through many generations, had effected a somewhat similar adaptation of form to habit, in the human family. They certainly live almost as much in the waters as out of them; the buffalo feeds, and they can only reach it up to their middles in water; rice is only grown in swamps, and I have even seen a baby swinging in a cradle, suspended from the top of a reed hut, where, owing to a flooded state of the waters, the stream was flowing, in an unimpeded current, through the hut itself. Their familiarity with water commences thus at a very early age.

Sunset cast a red glare of splendour over this extraordinary scene. Night-birds began to wing their heavy flights with prolonged screeches, and the far-off villages were obscurely illumined by the early night-fires, becoming so many beacons to the Arabs, who now paddled away in their canoes along the golden flood, rising, giant-like, up out of the surrounding reeds and rushes, and cheering their way home with songs and choruses, responding to one another, till the savage sounds were lost in the distance, and everything was enveloped in the stillness of night.

Early on the ensuing morning, the steamer got free of the mud, by carrying out an anchor and hawser astern, and backing her paddles; and we returned to Lemlun, lying to at the further end of the town, near where the few last reed huts terminated in a grove of date-trees, and the canal, which passed from the river before the town, divided into several channels. The Khezailees, who now grouped around us in crowds, attracted our whole attention. Their ill-concealed astonishment and laughing wonder were only exceeded by their restless maliciousness and daring cupidity. But they were the passions of savages—irregular, and with little purpose, and manifesting themselves in various ways. Some stood in groups laughing and jeering, pushing one another towards the ship, from which they were as speedily repelled by the sentinel on duty. Others exhibited their aquatic prowess by leaping into the water, when the cook threw over a refuse vegetable, which they devoured greedily. A bit of paper, accidentally blown overboard, caused a whole host to rush in after it, and they fought eagerly for its possession. Others looked on in silence, with their brows deeply contracted, and with looks of infinite malignancy. They were balancing the means of offence and defence, brooding mischief, but undetermined how to proceed about it. Others, again, were prying into holes and corners, and laying plots, as we shall subsequently see, for future action. One thing above all others, however, attracted the greatest attention on their part. This was Mrs. Helfer, the young and fair lady of a German physician, who accompanied the expedition—the only lady we had on board, and an universal favourite. To avoid impertinent curiosity and to favour the European habit of moving about in freedom, Mrs. H. had, as is frequently done in the East, adopted a Mamluke costume, but the quick-sighted semi-savages soon distinguished her from the rest of the company, and as she stood, with the officers, looking at and enjoying the turbulent proceedings of the crowd, it was quite evident, that, on their part, the greater admiration which they are said, by many writers, to possess for their own colour, as more beautiful and characteristic than the white pallidity of the European, met here with a practical contradiction; and their regard, like their cupidity, was so

great, and under so little restraint, as to be momentarily manifested by looks and actions which would admit of no misinterpretation.

In the course of the day, visits were made to the Sheik of Lemlun. He was dressed, as were also several of the nobles (proprietors) around him, in a long robe of dark green silk, relieved by white stripes. This was characteristic of their Persian origin and Shiite persuasion. The poorer class, when not nearly naked, were clad in robes of dark brown coarse stuff, with a girdle round the waist. Others wore a mashallah, or cloak, with broad white stripes, generally thrown so that one broad white band sheltered the right side, leaving the rest dark, and giving an aspect of uniformity to a group; but sometimes the stripe adorned the left side, while the right chest was left entirely bare. These details, of apparently trivial nature, served among themselves to distinguish families from one another.

The feelings of the Khezailees, in regard to their British visitors, continued so hostile all day, and their anxiety for mischief had been so clearly manifest to every one on board, that at night precautions were taken (the more especially as we lay close along shore,) to prevent robbery or sudden surprise, and a sentry was placed on shore, in addition to the usual one on the fore-deck. The weather was hot, and part of the crew, as well as many of the officers, slept on deck; among the latter were Dr. and Mrs. Helfer. Colonel Chesney and myself were the only two who went to our cabins, which were opposite to one another, in the after part of the ship, and contiguous to the main cabin, where the officers messed, and the library and chronometers were kept. Major Estcourt, as was frequently his custom, persevered, notwithstanding the unfavourable feeling exhibited towards us, in carrying the few matters which composed his bed on shore. He had not, however, been long asleep, before he was awoke by a tug, and on opening his eyes, found to his mortification that his silken coverlet had made its disappearance. He resigned himself to sleep, however, a second time, till he was again awoke by a tug at his pillow; this second pull he endeavoured to resent by hastily securing a pistol from beneath, for it was always customary on such occasions to sleep with loaded pistols beneath the pillow, but the Arab was too quick for him, and was in a moment lost in obscurity.

It appears that it was but a few minutes after this occurrence that a loud shriek from Mrs. Helfer awoke at once the whole ship's company. Colonel Chesney and myself jumped up at the same time, and met at the cabin doors, having each hastily seized our double-barrelled fowling-pieces, which were hung loaded upon the cross beam above our couches. "What is the matter?" said the Colonel. "Somebody murdering Mrs. Helfer!" answered I, half awake, and with the memory of the day's proceedings faintly gleaming through my somnolence, and in less than a minute we were both on deck; but Estcourt wearied at the tugging at his bed, and at last conscious that no quiet was to be obtained on shore, had arisen after the last attempt, and taking the whole of his things under one arm, and a pistol in his hand, had proceeded to make good his retreat on board the steamer. At the very moment, when passing over the fore-deck, he had mounted the middle raised deck, which, for the convenience of the engines, separated, in our steamer, the fore from the after-deck, he distinguished, but indistinctly in the dark, an Arab threading his way amid the crowd of

sleepers, towards the openings in the bulwarks, which were near the tiller, and who, before making a flying descent into the river, appeared by a sudden dip and a clutch at the clothes of Mrs. Helfer, to have had some latent intention of carrying her also into the water with him. This was a very bold manœuvre, if really intended, and some held the opinion that it was merely in making his escape that he accidentally got entangled in Mrs. H.'s clothing; but the previous unbounded admiration which the lady had excited, and the selection of her person from among others at this moment, appear to testify indubitably to the premeditation, although success certainly appears to have been scarcely contemplated, even by the bold and ingenious Arab himself, who had at the same time other objects in view, in which, indeed, he was more successful. As the Khezailee plunged into the water, Estcourt rushed forward and fired after him, others followed in the rear, but masked by the dark waters, and as practised in one element as in the other, his dive was so prolonged, that he was not, in the obscurity of the night, seen to rise again.

When we were sufficiently recovered from our surprise as to be able to examine coolly into occurrences, it was found that the Arab must have approached the ship by wading in the water, so as not to have been observed by the sentry on shore; he had then slunk along by the water line, under the bulging part of the vessel, so as to be inobservable from deck, and also further shielded by the paddle-boxes, till he reached the port-hole of the main cabin, into which he had introduced himself. Here he had endeavoured to take away one of the box chronometers, and had bent the hands upright, in converting them into a handle to draw the clock from its box, but being unsuccessful in this, he had appropriated to himself a watch belonging to Lieutenant Fitzjames, which unfortunately hung by the chronometers for comparison. He had then passed along the passage between Col. Chesney's and my cabin, had ascended the companion stairs, and gained the aft-deck, where he made his last strange and desperate attempt to convert poor Mrs. Helfer into a Khezail diver.

The noise that followed this bold and expert robbery of the steamer, effected by a single Arab, had roused the whole town, as well as the ship's company, and we remained for the rest of the night in hostile array; the Arabs lit fires, danced around them, and sang their songs of triumph and chants of war and defiance, and we expected every moment to be attacked, a circumstance, which although there could have been little doubt as to the ultimate results, might still have had sad consequences, for while a few rockets would have fired the whole of their reed huts in a few moments, and set the town in a blaze, still, at the same time, the spirit which the success of one had inspired them with, and their great superiority of numbers, might have entailed considerable loss of life on our side—but they thought better of the conflict, and did not venture upon it. It was in vain in the morning that we blustered and threatened, and demanded of the Sheik that the watch should be returned, or we would visit the whole tribe with condign punishment. "Where am I to seek for it?" asked the wily chieftain, who, no doubt, by that time had it in his own possession; "surely if you, who are so well armed, cannot keep possession of your things, how can I be expected to do so?" This was rather a hard hit, and alongside the ship, the bitter taunts and laughing and sneering were

carried during the day to so unbearable an extent by the rabble, that our soldiers and sailors had great difficulty in keeping their tempers, and two of our officers took Mrs. Helfer a walk in the date-grove, as if to tempt the Arabs to a capture, and a few stragglers did follow, but they sneaked away among the trees, at a respectful distance. At length we quitted Lemlun without anything further remarkable occurring, and navigated successfully the Babylonian marshes, till the river reassumed below its original magnitude and importance; and it was on issuing from these marshes, that the fight took place in the sacred grove.

This was not, however, destined to be the last we had to do with the Khezailees. On the re-ascent of the river by the steamer Euphrates, which was effected in the month of October of the same year (1836), and when the water was at its lowest, the difficulties of the navigation of the marshes became still more signal, and much delay and inconvenience was experienced from the narrowness of the stream and its short windings, which would not allow the steamer to get headway or to answer the helm, even when there was a sufficient depth of water; sometimes, in the narrowest parts, it was found necessary to unship the paddles, and warp the vessel up the stream, on which occasion we were assisted by our old friends, the Khezailees, who were employed in towing. On one of these occasions, they played a characteristic trick, for they would not work till they were paid—and so they one day took their pay and then disappeared, without working at all. At length, to our infinite mortification, the cross-head of one of the air-pumps of the engine was broken, in consequence of gravel, which got sucked in by the bottom of the pump, obstructing its working. We were thus obliged to make up our minds to retrace our steps to Basrah, to get it mended; but we had, at this time, a mail on board, and also two gentlemen, Messrs. Alexander and Stewart, passengers from Bombay. The commander determined, therefore, upon forwarding the mail, in a native boat, under charge of Lieut. Fitzjames, accompanied by the interpreter, Sayid Ali, who were to make their way to Baghdad, and thence by camel to Beirut. The passengers proposed to accompany the mail. We were, at this time, but a short distance from Lemlun; and on their arrival there, the party were hospitably entertained by the Sheik; but the next day, they were surrounded by upwards of thirty armed men, and a regular pillage commenced in presence of the Sheik, who was performing his devotions at the time—no doubt, thanking his prophet for having placed these Kafirs at his disposal. The pillage was continued for two days; and at night, the party were guarded by armed men, who watched over them to prevent their escape. They had kept by their arms, which they refused to give up but with their lives, and the Arabs, thinking this was some kind of ecstasy or intoxication, did not dare to attempt taking them from them by violence. The mail, after being examined, was returned to the boxes, but from Messrs. Alexander and Stewart, they obtained property, in money and jewels, worth some hundred pounds.

After this, the unfortunate travellers were removed to a hut, where only a little rice was given to them for daily food, which, especially to the Bombay merchants, who were accustomed to many luxuries, was very trying; their lives were also seriously threatened, and the debates

upon the subject among the Arabs themselves were very fierce; but the consciousness that they had their arms, the apprehensions of retaliation, and the regard which they entertained for the holy character of the Sayid, or "descendant" of the prophet "Ali," but who, beyond his name, was as little devout a Mussulman as any renegade can be well supposed to be, preserved the balance in their favour. Finally, after being detained close prisoners for eight days, they were permitted to sell some of their clothes, in order to raise money to hire a boat to Diwaniyeh, a town half way from Lemlun to Babylon. On arriving there, they found the town beset by the Akra tribe of Arabs, and they were again detained for seven days, till they got off by stealth, in the darkness of night, and with a guard of armed men, and reached Babylon in three days, from whence they gained Baghdad. The Pasha of the city of the Khalifs was exceedingly irate and indignant on hearing of this wholesale appropriation, by the vassal Khezailees, of so much plunder. He even threatened an immediate boat-invasion of the marshes; but the infeasibility of this being known by long experience, and the safety and impunity enjoyed by this semi-aquatic tribe, from the peculiarity of their position and their easy flight, being universally admitted, this was given up, although there is every reason to believe that he would, by his threats, make the Sheik disgorge a portion of his ill-begotten wealth, and thus become a participator in profits.

THE STARS.

FRAGMENT FROM A MS. POEM.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

Lo! now the cloud hath open'd, and reveals
Those orbs which God's eternal wisdom seals.
The Moon, night's lovely sibyl, doth proclaim,
Though silently, her great Creator's name.

And ye, oh, Stars! for what deep purpose sent—
Ye that abide along yon firmament?
What are ye, then, but from the Omniscient hand,
High-lifted pledges of a better land?

As Gerald hasten'd from the regal fête,
To sleep—to rest—to dream of vanish'd state,
He paused, surveying long the starry height,
The tranquil beauty of the solemn night!

And who can look unmoved on such a scene?
Or view in apathy the midnight queen—
Or say he felt not then Religion's power,
All worldly feelings buried in that hour?

The voice of nature speaks—and all above
Beams with all joy, and harmony, and love.
Celestial influence! oh, may the soul
Ne'er cease to feel thy pure and blest control!

Though sin corrupt and blacken o'er the heart,
May this some latent holiness impart;
And virtue mix with each refulgent ray
The gentle earnest of a purer day!

THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

BY MISS SKELTON.

It was a dreary morning in November; the rich banker, Mr. Brandon, was seated in his private room, busily engaged in writing; he was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk, announcing that a lady, who desired to see him for a short time alone, was waiting at the door of the banking-house; she had arrived in a hackney-coach, and had sent in a message to this effect, not wishing to alight until assured that Mr. Brandon was disengaged and willing to receive her.

The clerk delivered his message; Mr. Brandon looked both puzzled and annoyed, but gave orders that the lady should be admitted.

Mr. Brandon was about sixty years of age; he had commenced life as the junior clerk of the establishment; he had risen by gradual and regular rotation to the dignity of senior partner; in person, he was commonplace, not to say vulgar, about the middle height, stout, and clumsily made, his features large and prominent, his face red, his eyes round, blue, and unmeaning, his thin locks plentifully sprinkled with grey, his manner was precise and formal, his dress plain and old-fashioned.

He placed a chair for the reception of his visitor; and seating himself gravely in another beside the fire, folded his hands before him, and awaited her appearance. The door opened to admit her; she entered; it closed behind her; she advanced into the room, and the banker started from his seat.

She was young and beautiful, tall, magnificently formed, with a face whose beauty of feature was its least charm, so intellectual was the expression, so sparkling with the light of genius, so beaming with the fire of an unquenchable energy.

Her dress was plain, and evidently selected with a view to economy, but tasteful and elegant. There was in her whole style and manner, that decision and confidence which is the result of high fashion, and that ease which intercourse with the world alone can give. The banker sprang forwards to meet her; he took her hand affectionately. —"Madeline," he said, "you have returned at last! How glad I am to see you again! I thought you dead, or lost,—lost to me for ever. Where have you spent the interval since we met? Why have you hidden yourself from me? Oh, Madeline! I have suffered much for you!"

"Do not call me Madeline; I am no longer Madeline Vernon; I am——"

"Married! Madeline! Say not so. Married!" and the banker actually gasped with excitement.

"No—no!" said the lady, smiling; "but I am no more known by that name; and those with whom I reside, call me Mary Clinton."

Mr. Brandon remained silent; she spoke again.

"I could not continue dependent on *you*,—I could not live on *your* bounty; I resolved to find subsistence for myself, or perish. I have had many struggles,—I have suffered much,—but I have succeeded; and I seek you again, to thank you for your past kindness—to entreat your continued friendship. I am happy; at least, I am content. I

have obtained a situation as a governess; I reside in an obscure and gloomy part of the city; but the family I serve is opulent. My salary is a liberal one; and if I have no pleasures, at least I have few annoyances, and no insults!"

She spoke quickly, and with an effort, and she ceased abruptly.

"Oh! Madeline! is *this* a life for *you?*"

"I have no choice," she answered; "I must submit to my fate."

"You have a choice. I have offered you all I have to offer. I renew my proposals—be my wife."

"No, Mr. Brandon! I thank you—from my heart, I thank you!—but it cannot be. Pity me not—I am happy!"

"Happy! Madeline Vernon, do you remember what you have been?"

"Yes, I remember—I remember!"

"And I, too, remember!" (And the banker, rising, paced the room with hurried steps.) "I remember *all*—I can tell you all! I can recall those times when, among the proud, your father was the proudest; when, among the gay and lovely, you were the gayest—the most beautiful! I can go farther back, and I can see your mother—you are her image, Madeline!—*she* whom, as a dream, was ever present to my sight—*she* whom, as a dream, I worshipped! Well, she married. She chose your father—the gallant, the admired Henry Vernon—and they were happy. Then I can recall your birth—you, their only child!—and from the first, I loved you—I loved you for *her* sake! I can recall their rapid rise from affluence to the possession of enormous wealth—their splendour—their luxury! Then *she* died.

"A few years pass away, and you take her place. You appear, the mistress of matchless charms—the heiress of untold riches. Who so admired? so courted? How often have I watched you, when you saw me not! In the Park, at the Opera, who so gallantly attended?—who greeted with so deep a homage as Madeline Vernon, the only daughter of the wealthy banker—the proclaimed heiress of the 'Merchant Prince?' Your suitors, also, were they not numberless? What was not offered to your acceptance?—what did you not reject?—Rank, title, station—personal qualifications that might mate with such as yours—fortunes equal to your own. Ah! what might you not have been?—ah! what are you now?

"Well, the sequel—the sequel. Ah, now you weep! Your father, he becomes a bankrupt—worse, worse—a *dishonoured* bankrupt! But one way lies before him—but one path, dark and gloomy; on that he enters—by that he escapes all—shame, insult, contumely! He dies! I will not dwell upon his death of horror; but you were left—young, beautiful, alone. Young, beautiful, alone, and *poor*, my child, what snares were around thee! Then I came—I, your dead mother's humble lover!—I, your dead father's early friend!—I, your own most passionate adorer! I rescued you from want—from insult—from despair—and I dared to speak of love! I was, I fear, too hasty, too inconsiderate in my proposals;—my love was despised—rejected! You left me. But, Madeline, your suitors, where were they? The gay train of knights, vowed to your service—the proud young nobles, who laid their pride and their nobility at your feet—where were they? They fled at the first shadow of misfortune, or those who remained stayed but to wound with expressions of contemptuous pity, or insult with baser

proposals. They fled, and you were desolate. Was no one faithful?"

"Yes, *one!*" murmured Madeline, as she hid her face in her hands —"*one!*"

"And that one, Madeline, do you still hope and live for *him?*—do you still love each other?"

"Yes! yes!" said Madeline, rising, with sudden energy—"we still love each other,—we still live for each other,—we *hope* still! I will not desert him! He clung to me through all—I will cling to him, and we shall yet be happy!"

"Madeline," exclaimed the banker, and he knelt before her—"accept me! I offer you a station equal to the one you have lost—wealth above your wildest dreams, luxuries beyond your utmost wishes. I will raise you above the proudest of your late admirers—the parasites, the fawners, the faithless ones of former days. You shall set your foot upon their necks. Gold, diamonds, equipages—these will not bribe you. I offer you power—independence—the power of doing good—the independence of all obligation. Oh, think before you again reject! Your lover, too—I saw him but lately—he is ill. I marked his slight figure, his thin, flushed cheek—I heard his frequent cough. He is working hard—he denies himself many comforts, that he may save money to free you from bondage. He will not live! Labour, and scanty clothing, and poor diet, will do their work sooner or later: you will lose him! I offer you his health—his happiness. I will pour gold upon him; and with gold, ease and comfort. If you will be mine, Madeline, I will settle upon him sums that shall lift him at once into affluence. Madeline! you will not *now* refuse?"

She answered mournfully and slowly—"No, Mr. Brandon, it cannot be; I never will desert him! Oh! believe me, I feel grateful—he, too, shall thank you;—but ask not, I beseech you—ask me not to deny myself the sweet privilege of struggling for and with him, through the thick darkness of the present hour, into the light beyond. We are young and hopeful, and we shall yet be happy. Yes, we shall be happy! Oh! my friend, our love is our all—ask us not to renounce it!"

Mr. Brandon rose from his knees, and seated himself at his desk: there was a long pause. At last he spoke, but in altered tones.

"Tell me, Miss Vernon, your lover's present plans. It may be in my power to aid him."

"It is his intention to procure a situation as clerk, which he has had promised to him upon the payment of a sum of money, provided he can raise it in a certain space of time, during which, the place will be kept open for him, our object is to accumulate this sum; to do this, we are straining every nerve, and I trust we shall succeed."

Another long pause, and the banker raised the lid of his desk, he touched a secret spring, and a drawer flew open; he took from it a roll of paper, and with a grave and solemn air, handed it to Madeline.

"Madeline! are you too proud to accept from one who loves you but too well, the gift of a *thousand pounds?*"

She started from her seat.

"Do not speak hastily, Madeline; false pride is no virtue. I know not the exact sum required, but this trifle will go far towards the attainment of the object you have in view. Take it—go!—and un-

less again thou comest in distress, come to me no more; but if thou needest a friend, I am here—I am here!"

Madeline was awed, and pleased, and pained; she could but weep her thanks. He took her arm, and drew it within his own, and led her through the banking-house, and handed her, sobbing, into the miserable hackney-coach awaiting her. He stood, half unconsciously, at the door, watching its progress down the street, till at the corner it stopped, to take up a tall and elegant looking young man, who awaited its arrival; shivering in the chilly air, he recognised the favoured lover, and heaving a sigh, withdrew into his apartment. There, he resumed his seat at the desk, and opened his private account book. "Ah!" he said, "I have no command over myself when that girl comes. I could make myself a beggar to see her look happy. But she will come no more!"—and again he sighed heavily. "Three thousand pounds, too! What a large sum! Under what head can I enter it? Under that of *charity?* Yes! *charity!*" And so he did enter it. And there it stands, an almost solitary item.

TO MY SISTER.

(*From the Russian of Slepoushkin.*)

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Once as young as flowers
That in spring-time blow,
Now I more resemble
Winter's chilly snow.

My fair locks already
Change to silv'ry white,
And mine eyes are dimmer,
Robb'd of half their light;

And my hand is weaker
Than it used to be,
And my foot moves onward
Slow and wearily.

Autumn turneth yellow
All that bloom'd in May;
Leaves once green, now wither'd,
Wind-blown, fly away.

Even so *our* autumn
Cometh chill and drear,—
Age to *us* its sorrows
Bringeth, sister dear!

A DIRGE.

BY BLANCHE COTTON.

Lay the weary to his rest—
Dig his chamber deep,
Pile the turf upon his breast,
Soundly let him sleep;
O'er his pillow's sunless gloom
Vainly summer flowers shall bloom—
Vainly winter winds shall rave
O'er his quiet grave!

"We lay the weary to his rest,"
We dig his chamber deep,
The green turf on his head is press'd,
Soundly he shall sleep.
The lark's high note he shall not hear,
Nor summer night-bird mourning near,
Nor howling blast, nor breaking wave,
So quiet is his grave.

Gentle spirit!—noble heart!
We dig thy chamber deep;
Thou, that didst so soon depart,
Soundly shalt thou sleep,
Soft shall sound thy lullaby—
The yew-tree boughs shall rustle by—
The willow twigs shall weeping wave,
O'er thy quiet grave.

Now thy narrow home we close,
Soundly shalt thou sleep;
We, that would with thee repose—
We must watch and weep.
Summer flowers but bloom to die,
Winter blasts go sweeping by,
Thou shalt never hear them rave,
So quiet is thy grave.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"He now thought of trying his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind have the fullest scope and the highest encouragement."—BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

XVII.

As the subject of these memoirs is now about to bid farewell to the home of his dramatic youth, in which he had been nurtured for ten years, having attained the manhood both of his art and stature,—a city, second only to the metropolis in histrionic science, and pre-eminently distinguished as a school of actors*—it may be expected that we should bear some testimony to the public opinion of Elliston in a few of those leading parts of tragedy to which by this time he had put forth such high pretensions.

Elliston was an actor of what may be termed the Romantic School. Unlike in style, either of his great contemporaries, Kemble and Cooke, he yet distinguished himself in some of those delineations of tragedy, by which the names of those two actors have become so justly memorable; and whatever deficiency attached to him in respect of their appropriate excellences, was in a great measure supplied by that demonstration of the picturesque which, when germane to the character, never fails to impress the spectator with delight. Of the commanding presence —the passionless stoicism—which characterized so much the style of Mr. Kemble, and of that classic bearing which, on the Roman scene, rendered him incomparably greater than any English actor history may have handed to us since the days of Betterton, Elliston had no perception. The metaphysical ponderings of *Brutus*, the inspelled imaginings of *Macbeth*,† were read in the very form and aspect of Kemble; but the fire of *Hotspur* and chivalry of *Henry V.*, bright as they were in his beautiful portraiture, did not extinguish the burning of his fellow light, which lost none of its brilliancy by a near propinquity to that great master of his art. Elliston in both of these parts displayed a romantic gallantry of tone and action, foregoing no lien on the dignity of either, which rendered his impersonations equal to any comparison. He was distinguished for flexibility and variableness of voice, which produced powerful effects—now "the silver-toned Barry," and now again the manly intonations of Booth—which always being judiciously employed, tended greatly to that amount of fame which attached to him as a tragic actor.‡

The mental abstraction which belongs to the character of *Hamlet*,

* Bath produced Siddons, Henderson, Edwin, and others.

† The following is an abstract of the account, which Tom Davies gives in his "Miscellanies," of various actors in this part. Betterton is celebrated in the "Tatler" as being excellent in *Macbeth*, but Cibber makes no particular mention of him in that character, which he acted on the very verge of life. Mills afterwards obtained it of Wilks, but he was heavy and dull; Quin was monotonous; Mossop wanted variety; Barry had too much amenity for the terrible agonies of *Macbeth*; but Garrick could comprehend and execute the complicated properties of this character.

‡ "The learned Selden," speaking of tone, pointedly asks, "If a man were to cry out Murder! in the accents of making love, would any one run to help him?"

Elliston and the Flower of Knock-mele-down.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, 1843.

not calm and stoical, but tost and turbulent, met with a happy delineation in Elliston's efforts—his tremulous awe, his impressive accents when in the presence of his father's spirit, produced on his auditory a cleaving sympathy—like Betterton, "he made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself." Mr. Kemble was here too much the "Prince of Denmark"—his awe, too much at *court*, as though he might have uttered, "Angels and *ministers of state*, defend us!"—not so, the subject of our present inquiry: the animal passions were naturally portrayed, while at no sacrifice of essential grace; and though Elliston by no means retained for any length of time this ability in the part in question, yet in its brief possession he was popularly considered to have had no superior. In the chastening interview with the players, Mr. Kemble's style of instruction and manner, rose far above the attempts of his young rival; and in the closet scene, Mr. Kemble was equally his master. At one moment Elliston seemed almost affected to tears—he appeared to take too literally "si vis me flere, dolendum est, primum ipsi tibi"—the effect was bad, and altogether inconsistent with the tenour of the scene. The expression of grief, on the stage, should ever be manly—a sob, however natural, is more likely to produce a smile than any sympathetic emotion. Notwithstanding Elliston's popularity in this part, we incline to think *Hamlet* was not amongst his most felicitous tragic attempts. The character of *Hamlet* is not that of tenderness; had the "royal Dane" been living, and *Claudius* guiltless of his blood, it remains still a question whether the young prince had proved himself really a *lover*. When he finds himself even at Ophelia's grave, he merely utters, "What! the fair Ophelia!" and although he avows that "forty thousand brothers could not with all their quantity of love make up my sum," yet the speech is evidently a splenetic outpouring against Laertes, rather than the bursting of a lover's bosom.

Elliston's ambition was to shew himself an original actor, which in most instances he did, to the credit of his judgment and increased dramatic effect; yet in the part of the *Stranger*, he had evidently taken Mr. Kemble as his archetype; and certainly he could not have selected a better; for next to *Penruddock*, which in Mr. Kemble's delineation was positively without a fault, the *Stranger* was a most striking portraiture. Mr. Kemble's manner of comment on the conduct of *Mrs. Haller*, which he apprehends to have been a scheme to practise on his feelings—his deportment, on recognising her—his description of the sneers that would track him, should they again appear together—his mode of tearing the paper, and his speech, "I have heard much good of you, &c.," gave at least strong indications of Elliston having *seen* Kemble in this part—but his listening to the song, wherein Mr. Kemble only appeared dejected, gave the spectator a closer impression of past happiness suddenly recalled to memory, and the speechless anguish of a broken heart.*

Elliston made also a considerable "hit" at Bath, in the part of *Rolla*, by taking up, in a great measure, a different view of impersonation from that adopted by Mr. Kemble in the same. Nothing could

* Quintilian mentions having seen actors, after performing pathetic characters, actually weep for a time, on laying aside their masks. "Vidi ego sæpe histriones atque comœdos, cum ex aliquo graviore actu personam deposuissent, flentes adhuc egredi."

be more popular, at this period, than Mr. Kemble's delineation of the character; and Elliston truly felt "onerosum est succedere bono principi;" but hazardous as it was, he succeeded to his best ambition. He felt that Kemble's *Rolla* was rather *Coriolanus in a Peruvian garb* than the native impulse of a pure unlettered patriot—stilted but not awful—the dignity of a king rather than a man. Elliston conceived the words, "What Peruvian ever wronged a Spaniard?" not as an harangue, but a bold and resolute appeal; and in the previous intelligence to *Cora*, "Alonzo is taken prisoner," he exhibited a touch of human sensibility which, whilst it gave new lustre to the heroic scenes, snatched an effect at the moment which Kemble disdained to elicit. His rescue of *Alonzo's* child, also, having a more evident shew of impulse in action, was perhaps more striking than Mr. Kemble's manner; but the latter, in the very concluding scene, always accomplished a great triumph.

The mixed character of *Orestes* was one of Elliston's most successful delineations. His depressed state of mind at disappointed passion, in the commencement of the play—his speech in the presence of *Hermione*, flattered that she had sent for him—"Ah! madam, is it true? Does, then, Orestes at length attend you by your own commands?"—were all finely impressive. The manner in which he related the death of *Pyrrhus*, and that wilderness of idea which precedes confirmed madness, exhibited a masterpiece of the Romantic School.

In *Romeo*, Elliston was always attractive—a success multiplying his triumphs without greatly adding to his fame; as *Romeo* is perhaps the least intellectual character of Shakspeare's heroes. But the wild, romantic passion of the youthful Veronese, and that frightful despair, the last of mortal suffering, were powerfully portrayed by him—the scene with *Friar Lawrence*, wherein he hears his sentence, "banishment," and particularly the speech, concluding—

> ——"They may seize
> On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
> And steal immortal blessings from her lips,"

were also most effectively sustained.

We do not find any great praise given to his impersonation of *Othello*, although he frequently acted the part. If, therefore, we are to conclude that the attempt was not what might be deemed successful, it is but fair to his attainments in other directions, to credit that there were at least some features in it of considerable merit.

Elliston, at this period, clearly *delighted* in his art, and took unwearied pains in the study of all his characters, not merely in the theatre itself, but he left no opportunity neglected of marking the human character, under the varied chances of life, by which it might be strongly acted upon. He recollected, as the reader himself will probably call to mind, that affecting incident in the life of Garrick, whose friend, an elderly man, having an only daughter, was one day caressing the child at an open window, from which it suddenly sprang, and falling into the street, was killed on the spot; the mind of the father at once deserted him. Garrick frequently visited the poor destraught, and took from him many impressions which afterwards so strikingly characterized his representation of *Lear*.*

* A still more remarkable anecdote is transmitted to us of an ancient actor, who, in the play of the "Electra," brought on the stage the urn containing the ashes of his own son, as a new excitement to his scenic efforts.

Galt has said, in his "Lives of the Players," that Cooke, from a severity of style, might be deemed the "Tacitus of the English Stage." Taking up the above hint, we may not inaptly, perhaps, designate Elliston as the "Livy" of the same period. The picturesque and romantic air, which he often threw into his impersonations, if open sometimes to suspicion on the rigid grounds of good faith, was generally in perfect keeping and always greatly interesting; whilst his love of "*making* speeches" rendered the comparison with that oratorical historian still more happy.

Though far short of a *great tragedian*, Elliston was an impressive player of tragic parts. If not *Cato*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, or *Melantius*, he was *Juba*, *Edgar*, *Macduff*, and *Amintor*, without a superior. His *Falconbridge* was good; but Mr. Charles Kemble has so far excelled all actors we have on record, in this particular delineation, that we venture not a momentary hazard with him. *Phocion*, *Douglas*, and *Horatio*, were amongst Elliston's less ambitious, but at the same time, highly successful efforts; for he manifested equal pains and diligence in study, however unequally esteemed some of these parts are, in the acceptation of the drama, and seemed to feel the truth of that excellent exhortation which concludes a number of the "Observer"—namely, "An actor is in the capacity of a steward to every living muse, and of an executor to every departed one. The *poet* digs up the ore; he sifts it from its dross, refines and purifies it for the mint; the *actor* sets the stamp upon it, and makes it current in the world."

We have so far spoken of Elliston only as a tragedian—his comedy, by which he afterwards became more generally known, and in which he far more unequivocally excelled, will become the inquiry of future pages.

XVIII.

Baffled in his many attempts at becoming part proprietor in the Bath property, Elliston had now, however, attained a joint management in a London establishment—namely, that of the Haymarket Theatre—and in March, he took leave of his old friends by a benefit, which was rendered not a little remarkable by a speech from the *beneficiare* and a "row" in the playhouse.

The manner in which Elliston, in after days, distinguished himself by these episodical addresses to the audience, of which he was clearly so vain as frequently to administer them without a cause (as practitioners sometimes recommend their drugs to prevent sickness), induces us to take more notice of this particular instance than, perhaps, we should otherwise have done; for he verily became, in course of time, a kind of dramatic *Anacharsis Clootz*, vindicating his own rights, one moment, in a Court of Chancery, and at another, instructing his play-going auditory in the formation of their judgment, and telling them plainly what was wholesome for their constitution, as critics and men of taste. His address on this occasion was woven in many party-coloured threads, which gave to his harangue a most pleasing variety; —of course, he had much to say about "gratitude" and "early friends" —then came the "*French Revolution*" and his "*own prospects*"—while "*Shakspeare and the musical glasses*" completed the tissue.

It had been publicly announced, that on the occasion of this benefit, "the pit would be thrown into boxes," and "the gallery admission

be raised to pit prices;" an expedient not without precedent, but a usage highly indecorous, and which, in more recent times, has been very properly discontinued. Favoured and caressed as Elliston had ever been by the Bath public, this experiment did not pass without much invective and some opposition; for no sooner did the curtain rise for the play, than there was a rising also amongst the spectators, which threatened, for a time, serious consequences. "Throwing the pit into boxes" had very nearly produced throwing the boxes into the pit; for some of the most irritated of the party were actually about demolishing the furniture, and the extra tax which had been extorted by the gallery Commissioners seemed to indicate as awful a result as the impost of "ship-money" itself, or any similar act of tyrannous "benevolence." Elliston, however, "made a speech"—which many might have envied, and none but George Robins excelled—by which he presently won all hearts to his own service, and peace was restored without one sixpence returned. The play was the "Beaux Stratagem,"* Elliston, of course, sustaining *Archer*, which he did with great vivacity and effect.

Amongst his early dramatic friends, whom he now quitted to meet no more—at least, on the mimic scene—was Quick, the original *Bob Acres* and *Tony Lumpkin*, of whom says "Anthony Pasquin"—

> "With his gibes and his quiddities, cranks and his wiles,
> His croak and his halt, and his smirks and his smiles,
> View the smart tiny Quick, giving grace to a joke,
> With a laugh-loving eye, or a leer equivoque!"

Before leaving Bath, Elliston received fresh intelligence from Colman.

"I have engaged," says he, "a Mr. Kelly, and my covenants are by no means so agreeable as I could have wished. As those whom heaven has joined, no man is to put asunder, I am compelled to take him—wife and baggage. The lady's tongue is of that fathom, that on opening her mouth on my stage, it will unavoidably reach the faces of the upper gallery. It bears with it, likewise, a lazy lisp, which could not fail teaching our audience the "whole art of" hissing, did they require to be reminded of such accomplishments. Plain she is, at all times; but in speaking, she chews the cud, and is rather fitted for a museum than a playhouse. It is Plutarch, I believe, who tells us that *Minerva* threw away her flute on perceiving the grimaces she made in the surface of a river. She was a sensible woman;—I would to Heaven Mrs. Kelly would throw me over too.

"I have also engaged a Mr. Hatton—a three-pounder, and a very useful man; for he can cram a hundred lengths into his head with the facility of a land-surveyor's reel-measure. I hope to greet you in town on the 24th. Come to Waldron's at two o'clock, and I will read to you the Prelude; I will then give you some clue to my *castellum*, where George Colman is to be found by his *friends*—'a place,' as Mrs. Milwood declares, 'by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy may search in vain to find an entrance.'

* "This celebrated comedy was begun, finished, and acted, in the space of six weeks; but too late, with all that haste, for the advantage of the author. On the third night, which was for his benefit, Farquhar died of a broken heart."—GAIT'S LIVES.

Weighty Lady Buckinghamshire* has just written to me for a stage-box, on our opening—for *her*, unquestionably, *an opening*. And now, success attend us! Haymarket against Newmarket!"

Early in May, Elliston started for London, but the journey itself was a little interrupted by the coach breaking down within two miles of Devizes. Unfortunately, it rained hard at the moment—a pelting torrent—so that the inside passengers being prevented walking onwards, the coach was propped up, and the good people compelled to remain stationary, whilst the guard rode on with a pair of horses, for the purpose of bringing back some vehicle for conveying the party into the town.

This incident, which, at any other time, had afforded our friend a step only to further adventure, was now a great annoyance, as he had appointed to meet Colman, at a certain hour, in London; however, he made the best of it, converting his own mortification into a source of amusement for others—particularly with one old lady, who declared "it was as good as a play to hear him." He talked, as usual, of Ben Jonson and Moses, Julius Cæsar and Lord George Gordon—so that however gloomy the prospect might have been without, all was cheerful and sunny within. After waiting in this situation for above an hour, the fresh carriage arrived, which proved to be no other than a black, mourning-coach, followed by a hearse, intended as a conveyance for the luggage. Here new difficulties arose, some of the party refusing to enter so mortally grave a vehicle—difficulties which were but little removed by the many things Elliston had to say about Colonel Despard, who had just been hanged, and poor Colonel Montgomery, who had just been murdered. But at length, in they crept, and we verily believe many a funeral party had been far more light-hearted than some of the present company—particularly a certain quack doctor, who had now completely lost his courage, and whose physiognomy underwent as sudden a change as that of some of our merry friends after being about fifteen minutes at sea!

A mourning coach conveying passengers, habited in all the colours of a harlequin-jacket, with harlequin himself in the midst; and a hearse following, containing, amongst other things, the wardrobe of a travelling comedian, with the nostrums of "Dr. Infallible," to boot—must have been a strange sight to the "upturned, wondering eyes," of the townspeople of Devizes. The cavalcade, however, without further impediment, reached the inn, when it was ascertained that at least two hours must elapse before a proper vehicle could be got in readiness for the travellers to proceed.

Part of the meantime Elliston occupied by perambulating the town, and entering a stationer's shop for the purchase of some article, his attention was irresistibly arrested by the fair *boutiquière* who attended him. She was habited in half-mourning, and followed from the back-parlour to the counter, by a little prattling infant, evidently her own darling. Her manner was reserved, having that air of gravity, the result rather of affliction than the indication of natural disposition.

* Lady Buckinghamshire, when Mrs. Hobart, was celebrated in the Duke of Richmond's private theatricals. She played the *Widow Belmore*, in "The Way to Keep Him," and Mrs. Damer sustained the part of *Mrs. Lovemore*. These ladies often appeared together with great éclat. Lady B.'s *Mrs. Oakley* was thought even to resemble that of Mrs. Pritchard.

Elliston regarded her with the curiosity of half-awakened recollection, and protracting his stay under some trifling pretence, endeavoured to solve his perplexity. The truth presently flashed on him, and he exclaimed, "Alice! Alice!—is it indeed you! Do you not remember me?"

A slight, instantaneous suffusion, passed over her as he uttered these words, and raising her eyes, which spoke too evidently of sorrow, replied, with a faint, nervous smile—"Oh, yes! you are——"

"Is it really my young, kind friend, *Alice*, whom I see?" interrupted Elliston—"who was so good to me at Newbury, eleven years ago, when, melancholy myself, I——"

Here, the tears of poor Alice began to flow so copiously, that Elliston knew not, for a moment, whether to proceed; but seeing clearly he had broached some spring of bitterness, he at once frankly sought the history of her distress, and all that had passed since their first meeting.

The following may be considered, in substance, the narrative collected by the disjointed account she now gave him:—

Alice, for a fleeting season, a happy wife, was now, at twenty-seven years, a broken-hearted widow! She had married, about six years since, a lieutenant in the navy—"the noblest and the kindest of men, and so handsome that he was quite a prodigy!"—for such were her own words. Their means were but slender, but they enjoyed that felicity which gives to days the rapidity of moments, and to moments the value of ages. Their first blow was the death of her own father; a calamity not lessened by the discovery that he had left his family in poor circumstances, which Alice lamented far more on her mother's account than her own, for blest with the wealth of her husband's love, she could not believe that want could assume any other shape in this world than wanting that. The expedition against Copenhagen, not long after, called the young sailor suddenly to his "first love"—namely, his country—of whom, though Alice had often nobly expressed she should never feel one jealous pang, yet, when the moment of divorcement actually had arrived, her conduct was so totally unlike that Spartan magnanimity which her school-days had taught her to admire, that we fear she would sadly discredit such glowing tradition, were we to represent the pitiful object of despair she exhibited at his farewell.

Having joined the naval armament in the Yarmouth Roads, under Sir Hyde Parker, the lieutenant felt no longer "a divided duty." "Love, honour, and obey," was now his country's; and he was quickly called on to prove his allegiance in the memorable day of the Danish siege. The result is well recorded. "We fought and conquered!"—The glorious upshot was the immediate theme of the young sailor's communication to the sleepless solitude of her, who was at that moment praying for his safety. "Victory!" was the only word he announced—for victory was perhaps the only sentiment the mind had, just then, room for. A second letter, not long after the former, reached her. Its tone was less of havoc, much more of affection; indeed, during the whole two pages there was not a single man-of-war in commission. The lieutenant, in fact, spoke ardently of return, and anticipated in colours, more glowing than those of England's flag, the ecstasy of meeting.

The day mentioned in the letter had arrived. Alice, attired in the very dress her husband had chosen for her as his parting present, and with a countenance beaming in more than hope—confidence—at soon beholding him, caressed her infant by a thousand kisses, on the sweetest holiday she had ever known.

The hour arrived—had passed—but he—he came not. The coach, mentioned as his conveyance, had already rolled through Maidstone, (the town near which she then resided,) yet brought not her husband. "He is detained," cried she, "to-morrow I shall see him—to-morrow, which shall gild my days to come by its blessed remembrance. Spite of all, Alice was that night depressed, but, like the nure-tree of Deccan, her heart exulted in its new existence on the morrow. She rehearsed again his favourite song, that she might be the more perfect in its performance (as she said), but it was, in fact, to divert her musings. Again, the coach—again, on this second day—threaded the town, yet no form of him whose spirit was the locked-up hostage in her heart. She would not be alarmed—she was actually *frightened* at alarm—framing in her hurried fancy new excuses for his stay, the probability of which she would not trust herself to examine. "Oh, no, I am not alarmed," cried she, directing her unsteady gaze towards her infant, "I will just try that song once more;" and try it indeed she did, for at the second note she uttered, a torrent of tears burst on the attempt, which defied all power or artifice to control. Abruptly—almost involuntarily—she rose up, and approaching the window beheld a gentleman, a friend of her husband, resident at Maidstone, already at her gate. She flew to receive him.

"He has written to you?" cried Alice, inquiringly. "You have intelligence of him? Why is he not with you?" Her visitor's manner, rather than his silence, plainly indicated evil. "Tell me," she almost shrieked—"tell me why I do not see my husband?"

The event may be recorded in a few words. The visitor in question had humanely undertaken this mission for the purpose of breaking an intelligence to her, which the public journals had already announced.

The lieutenant, it appears, had quitted his ship, and had gone on board a cutter on some pressing duty. One of those hurricanes, so frequently fatal on the eastern coast of England, drove the vessel ashore, and before assistance could be procured, the greater part of the crew were lost, amongst them the husband of poor Alice. The state of anguish into which she was thrown by this announcement may possibly be conceived, — mental stupor, which, after a certain time, was awakened to the agonizing sense of sudden widowhood.

"Woes cluster—rare are solitary woes." The marriage of Alice having always been a distempered subject to her husband's relatives, her present distresses found but little favour with the lieutenant's two sisters, who now induced their mother to treat Alice with such positive inhumanity, that in a short time she was given to understand as she had chosen to force herself into their family, they did not feel themselves called on to extend her any assistance, and as their feelings had already been so deeply wounded by the death of their brother, they were totally incapable of entering into other people's distresses.

Collecting, therefore, her effects, Alice removed, with her child, under her own mother's roof on the borders of Somersetshire; and having been

informed of an opportunity for investing her crumbs of fortune, in the town of Devizes, to "unprecedented advantage," and being desirous of relieving her mother from the additional burden of herself and child, she hastily closed with the offer presented to her, and purchasing the stock and good will of her present shop, at the round sum the outgoing tenant had fixed on it, "to save," as he pleasantly said, "unnecessary trouble to either party," she entered on the estate of her promised Golconda, and, like the milk-maid in the fable, began to calculate her gains in a provision for almost the only thing she had now left to love, on earth—namely, her infant.

It turned out, however, poor Alice had been wofully taken in. She had paid, at least, twice as much for the stock as it was worth; and as to the "good will," it appeared that the business had been parted with by the late pleasant retailer, owing to a London trader being about to open a shop on a considerable scale, at Devizes, in precisely the same line of business, which at the time of Elliston's visit, had actually taken place, having secured pretty nearly the whole custom of the town and its vicinity.

Such were the events under which Elliston's recognition of the benevolent Alice took place—an occurrence, by no means calculated to render his journey so light-hearted an undertaking as it had promised to be in the commencement.

An instance of *accidental recognition* occurred in North Britain in the year 1793, which was extremely curious, and under far happier circumstances than the one appertaining to our immediate history. Mrs. Cross, of Covent Garden Theatre, was, in this year, acting in Glasgow, and on one occasion the Provost being present, the lady had no sooner made her appearance on the stage, than the agitated functionary exclaimed—"Stop—stop the play! I would speak with that woman!" Great was the consternation throughout the auditory at this highly dramatic *emeute*, and the curtain being immediately lowered, the perturbed Provost made his way, at once, into the actress's dressing-room. After a few hurried words, he discovered her to be his own wife, from whom he had been separated for nearly twenty years. Each had supposed the other dead!—a *coup de théatre*, which would have turned the brain of Congreve himself. The magistrate, hereupon, bore off the lady, arm in arm, to his own house, and the next evening she took her place in front of the theatre, amongst the patronesses of art, where she was quite as much a heroine as when sustaining the woes of *Calista* herself.

XIX.

The reunion between Colman and Elliston having taken place, in London, over the stipulated rump-steak, dressed as the reader may possibly remember, at the comedian's suggestion, the "Little Theatre" in the Haymarket commenced its season, on the 15th of May, with—"No Prelude," a dialogue written by the author-manager, and spoken by Elliston and Waldron, the prompter. This production, full of "pith and puissance," was extremely well received.

But notwithstanding the promises, and—it is only fair to say—the exertions of Colman, his company was not a good one. With the exception of Mathews, it was meagre and inefficient; and even Mathews himself did but little to keep the ship off a lee shore. The

season, on the termination, was but a disastrous voyage; nor could Colman, the "Prospero," with his "so potent art," restore the vessel "tight and yare."

Their Majesties, however, most graciously continued their patronage to our subject, commanding a play at the very onset of the season, in which Elliston took the lead. *Richard the Third* he now acted for the first time in London, and frequently repeated the character, in which he appeared to give much satisfaction; but we apprehend it was, at best, but an unequal performance. The early scenes were sustained with much adroitness and versatility, but on the whole, Elliston was here so incomparably inferior to his great cotemporary, Cooke, that we suspect he was in no slight degree indebted to the public favour in which he stood generally, for some part of the approbation he enjoyed in this especial undertaking.

Colman, under the designation of "Arthur Griffinhoff," produced a new piece, entitled, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," in which Elliston impersonated *Captain Beldaire*—a trifling part, but which he rendered an amusing feature, by his spirited acting and very clever execution of a simple ballad. He also spoke a "Patriotic Address," another *fantaisie* of Colman's muse, written by way of epilogue to a play of Boaden, called "The Maid of Bristol," which became, in fact, so popular as to render the "Maid" in question, who was but an ordinary, ill-favoured piece of goods, almost "a toast," and sustaining a dull drama, as Drelincourt and "Death!" were borne on the shoulders of *Mrs. Veal!*

The above suggests a little incident related in some of the recollections of Miss Rafter, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Clive. On the first night of "Love in a Riddle," a pastoral by the Laureat, in which Miss R. played the part of *Phillida*, some persons had met in the theatre for the sake of crushing the piece, and they, in fine, succeeded; but when *Phillida* first appeared on the scene, one of the rioters was heard to say, "Zounds! Tom, take care, or this charming little devil will save all." Colman's "little devil" was yet more potent.

The "*Castellum*" to which Colman alluded in his last letter, and to which his pecuniary embarrassments had for a time driven him, was at Sudbury, near Harrow. Here, under another name, *Latetavit*—whilst all communications, relative to the theatre, were conveyed to him through a trusty messenger, who made his daily journey for that purpose.

Colman having felt annoyance at some proceeding of his stage-manager, wrote to him accordingly, expressing himself on the matter, without reserve. Elliston, nettled at these reproaches, makes an immediate reply, vindicating his conduct on the point in question; and in conclusion, observes, "I must therefore tell you, your lease of me is held by a small fine: the omission of your pepper-corn rent disburdens you, and you will do right to release yourself. I prefer this alternative to subjecting myself a second time to the very unpleasant feelings your expressions have given me." To this Colman rejoins by the following:—

"Dear Elliston,—Every man has his *amour propre*, and I certainly did not intend to alarm yours, by the loose hints which I transmitted to you. Have you installed yourself Theatrical Pontiff, and assumed Infallibility? Is it impertinent in the principal to give his opinion to the agent? If so—woe to every man who appoints a

deputy! Is it customary for an agent to think himself insulted whenever he receives instructions? If so—woe to every man who acknowledges a principal!

"As a proof that you can commit a blunder, even while you deem yourself most adroit, I would mention that you have this morning taken the trouble to come from London to communicate my patronymic, in your own hand-writing, to a cunning varlet, under the guise of a chaw-bacon, at my gate, from whom I had most cautiously concealed it. Tell me if my frankness has really given you a wound, and ceremony shall, at once, be applied as a balsam. I will round my periods, cull my phrases, and sift my words, before I offer them to your acute perception of offence. I will remember that you are—

'———— tremblingly alive
To each fine impulse ——,'

and shall be tender accordingly.

"As to my pepper-corn rent (pepper and your thin skin make one positively writhe,) I shall pay it and retain my tenure. Let boys and girls who have just tied the noose, quarrel for pastime, or talk of parting—'tis a petulant idleness. Men of sense and business would laugh, and cry 'Shame on us!'"

"P.S. When you write, give your letter to Mrs. G., that she may bring it down to me on her next jaunt."

Thus was the grievance healed; another rump-steak was the result, nor was the Madeira a "casus omissus," our readers may be well assured.

On the 4th of April, the London Gazette had announced the dissolution of partnership between Elliston, his wife, and Miss Flemming, by common consent. Mrs. Elliston, thereupon, opened a Dancing Academy on her own account, under the same patronage as that by which she had been always distinguished; so that her schemes taking up the very genius of her appropriate art, vaulted, with one elastic spring, on the pinnacle of success. Miss Flemming, who found it was now no longer possible to back out from her anteriority of years, gave up, not only the fantastic toe, but other fantastic imaginings, ill becoming a lady of full twoscore, and cultivated the more reasonable hope of interesting some Bath valetudinarian, who might be inclined to commute the airy qualities of a *belle épouse*, for the more nutritive attributes of a steady wife.

In the autumn of this year, Mrs. Elliston underwent a severe shock, by an accident which befel William, her eldest son. The boy had quitted the nursery, on the upper floor of the house, and getting astride the stair hand-rail on the same landing, was precipitated from the top to the bottom. The child was picked up in a senseless state, from which he was happily soon restored, having "'scaped by miracle," with only a few bruises.

The agitation into which Mrs. Elliston was thrown by this circumstance prevented her fulfilling the duties of her academy for some days; and Elliston being at Bath at the time, the following scene took place, which possibly may be found not unamusing.

On one of these mornings of Mrs. Elliston's *relache*, three ladies, who had not been apprised of the above event, arrived as usual in Milsom Street to take their lessons, and as they had come from some considerable distance, Elliston resolved they should not depart

disappointed, and at the suggestion of the moment, declared "*he* would give the lesson himself." Elliston, as it is well known, was really a very graceful dancer, so that he professed no more than he was able to execute, and was convicted, therefore, of far less audacity than *Leander* in the "Mock Doctor," who understood a cataplasm about as well as he did Hebrew.

The humour of the adventure pleased the comedian; whilst an hour's pirouetting with three sparkling young creatures (as he thought) would by no means be unacceptable to his constitution. It may be well conceived that it was at the expense of a few blushes on the cheeks of the said damsels that he first presented himself, announcing the circumstances under which he had undertaken the part at so short a notice, but with happy address, putting his pupils into self-possession, he stood before them, a kind of compound of the elasticity of Deshayes and the sublimity of "*Merlin!*"

In respect of the "more advanced" of these damsels—a lady from Tipperary—it was clearly desirable that the morning's lesson should be, at least, begun, as her dancing days were nearly over. Besides, punctuality with her was a kind of religious observance, so much so, that she was not that fickle creature to be changing her age every twelve months, but stuck to the fact, seeing, like a sound logician, that what was true at one time must consequently be true at all. And as to personal attractions, like those good people who, if they cannot command success, will at least deserve it, so with the same ardour did she cultivate the Graces; and, had they been as numerous as the daughters of Mnemosyne, she was tall enough to deserve the favour of the whole family. In pursuance of this, she had already exhausted poor Miss Flemming, and had nearly worn herself to a thread, and was now attended to Milsom Street by her black footman, with the determination of doing no less for poor Mrs. Elliston.

But a short interval, and all was in operation—the little *emigrê* was already seated at the harpsichord, and Elliston had led out his *belle aspirante* to the movement of a cotillion. "Avancez—balancez—chassez," &c., ten times repeated. "Encore—une fois—à votre place—à merveille!"—again, ten times. The second lady having no longer the fear of mamma before her eyes, was enamoured of her new instructor; whilst the youngest had from the very first burst into an immoderate giggle—an indulgence she had clearly made up her mind on prosecuting for the remainder of the morning. She commenced, at once, her last steps with an activity equally unbounded, appearing to be under no less an influence than the combined attack of laughing gas and the malady of St. Vitus.

A quick minuet succeeded. All was "hail fellow!"—"Dancing mad!"—the little *emigrê* played like a spinning-jenny and chattered like a water-mill—all was in a whirl, like March dust. "Miss Florence" became as fiery as a red Indian, and the little school-girl protested she "could keep it up for a week." How great a portion of this they would really have occupied, is uncertain, for time had been as nimble-footed as the rest of the party, when a servant entering the apartment, suggested some slight refreshment, with a broad hint that dinner-hour was just at hand. At length, all was still—the movements, like the works of a musical-box, brought suddenly to a stand—and the curtain fell on the Milsom Street Ballet to the entire satisfaction of all present.

THE MONK.

BY MISS SKELTON.

I sit within my convent cell,
And wait to hear the matin bell;
My grated window, straight and high,
Shews me the stars that gem the sky—
Shews me the tops of moonlit trees,
Waving in the passing breeze.

I rise, and to the window go;
Our convent garden lies below,
With narrow walk, and terrace wide,
And shrubs and flow'rs in blooming pride,
And marble founts, whose waters bright
Glitter in the pale moonlight.

Pacing down the terrace wide,
I watch two shadowy figures glide,
Pacing up the narrow walk,
Pausing, as in earnest talk,
Clinging oft in close embrace,
Heart to heart and face to face.

He, by robes and cross I learn,
Vow'd brother of an order stern;
She, by sable veil and hood,
One of a saintly sisterhood;
I, a monk in lonely cell,
Wait to hear the matin bell.

Every night these ghostly shades
Haunt our garden-paths and glades,
(Well I know, no living pair,
Though both so young, and she so fair,)
While I am watching from above
This, all that I may know of love.

Then, as dawns the coming day,
They start—they part—and pass away;
Oh! how fond that last embrace—
Heart to heart, and face to face;
But I, a monk, in lonely cell,
Must wait to hear the matin bell.

A MOORISH SONG.

BY ALFRED WHITEHEAD.

Oh, the days of Abdalrahman!
Merry, merry were they all;
Every hour was bright and glowing—
Every day a festival.
Praises, praises to our Caliph!
Minstrels, tell his noble story!
Mighty, mighty was the Moslem,
Radiant was his life with glory.

Gallant was the Moorish soldier,
When encamp'd in sight of foes;
Victory, his banner crowning,
Piled the slain in sanguine rows.
Palaces as by enchantment
Sprung from earth, like spirits' homes—
Towers that touch'd the azure welkin,
Turrets rich, and glittering domes.
Oh, the days of Abdalrahman!
Merry, merry were they all;
Every hour was bright and glowing—
Every day a festival.

Joyous danced the dusky maidens,
Beating time with castanets,
Lips all smiles, and black eyes beaming—
Ours the sun that never sets!—
Never sets!—ah me! 'tis vanish'd!
Sad my heart yields many a sigh;
Sorrow hath eclipsed the Crescent—
Fallen low our warriors lie.

Oh, the days of Abdalrahman!
Merry, merry were they all;
Every hour was bright and glowing—
Every day a festival.

See'st thou mirror'd in yon streamlet
Glistening skies, and willows fair,
Wild-flowers dipping in the current,
Sun-clouds sleeping on the air?
Summer like a syren seemeth,
Gazing on her own bewitching face
In the calm and waveless waters—
There was once my loving-place.
Oh, the days of Abdalrahman!
Merry, merry were they all;
Every hour was bright and glowing—
Every day a festival.

Memories come, and steep'd in sadness—
Oh, my soul doth wish to fly!
Froila and Christian horsemen
Stamp on our proud chivalry.
Where's my steed? Oh, let me wildly
Front the white-faced dogs once more!
Blest the blow that strikes me downward—
Blest the tomb when life is o'er!
Oh, the days of Abdalrahman!
Merry, merry were they all;
Every hour was bright and glowing—
Every day a festival.

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE FIFTH.

Agnes' whole frame bore evidence of the violent emotion to which these words gave birth. Harry stood gazing in silence at her pale and trembling lips, which seemed powerless to give utterance to her words. At length, after a violent burst of tears, she said, "This is really too cruel, Harry; you are not content with having made every one suppose me your affianced wife, when you know such an alliance to be impossible, but you must insult me by supposing that I have, unsought, given my love to another."

For a moment recalled to his better self by the sight of her unfeigned distress, Harry fell on his knees, and adjured her to forgive him, and still to be his guardian angel and his friend.

"Oh, Harry!" said the weeping girl, "why will you persevere in this system of deceit towards my kind old grandfather? why will you terrify me?"—(for the expression his face suddenly assumed did really terrify her)—"why, I ask, will you force me to aid you in this deceit? What will—what must my grandfather think of me, the child of his care, the orphan of his bounty, when he finds that I have been for months engaged in a plan to deceive him? Be generous, Harry, I entreat—I implore you—release me from my promise. Alas! you know how dreadful was the hour in which that promise was wrung from me."

"'Tis well," replied Harry, as he deliberately drew on his gloves and took up his hat—"you are free, Miss Hamilton; go and tell your grandfather he has been betrayed by him whom he trusted. But if the consequences are what I expect, blame not me: your pusillanimous fears, your canting hypocrisy, will have drawn them on us; and if that grandfather you affect to revere is brought to shame and derision, it will be your act, and on your head let it rest!"

Agnes' whole soul was roused by this inhuman threat, and she was moving towards the door, determined at once to brave all, and go to her grandfather when rushing forward, and seizing her hand, Harry exclaimed, "No, you dare not do it—you dare not place your affianced husband (for such, remember, I am supposed to be)——." He approached still nearer, and whispered the remaining words in her ear. Whatever they were, their effect on Agnes was instantaneous; she fell senseless on the ground.

On the recovery of Agnes, Harry was kneeling by the couch on which he had raised her, and, with the traces of agony marked on his countenance, he said, "Now, Agnes, decide. You now know all; but be quick, for my brain is on fire."

The poor, scarcely-recovered girl, passed her hand across her forehead, as though to court recollection, and then said—"I have no choice left, but to do your will. But Harry, Harry, for God's sake, redeem your promise quickly! I cannot bear much longer this dreadful state."

"Blessings on you!" replied Harry. "Yes, dear Agnes, all shall soon be arranged; and you will have the comfort of knowing, that by your generous forbearance you have saved me from——"

"Hush! hush!" said she; "never again utter that word—oh, that I had never heard it!" And again she wept bitterly.

At this moment, Mr. Hamilton, having in vain sought her in her usual sitting-room, opened the door of the library, and seeing her in tears, said—"Eh, Agnes! eh, Harry! what's all this about?—Lovers' quarrels, eh! Well, never mind—these things will happen; dry your tears, and go and dress for dinner, while I relate to Harry a piece of good fortune which has happened to-day on 'Change."

Agnes withdrew—her head confused by the strange scene she had endured, and that whispered word still ringing in her ears. All at once, the thought arose, that this was but another phantom raised by Harry, to terrify her into a continuance of the deceit he had already frightened her into committing. "How unmanly—how ungenerous of him!" thought she,—but her heart seemed relieved of a cruel weight by the adoption of this idea; and Agnes sat down to collect her thoughts, and to try and remember how it had all recurred. Then Harry's abrupt question—"Do you love my cousin?" occurred; her face was in an instant crimsoned at the supposition, and then a faint sickness came over her, and she remained motionless, communing with her own heart.

When dinner was announced, Agnes was still seated in the same chair into which she had thrown herself on first entering her room. Starting up, she quickly went through the duties of the toilet, and descended to the drawing-room. As she approached the door, Harry's laugh sounded on her ears, and she inwardly exclaimed,—"Oh, yes, I am right—there is no reality in what he said; it was but to frighten me!"

There were several guests waiting her arrival to proceed to the dining-room; and it was not till a late hour that Agnes again found herself alone, and able to reflect on the events of the day. She had so completely persuaded herself that Harry's threat was false, and only used to ensure her silence, that she no longer dwelt on it with alarm, but turned her thoughts to the point in their discourse which regarded more peculiarly her own feelings. It was not now that Agnes had to learn that her regard for Sir Gerald was very great; it was of long standing, and dated almost from her childhood. It had grown with her growth, and every act of his had served to strengthen it. His tender love for the orphan boy had won her admiration: an orphan herself, she could appreciate the value of such affection. There was but one point in Sir Gerald's conduct which she could have wished changed; she could not understand his great intimacy with Mrs. Stanley. The scene to which she had been an involuntary and an unknown witness became present to her memory. Again she seemed to hear Mrs. Stanley call him "Gerald," as though he had been her brother; and at this recollection, her face flushed, and she was painfully excited. She was too pure in heart, too innocent in mind, to attach any idea of guilt to these circumstances; but they were unpleasant to dwell on. "And yet why," said she, "should their intimacy give me pain?—and what right have I to inquire into feelings which cannot concern me? Sir Gerald Danvers is nothing—can be nothing—to me, but an acquaintance, from whom, in former years, I have received kindness." Agnes said all this, but there was a feeling in her heart, unknown even to herself, which contradicted her assertion. Sleep

visited not her pillow that night, and in the morning, Mr. Hamilton, struck by her paleness, remembered having the day before found her in tears, and began to fancy they might have been caused by something more serious than he supposed lovers' quarrels to be; and kindly drawing her to him, he said,—"You are not well, my little Agnes. I have kept you too long in London; but the affair I have been anxious about is now so nearly arranged, that I can leave it to Harry to finish, and we will be off to Fairlands next week. I must not let all the roses fade from your cheek for want of fresh air, sweet one."

Agnes' heart was full. How did she long to throw herself on her grandfather's bosom, and tell him the secret that was preying on her heart, and, by its concealment from him, rendering her hateful to herself! But she had again given her word to Harry, and she could only pray that he would have the generosity soon to release her.

Early in the following week, Mr. Hamilton and his grand-daughter arrived at Fairlands, and Sir Gerald Danvers went over to pay his respects. His former guardian received him more kindly than he had done for some time past, and though Sir Gerald could not but connect the change with poor Giulio's death, and feel distressed at perceiving that his cousin Harry was not the only one who had entertained false and unjust prejudices against his lost one, he was glad to be again on good terms with Mr. Hamilton. True, he was a man with whom he had never had any sympathy of feeling or interchange of ideas, but he had been his father's old and attached friend, and, as far as his own peculiar notions permitted, had been a kind and faithful guardian to him and his cousin; and it was a relief to Sir Gerald's mind to find him inclined to receive him on their former terms of friendship.

Agnes came into the morning room, but did not remain. Sir Gerald had, however, time to notice her altered appearance; her step had lost its elasticity, her cheeks were pale, and there was a tremour in her voice that accorded ill with her supposed position, as the affianced bride of one so loved and admired as his cousin Harry.

Sir Gerald's visits became frequent, and at length, seldom a day passed without his being at Fairlands. Mr. Hamilton and Agnes had also dined several times at Rashleigh, and had it not been for the thought of his cousin, Sir Gerald would have felt himself happy; but each time that he saw Agnes, every hour passed in her society made him more sensible of her worth, and increased the attachment he had nourished, almost unwittingly, before he had heard of her engagement. He would have spurned, as dishonourable, anything like an idea of supplanting him in her affections: not a word was uttered that could have betrayed his feelings; but who has loved, and not known that love has its own language, of which words do not always form a part? There were moments when neither of them thought of Harry, and he was rarely mentioned, but by Mr. Hamilton, who seemed uneasy at his protracted absence. Again Agnes resumed her drawing, and was directed in it by Sir Gerald, whose fine taste had been formed and matured by a long residence among the finest models in the world. He had one day offered to put Agnes' portfolio in order, while she went to prepare for her walk, and was diligently performing the task, when he was struck by a sketch we have before mentioned, in which the likeness to himself and Mrs. Stanley were too palpable to be mistaken. Full well did he remember the hour which was there portrayed

—but how could Agnes have been aware of the circumstance? He had hardly recovered from this surprise, when his eye fell on a chaste and beautiful design for a monument; on the tablet was distinctly to be seen the date on which his poor Giulio had died, which, it will be remembered, was on Christmas morn, and underneath were the following lines, in Agnes' handwriting:—

> " This morn an angel fled from earth,
> To celebrate in heav'n his Saviour's birth."

More and more gratified by this discovery of her kind and tender sympathy for the death of the poor orphan, he sat gazing on the drawing, till he was roused by a quick step approaching, and then, from an irresistible desire to possess this grateful tribute to his sorrow, he put the drawing in his pocket and closed the portfolio. The door was at that moment thrown open, and his cousin Harry stood before him. It was their first meeting for many months, and could not have occurred at a more inauspicious moment for Sir Gerald, who was just then more than ever sensible of his deep love for Agnes. The hesitation which appeared in Harry's manner seemed, to his cousin's conscious mind, a deserved rebuke for the traitorous feelings his heart had admitted, forgetting that the circumstances which had occurred between themselves were alone sufficient cause for this embarrassment, It was not, however, in Harry's nature to be long embarrassed, and advancing to him and putting out his hand, he said, quickly—" Gerald, are we again friends?"

" Assuredly," replied Sir Gerald; " I hope we have never been otherwise." But his voice had lost its wonted firmness, and he was ill at ease.

Mr. Hamilton, who had been apprised of Harry's arrival, now entered the room, and Sir Gerald had time to recover himself ere Agnes joined them. With what feelings of admiration did he now gaze on her, whose pitying soul had led her to such an employment of her pencil as his hidden treasure evidenced; and how little could he understand Harry's voluble and almost boisterous manner while relating city business to Mr. Hamilton, and his seeming indifference to the sweet and gentle being who sat apart, with an expression of terror, rather than of happiness, depicted on her countenance. " How different," thought he, " would be my conduct, were I in his privileged position!"

Sir Gerald arose to take leave, supposing that Agnes would no longer set out on the walk which had been proposed, but Harry said—" Do not go yet, Gerald; I will be ready in five minutes, and will accompany you to Rashleigh, if you will give me my old room."

The cousins soon after set out, and ere they reached Rashleigh, Sir Gerald wondered what could have made him fancy Harry so changed, for now he seemed the same frank, ardent being, he had doted on in youth. But it was Harry's present purpose to appear this to his cousin; and little by little, he again stole back on his love; and within a week, he had once more a firm hold on his cousin's heart, and Sir Gerald was endeavouring, by every sacrifice, to atone to himself for his heart's untold and, as he hoped, unsuspected treachery.

He was sometimes alarmed by Harry's perpetual demands for large loans—but then the latter's tone of self-accusation would disarm the

rising censure; for he admitted his extravagances, called himself a fool, and promised to be more wary in future. Not a word had been uttered, not an allusion made by him to the engagement supposed to exist between himself and Agnes. Sir Gerald had more than once endeavoured to bring the subject under discussion; he felt that his own safety would be best secured by still further engaging his honour —but Harry would not speak of it.

Harry had now gone to Fairlands to reside, for a short time, ere he again left the country, and Sir Gerald avoided, as much as possible, going there; but whenever he did meet Agnes, he was painfully struck by the increasing sadness of her expression; and he was convinced that this change rested not on his imagination, for Mrs. Stanley just then remarked to him, "What can be the cause of Miss Hamilton's dejection? I never saw any one so altered as she is since Mr. Danvers' arrival. I should suspect that she repents her engagement."

"Oh, no!" said Sir Gerald (though inwardly delighted that such a possibility could present itself to another's mind)—"oh, no! if she repented of it, Mr. Hamilton would never allow it to proceed. It can only be because he knows her to be attached to Harry, that he can wish the marriage. Her fortune alone would entitle her to look for a higher alliance."

"You may be right, and ought to know more about it than I can do," rejoined Mrs. Stanley; "but it is not as your cousin woos that I should like to be won; nor should I, in his place, be flattered by my affianced bride's manner. I asked her the other day," continued Mrs. Stanley, "when we were to lose her from our neighbourhood. She either did not, or would not, understand me, till I said plainly, 'I mean, when is your marriage to take place?' and, would you believe it, she seemed completely overpowered, and would, I believe, have fainted, had not tears come to her relief."

All Sir Gerald's attempts to still the beatings of his heart, and school its feelings into submission, were nullified by this conversation; and he determined, at the risk of his own peace, to watch Agnes' conduct to his cousin.

In all the pursuits in which the cousins engaged, Harry always appeared the victor. Did they ride a race, he was sure to be the winner; did they row their boats, Harry's was always seen gallantly first reaching the given point: and on these occasions, if Agnes were present, Sir Gerald was conscious of an envious feeling; and though, as in the instance of the archery-prize (at the opening of our story), his better nature always came to his aid, he was in this latter instance more ruffled than on any former one. The prize was to be given by Agnes, and he hoped for once he might not be outdone by his cousin; but, as we have seen, he was again doomed to disappointment.

Reverting to the incident with which our tale begins, as soon as Sir Gerald had dispatched his note of congratulation to Harry, he walked down to the vicarage, to talk over some affairs connected with his residence in Italy, and endeavoured by this means to change the current of his thoughts. On his return home, he was told that no answer had been brought from Fairlands to his note, as a man had been waiting anxiously Mr. Danvers' return from the archery-ground, and that they had set off together in a hired chaise, after a few minutes' conversation.

The next day, Sir Gerald resolved resolutely not to go near Fairlands. Much as he wished once more to see Agnes alone, once more to enjoy her society, as he had been in the daily habit of doing before Harry's arrival, he compelled himself to remain away; but the restlessness, the fevered anxiety he suffered, convinced him how little progress he had made in overcoming this secret attachment, and at the same time shewed him how necessary it was not to expose himself to a temptation which might prove too strong for his honour to combat.

On the second morning from the one of the archery meeting, Sir Gerald was surprised by his servant's announcement that Miss Hamilton was in the library, and begged for an immediate interview. He went to her at once; but though his fears had been excited on hearing of his unexpected visitor, he was little prepared for the ghastly appearance which met his view, as Agnes slowly turned on hearing the door open. Her lips, her cheeks were colourless, her eyes had a wild and haggard look, and a convulsive movement about her mouth seemed to prevent her utterance. Inexpressibly shocked, he took her hand, which was cold as marble; her fingers seemed rigid as in death. "Agnes! Miss Hamilton!" he exclaimed—"for God's sake! speak to me. What is—what can be the cause of such distress?"

A shudder passed over Agnes' frame, while, grasping the table for support, she said, in a husky voice, "You love him, Sir Gerald—he is your cousin—save him from—*the scaffold!*" And as though the utterance of that word had taken from her all that remained of life, she fell senseless into the chair which Sir Gerald had placed for her.

"Great God!" cried Sir Gerald, "her reason has forsaken her. Oh, Agnes! too dear and tenderly beloved, what has destroyed thee?"—and sinking on his knees, he clasped her cold hands, and used every means he could devise to call back that life he would have given his own to save. An intuitive dread that she might again repeat the wild asseveration she had before uttered, prevented his calling for aid. It was long ere Agnes gave any sign of returning sense, and then Sir Gerald gently replaced her head in the position whence he had removed it, that it might rest for one moment on his bosom. For one instant, he pressed her against that heart whose every pulse was hers; a deep and heavy sigh was breathed, and then her eyes were slowly opened, and looking round, she said, "Oh! don't mind me—think but of him; an hour's delay may be fatal!"

"Try to be composed, dear Agnes," interposed Sir Gerald, "and tell me what has led to this misapprehension."

"Oh, do not believe it a misapprehension; it is all too true. I have the proof," continued she; she paused, and put her hand to her head, and seemed for a moment to forget where she had placed it, but on recollecting herself, she drew a letter from her bosom, and held it out to Sir Gerald.

It was from the head clerk in her grandfather's house—one who had known not only herself, but her father before her, as a child. It ran thus:—

"My dear young lady, God be thanked you are not yet married to Mr. Danvers, and never must you be now. I have long had my misgivings; but Mr. Hamilton thought of none so highly as his young partner, and never would hear a word I had to say about his un-

steadiness. But, not to keep you in suspense, my dear young lady, I must come at once to the point, though I fear it will grieve your poor little heart to hear that Mr. Harry has committed forgery, and that his cousin alone can save him from the scaffold. See Sir Gerald, dear Miss Agnes, and give him the enclosed cheque, which was presented for payment this morning at his banker's, and no funds to meet it. I chanced to be there; and having a large sum in hand of Sir Gerald's, I told the man who presented it to bring it to our house, and I would pay it; and I have done so. But it is not Sir Gerald's signature, Miss Agnes. I have seen him write his name often, and there is a great likeness in the handwriting of himself and his cousin; but mark me, the hand that signed that cheque was Mr. Harry's, and not Sir Gerald's, and many more of the like I fear there have been; and your poor grandfather has been robbed, too, I doubt not. God forgive me, if I am wrong; but that young man's conduct has been awful for some time past.

"My dear young lady, you must not be cast down: only thank God, as I do, that you are not his wife. You must see Sir Gerald without the loss of an hour, and beg him to write me word how I am to act."

The alternate changes in Sir Gerald's countenance as he read the missive convinced Agnes that Mr. Bowden was right. When he had finished the letter, he slowly opened the cheque, became first flushed, and then as white as death. With trembling hands, he tore it in shivers, and then turning to Agnes, said, "Be not alarmed—there has been a mistake; but it will be explained. Harry will explain it."

But Agnes knew too well there could be no explanation—at least, none that could be satisfactory—and answered, firmly, "Already, Sir Gerald, there has been too much deception practised, and already are some of its evil consequences overtaking your cousin. How often," continued she, "have I implored him to release me from the promise which, in a moment of terror, he extorted from me! how often have I conjured him to relieve me from a train of deceit that has embittered every hour of my life!"

"And yet, Agnes," said Sir Gerald, "you love Harry—he is your affianced husband—you came here to ask me to save him. I will do so, if it be in my power; but you ought not—indeed you ought not—(at least, for some years to come,) to trust your happiness to one so reckless. Time may, and I hope will, change his conduct. God knows how I have loved him"—and Sir Gerald's voice became inaudible from emotion—"how proud I once felt of his noble heart, his manly and chivalrous character! But within the last year, how changed—how unlike the being I loved, has he become! Alas! my poor cousin, was it a spirit of prophecy which made me pray that a mercantile pursuit might not lead you to disgrace? Forgive me, Miss Hamilton, for thus distressing you. I will do all I can; and I yet hope Harry may live to atone for the present, and, at a future period, be found worthy the treasure of your affection."

"Sir Gerald," said Agnes, "you must hear all. Surely the present hour absolves me from my ill-starred promise. It is no longer a breach of it to declare that I am not, and never have been, your cousin's affianced wife; though, for reasons I cannot fathom, he besought me to favour the supposition, as the only means of saving him from ruin

and the forfeiture of my grandfather's affection. He confided to me the secret of his life,—his union with one of obscure and humble parentage, while he declared his resolution never to acknowledge her as his wife till he had realized such a fortune as would ensure her a position in the world he idolized. He perceived that much of my grandfather's trust and confidence in him (and of late I believe it has been boundless) resulted from the idea of his attachment to me; and he feared its being withdrawn before he had established his fortune beyond all chance of failure. It could not be long, he said; three months would complete the speculation on which it was based. He left no argument untried; painted in glowing terms his own and his wife's gratitude to me, and added, that his babe's lips should be taught to lisp my name, as the saviour of them all. In an evil moment I consented, for three months, to leave my grandfather in his erroneous belief of our engagement. At the expiration of that time, I reminded him of his promise, that I should then be at liberty to declare the truth. Every day had seemed to me an age; and I had longed for the appointed hour, as an emancipation from ill. My grandfather's smiles had become heavy rebukes to my treachery; his kindness made me loathe myself. Judge, then, of my horror, when, at the end of a second three months, I again prayed to be exonerated from my promise, he told me I was free, if so I wished it, but that my disclosure would steep my grandfather's remaining days in sorrow, and consign his name to disgrace, and that *his* wife and babes would have to curse me for bringing him to the scaffold."

While Agnes was speaking, Sir Gerald's countenance had become not only calm, but wore such an expression of happiness, that any one might have supposed he had been listening rather to a tale of pleasure than of woe. His delight at finding Agnes free from all engagement was so great, that his heart did not seem capable of embracing any other feeling. He sat gazing on her, as though he feared by removing his eyes to lose the reality of what she had advanced. But her question of what must be done, roused him, and taking her hand, while he still tenderly gazed on her, he replied, "Agnes! dear Agnes! at this moment I can but think of you—of you, whom I have dared to love, in spite of the supposed obstacle which seemed to render that love an act of treachery to my cousin." The paleness which overspread Agnes' face, and the tremour of her whole frame, alarmed him, and he continued in a more subdued tone—"Only tell me, dear Agnes, that you will at a future day listen to me, and I will instantly set off to see what can be done for poor Harry."

"Pray—pray do, Sir Gerald!" she replied. "We must not even dream of happiness, while he is in peril."

"Blessings on you for that word, Agnes! Now let me conduct you home, and on our way we will consider how much of this sad tale must be told to your grandfather."

"Alas!" cried Agnes, "how shall I ever dare confess having deceived him?"

During their walk it was agreed that, at the present moment, nothing should be said to Mr. Hamilton. Sir Gerald promised to return from town as soon as possible, and then it would be time enough to acquaint him with Harry's clandestine marriage. Of the grosser fraud, they hoped to keep him ignorant.

"May I not write to you, Agnes?" asked Sir Gerald. "I shall have so much to say, and you will be so anxious to know the result of my interview with old Bowden."

Agnes made no objection. With the purest and most innocent intentions, she was little versed in the conventional forms so strictly adhered to by the generality of young ladies; and having allowed Sir Gerald to perceive that he was not indifferent to her, she would have considered any trifling with his wishes or feelings, unworthy of both. They parted: Agnes, to tell her grandfather that Harry, whose return he was anxiously expecting, would be detained some time in London; and Sir Gerald, to proceed in search of the unhappy man.

THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ROBERT BELL.

PART III.

TAVERNS AND COFFEE-HOUSES.

———"Bright offspring
O' th' female silk-worm, and tailor male, I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid-for glory;
That in these colours you set out the Strand,
And adorn Fleet Street."

The City Match. JASPER MAYNE.

"Come, fill my cup until it swim
With foam, that overlooks the brim,
Who drinks the deepest? *Here's to him!*"

A Song of Sack. CLEAVELAND.

AN early winter evening is settling down upon the streets. The gilt anchor over the Admiralty, which only half an hour ago glittered so bravely in the sun, can now scarcely be distinguished in the fog that is brooding over the roofs of the houses. Look through that dim archway on the opposite side of the street, and you can distinctly feel the dreary stillness of Scotland Yard; yet it was full of lazy soldiers all day, lolling about in insolent groups, clanking their swords, and looking up fiercely at the sky. There is not a soul there now; except, perhaps, when the darkness is invaded by some desperate mask, flitting stealthily across the road, or hovering round the guard-house.

The stillness increases, broken at intervals by a distant foot-fall. A few loitering figures may be discerned moving slowly up Charing Cross into the Strand. A man emerges carefully out of that subterranean bulk, the front of which is ostentatiously garnished with old boots and shoes, gambages, spurs, slippers, and spatter-lashes. It is the cobbler himself. The work of the day is over, and nothing more remains but to dismount his show-goods, and shut up his trap-door for the night. The scattered shops are all in motion, putting out their straggling candles. One by one, the windows are blinded, the faint rays streaming through the door-ways are extinguished, and hardly a solitary gleam of light is left, except where an odd paper lantern still hangs out to warn off thieves, or guide the steps of the grisly watch through the ruts below.

A shrill voice, in a peculiarly nasal swinging tone, suddenly strikes upon the ears. Listen! the voice cries, or sings—"Colly Molly Puff!—Colly Molly Puff!" A little man, with a broad-leafed hat, habited in a long serge coat, looped behind at the bottom, and a flowing white apron, with a huge pair of strong shoes, tied round with thongs, a staff in one hand, and a basket of pastry on his head, covered over with a cloth, crawls totteringly along by the sides of the houses. He has a few pies, or manchets, remaining, and is trying to get rid of them before the streets are quite emptied of the out-of-door population. The monotonous swirl of his cry in one unvarying treble strikes to the brain, and long after he is out of sight, we still hear the ringing echoes of his voice—"Colly Molly Puff!—Colly Molly Puff!" till he and his dainties are both buried in some obscure cellar in the purlieus of Drury Lane.*

The street is again silent. Whitehall and Charing Cross are sinking into deeper and deeper shadow. Here, as we are picking our steps cautiously along, we have stumbled against the projecting threshold of a long dark passage. What place is this? It is as black as a den in Cimmerium—a fact rendered quite palpable by a glimmering light at the extreme end, betraying the dense midnight of the intervening space. Figures are evidently stirring behind, and a murmur of voices surges upon the cold wind that whistles through the entry. While we are standing speculating upon the edge of this cavernous hall, a great clamour of noises is gathering in the direction of Spring Gardens. It comes nearer and nearer, trampling, shouting, hurraing. Hilloa! hilloa!—crack, crack, crack, goes the whip of some lusty coachman, and a grand confusion of feet and lungs announces the approach of a bevy of gallants. The whole street is filled with flambeaux, and a couple of lumbering hackneys jolt heavily down towards the very house, at the entrance of which we are pausing, full of wonder and curiosity. The links rush upon us like so many furies, flinging their blistering flames about them on all sides to throw a flood of light around the descent of the tasselled gentles, whose loud oaths announce that they have arrived at their destination. Down leap the drivers, with ludicrous agility; smash go the tin blinds, substituted for glass windows; out spring half-a-dozen court fops, in enormous periwigs, with small laced hats, and muffs in their hands, dressed out in the pink of the mode, with laced neckcloths flaunting down to their waists, open sleeves and shoulder knots, fringed gloves, pink silk stockings, and highly polished shoes, sparkling with buckles, not to forget the delicate silver-hilted sword, that swings gracefully at their sides.† The whole party, uttering a chorus of bacchanalian screams, plunge into the dark passage, flambeaux and all. The demons with the flambeaux light up the dismal avenue, that the revellers may see

* This man was one of the most noted itinerants of his day. His portrait is preserved in Lawson's set of London Cries. He is amongst Grainger's celebrities, and is also mentioned in the Spectator. He lived till the reign of James II., when, scarcely able to support his basket on his head, he is described as literally "crawling between heaven and earth."

† Fringes and shoulder-belts were universally worn. Even Mr. Pepys, being so much about court, was forced to fall into these fashions. "Up," he says, (Lord's Day,) "and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt, according to the new fashion, and the hands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace of the colour of my suit; and so very handsome to church."—*Memoirs*, iv., 109.

their way clearly; and before you can fix a single feature of the group, the roysterers have vanished into the interior, leaving their lackeys behind to keep their pitch alive, and swear at each other, like their masters, at the top of their voices, till the "Tom Essences" within shall have finished their frolic, and be ready to start upon a fresh adventure.

Let us follow them. Who knows but Etherege and Sedley, perhaps Buckhurst and Killigrew, may be of the party!

It is a fashionable tavern—one of the most fashionable houses of the day. The moment we enter, we are bathed in a steam of perfumes, mixed with tobacco smoke; and this, too, at the foot of the stairs, before we have ascended to the grand room where the company is assembled. The house is redolent of all sorts of subtle odours. A vision of ribbons and feathers starts up before us, as we are about to scale the stairs. It is the presiding spirit of the place, and we must make obeisance as we pass. This is the *comptoir*, or bar; and that lustrous divinity, who rises so sumptuously out of her *fauteuil* behind, with her hair elaborately frizzed, through the curls of which a string of pearls is artfully twined, her shoulders stark naked, according to the prevailing fashion, and her face painted and patched, is the genius, or goddess, of the tavern. We bow ceremoniously, in conformity with the new French usage imported by his Majesty, and pass on.*

At last we are in the gentles' room—a large, old-fashioned, conventual chamber, laid out with a number of polished tables, and filled with crowds of beaux, walking up and down with their hats in their hands, not daring, as a contemporary writer observes, to put them to their intended use, lest they might put the foretops of their wigs into disorder! The buzz and hum of conversation, the clashing of

* According to one authority, this was an old usage; but the accuracy of a writer, who is so often in jest that it is difficult to know when he is serious, may reasonably be doubted. "Wherefore," says our author, "we followed into the coffee-house; and at the entrance of the room, according to ancient custom, saluted the handsome woman at the bar with our hats, and took our seats."—*Amusements Serious and Comical.* The word *ancient* is, probably, used ironically. The business of these women consisted chiefly in smiling graciously upon the customers as they entered, to put them into good humour, ringing for the drawers to attend upon them, and, in some cases, keeping the accounts. That they were not always selected in virtue of their beauty and gentleness, but sometimes because of their masculine capabilities, which enabled them to maintain a dominant hand over the servants, is clear enough from sundry allusions to their furious manner. A notorious writer of the day speaks of one of them, who "made such a noise with her bell and her tongue together, that had half-a-dozen paper-mills been at work within three yards of her, they'd have signified no more to her clamorous voice, than so many lutes to a drum; which alarmed two or three nimble-heeled fellows aloft, who shot themselves down stairs with as much celerity as a mountebank Mercury upon a rope, every one charged with a mouthful of *Coming, coming!*"—*London Spy.* We have a description of one of them by another hand, no less characteristic:—"A fair lady, pulling a bell, and screaming like a peacock against rainy weather, pinned up by herself in a little pew, all people bowing to her as they passed by, as if she was a goddess set up to be worshipped, and that it was blasphemy in a mortal to lay a finger on the beauteous deity." Yet this very *noli me tangere* lady, whom it was sacrilege to touch, exercised functions the exact reverse of prudery; for it seems "she had little else to do, but to dress, paint, and patch, ogle her master's beau-customers, and tattle at the bar with an amorous extravagant, that she might coax him with her smiles to dine there the oftener!"—*Walk Round London and Westminster.*

snuff-box lids, the tinkle of trailing swords, and the clatter of goblets and glasses make up a *mêlée* of sounds peculiarly characteristic of the scene. The walls are hung with numerous advertisements of the good things to be had in the house, handsomely set in richly gilt frames; such, for example, as "May Dew," "Hungary Water," "Liquid Snuff," "Nectar and Ambrosia," "Dyes" and "Perfumes" of all sorts, "Golden Elixirs," "Dentifrices," "Drops," "Balsams," "Nantes Brandy," "Beautifying Waters," and an endless catalogue of lotions and pills, charming cards, drinks and edibles. You would be very much puzzled by these announcements to guess what sort of place you were in, if the roaring of the sparks at the side tables for fresh bottles of claret did not afford you conclusive assurance that it was a tavern.

Nothing can exceed the pertinacity of these fine gentlemen about their wine. They will have it changed over and over again, insisting upon it that the very best wine in the cellar is not fit to drink, and never content until the drawer brings up the worst, which they declare, with a very knowing wink at each other, and a significant imprecation upon the head of the landlord, is excellent at last. This is a mark of superlative breeding. A tavern beau of "high degree" would as soon think of clouding his brain with sloe juice, as drinking the first or second sort of wine submitted to his taste. The vintners know this well enough, and invariably serve the very best they have at once.

Every table has its group, as busy as if the fate of empires depended upon their proceedings. Some are at high words about the actresses, or a back-stairs intrigue, or a *mal-à-propos* discovery at the Piazza, or a freak in Gray's Inn Walks, or the Folly, or some other affair of gallantry or mischief. Some are wits, chatting critically over the literature of the day, and there is sure to be one amongst them retailing, as his own, the jokes of the last new play, and spoiling them in the repetition. Some, a large proportion, are officers, but not soldiers—persons of exceedingly delicate texture, evidently more used to carpets than grass hillocks or guard-beds. Then there are politicians and courtiers, poets, patrons, and danglers of every conceivable species, scattered about, talking and taking snuff, strutting up and down with effeminate airs of quality, playing with their sword-handles, poising their hats on the tips of their fingers, and ever and anon settling the sit of their wigs, and adjusting the voluminous rolls of their foretops.*

Reader, this interior into which we have conducted you was one of the most famous houses of entertainment in the days of Charles II. It was called Man's Coffee House, and stood exactly opposite Scotland Yard. The house was noted even at a still later date, and maintained its celebrity down to the reign of Queen Anne. But the chocolate houses that came into vogue about that time in the neighbourhood of St. James's, some of which are chronicled by Steele in the "Tatler," drew away all the popularity from the older establishments; just as Will's Coffee House was extinguished by Button, his successful rival on the opposite side of the way in Russell Street, Covent Garden. The

* The portrait of Beau Fielding, whose wig flows in vast curls over his head and shoulders down to the waist, presents the most perfect specimen extant of the grotesque extravagance to which this preposterous fashion was carried.

cobbler, too, that we have thrown into the sketch, was a veritable notoriety of his day—a wag in a large way of business.

Allusions to the taverns, as occupying a conspicuous space in the life of the town, are thickly strewn through the comedies of the day. Farquhar, who lived close enough to the period to be identified with its literature, tells us that they were commonly resorted to by the beaux and their mistresses, who were amongst the most constant supporters of the theatres. In one of his epilogues, he speaks of the dispersion of the gallants after the play; hinting that some of the meaner class went to cheap coffee-houses, where they damned the performance over two-pennyworth of tea, while others more generously damned it in champagne at an extravagant tavern kept by one Locket.

> "Now all depart, each his respective way,
> To spend an evening's chat upon the play;
> Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes;
> And one with loving she retires to the Rose—
> * * *
> To coffee some retreat to save their pockets,
> Others, more generous, damn the play at Locket's."*

These were all celebrated houses. Hippolito's was a sort of divan and tavern in Covent Garden, where the gallants could supply their snuff-boxes with the choicest mixtures, and regale themselves at the same time over cherry brandy or burnt claret. Locket's was a fashionable establishment of the first water, a great theatrical house, and stood nearly opposite Man's Coffee House. "We as naturally went from Man's Coffee House to the Parade," says Brown, "as a coachman drives from Locket's to the playhouse." There was a drawer of the name of Robin in this tavern, who enjoyed a sort of reputation in his way amongst the fair ladies and the nobility. Lady Wishfort, in the "Way of the World," threatening to be revenged upon Mirabell, exclaims, "I'll marry a drawer to have him poisoned in his wine. I'll send for Robin from Locket's immediately."

There were two coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross that bore the name of "Man." The one was called Old Man's Coffee House; the other, Young Man's Coffee House, and they were both gambling-houses, chiefly frequented by military men for that purpose. Notwithstanding their fashionable odour, and the exclusive style they affected, making even the privilege of smoking a sort of personal favour, although it was notoriously practised in all such places, there were few taverns in London in which more scandalous vices or deeper corruption prevailed. It seems that, amongst other uses to which they were put, was that of enabling spies to pick up political intelligence. The following lines, from a pasquinade upon these houses, place the fact beyond doubt:—

> "Here pension'd spies like saints appear,
> Who do men's hearts inspect;
> And whisper in the statesman's ear,
> What they abroad collect.
>
> "Here news by subtle tongues is spread,
> To try the listening crowd;
> But what is truth's a secret made,
> Whilst lies are talk'd aloud."

* Epilogue to the "Constant Couple."

The crafty gamblers used to meet their dupes here, and taking them across the way to Locket's for a booze of claret (for although we have treated the fops in the coffee-room to a liberal allowance of wine, it is not certain that wine was actually sold at Man's Coffee House), they would bubble them into a passion of florid spirits, and seizing upon the lucky moment, lure them back again to dice, at which they fleeced them remorselessly as long as their money or their temper lasted. These establishments were also "glasses of fashion," where spendthrifts came to study the mode, and pick up the newest patterns in dress.

Nearly all the coffee-houses were infested by gamblers; and games of every kind, cards, chess, and dice, were encouraged by the proprietors, for the purpose of drawing custom to the bar. To this circumstance is to be referred the origin of the sign of the Chequers, which we still see painted upon the door-ways of public houses, although it no longer possesses any significance as a type of the attractions offered within. It was employed originally to inform the passer-by that the game of chess was played there, just as balls and cues are now occasionally exhibited to advertize bowls and billiards. The only interest that can now be derived from points of this kind is, that they help to render intelligible many obscure passing allusions in the comedies and satires of the time; which is, indeed, the only reasonable excuse that can be offered for collecting such apparently trifling details.

The Rose Tavern was the great playhouse rendezvous. It stood under the roof of Drury Lane Theatre, formed a part of the building, was leased out with it, constituting a source of considerable profit to the managers, and had a private communication with the pit and boxes. The entrance was indicated by a large rose, painted and carved on the western façade of the theatre. This house was nightly crowded by the play-going people. It seems that it was attended indiscriminately by both sexes, that it was divided and numbered into chambers for private parties, and that No. 3, as Farquhar intimates in another part of the epilogue, was the favourite room—but for what reason does not appear. The Rose acquired a disgraceful celebrity as the house where Sedley, and his friends Ogle and Buckhurst, performed that infamous prank in the balcony which forms so prominent an incident in his life. The bar was a scene of perpetual brawl and confusion, from the number of people who frequented it, and the riotous mixture of classes, in which rank and sex were alike confounded. It was here that a promising young actor, Hildebrand Horden, was killed in an affray with Colonel Burgess and other persons of distinction, who were tried for his murder and acquitted, in consequence of the difficulty of proof under such circumstances. Cibber speaks highly of the ripening talents of Horden; and says, that while he was lying in his shroud, several ladies in masks, and in their own carriages, came for two or three days together to gaze upon his body. Poor Horden was a table-wit, a "pretty fellow," and was rising rapidly in his profession, when he was thus cut off in the bloom of his life.

The Rose was a popular sign amongst the taverns of the Restoration. There was a Rose Tavern in the Poultry, which had a high reputation for its wines; and a Rose near Temple Bar, much frequented by literary people; and there was another establishment bearing the same name, although devoted to a different purpose, but unfortunately not less

familiar to the wits of the day—the Rose Spunging House in Wood Street. Tom Brown was deeply initiated into the mysteries of both, and thus apostrophizes them in his well-known mock epitaph:—

> "The Rose by Temple Bar gave wine
> Exchanged for chalk, and fill'd me;
> But being for the ready coin,
> The Rose in Wood Street kill'd me."

The fact was, he ran up a score as long as he could at the tavern, and was sent to expiate his indiscretion to the spunging-house.

Will's Coffee House was in high estimation as long as Dryden lived. After his death, it fell into disrepute; passing through various changes, until at last it has settled down into a sort of eating-house, while the apartment in which the wits used to assemble is converted into a low billiard-room. There were many other coffee-houses, distinguished as the resort of particular classes, which had their separate measure of notoriety accordingly. Of these, the most memorable were the Sun, at the door of which a black used to be posted, to invite the public in, crying out, "Coffee, sir?—Tea?—Will you please to walk in, sir?—a fresh pot, upon my word!" North's, a house for people of business in the City; the Amsterdam Coffee House, for commercial men; Garraway's, still in full request, and which it is curious to find dating its existence so far back as the time of Charles II.; and Coleby's, a sort of summer resort, where there was probably something like a tea-garden, between Hyde Park Corner and Knightsbridge. Coleby's is expressly alluded to in Sedley's comedy of "The Mulberry Garden." "He swears," says Ned Estridge, "he'll ne'er stir beyond Hyde Park, or Coleby's at furthest, as long as he has an acre left."

With the exception of a few of the best class, the coffee-houses were the haunts of the depraved of both sexes. Pretending to deal only in tea and coffee, and such like mild refreshments, they carried on a brisk trade in hollands, ratafia, and other exciting liquors; joining to this contraband profession the still more profitable calling of letting nightly lodgings to all comers. As may be readily imagined, some of these places were in the last degree loathsome and revolting. One of the banditti (for they were scarcely anything else) of kennel writers to whom we have had occasion to refer so often, describes a visit to a coffee-house of this description, and certainly the most defiled imagination could not transcend the repulsive incidents of the picture. He had first to blunder through a long dark entry, until he reached the stairs, which were nearly perpendicular, and up which it would have been impossible to have ascended without the help of a rope, which was nailed along the wall for that purpose. At last an old woman appeared at the head of the ladder-staircase with a candle in her hand, and protesting that her baggage was so lazy that she minded nothing that she should do, made a thousand apologies, and lighted the gentleman into the coffee-room. Here there was a long table, strewn over with a pint coffee-pot or so, a pipe of tobacco, two or three stone bottles, and a roll of plaster. There was a handful of fire in a rusty grate; over the "mantel-tree," a couple of china dishes and a patch-box; on a little shelf, some odds and ends of bottles and washes; advertisements of various quackeries hung about the room; a grenadier's bayonet and accoutrements behind the door; an old-fashioned clock

(whose works had long been paralysed) standing bolt upright in an old crazy case, like a corpse; the then popular print of the Seven Golden Candlesticks, stuck against the wall; the floor broken like an old stable; the windows mended with brown paper; bare walls, choked up with dust and cobwebs; a piece of ancient furniture in a corner, adorned with a scarlet top-knot; and beside it, in a conspicuous situation, an abstract of the acts of parliament against drinking, swearing, and all manner of profaneness! Such was the public room of the Widow's Coffee House; but we must be content with this peep from the threshold. We dare not venture any farther.

The taverns, like the coffee-houses, had their goddesses, and their quack advertisements hung round in gilt frames as thickly "as a farrier's shop with horse-shoes!" This latter custom began about this time to be adopted by some of the struggling booksellers, who presented in their windows a rare mixture of curiosities, from the "Gesta Romanorum" to "Popular Pills" and "Universal Balms." Thus arose that strange connexion between books and patent medicines, which subsists in some quarters to the present time.

Like the coffee-houses, also, the taverns were severally distinguished by the classes who frequented them. Thus, the George, in Ironmonger Lane, was a rendezvous for politicians; the Goat, in Chancery Lane, for attorneys; the King's Head, in Chancery Lane End, for lawyers and scriveners; and the Blue Posts, for young men of fashion, who thought it a peculiar distinction and advantage to be imposed upon by exorbitant charges. Some of the most noted houses, in addition to these, were the Half Moon, turning out of the Strand into Covent Garden; the Half Moon, in Cheapside; the Angel, in Fenchurch Street; the Castle Tavern, in Fleet Street; and the Horse Shoe, in Drury Lane. The Hummums, in Covent Garden, was celebrated only as an establishment for warm-baths, and was vulgarly designated the "Sweating House." The functions of tavern and hotel were added at a later period.

The Horse Shoe, in Drury Lane, was one of the numerous theatrical houses with which that purlieu abounded. Brown, the scurrilous slyboots, protests that he saw Mrs. K., the actress, in the Horse Shoe, with a rummer in her hand! One hardly knows when Brown is in earnest; nor is it, in this instance, very easy to ascertain who he meant. There were two actresses whose names began with K:—Mrs. Knight, the singer and favourite of Charles II., whose reputation, in the latter part of her life, stood ill enough to justify the suspicion that she might have been seen at the Horse Shoe; and Mrs. Knipp, an actress who seems to have enjoyed some celebrity in her day in mixed parts, in which singing and dancing were required as well as speaking.

Mrs. Knight was the most distinguished English singer of her time, and unless it was in pursuit of some clandestine object for the gratification of her royal master's capricious will, one cannot imagine what she could have had to do at the Horse Shoe, especially with a rummer in her hand. That she would have gone, however, to the Horse Shoe, or anywhere else, in obedience to the "commands" of the king, there is little reason, unfortunately, to doubt. She was the most accommodating of all his servants.

Mrs. Knipp's history is not so well known. The only record we have of her is preserved by the grateful Mr. Pepys, and it is obscure

enough, although singularly suggestive. Her name appears occasionally in the play-bills, and for the last time at the Theatre Royal, in 1678, where it is spelt Knepp.* Pepys seemed to have been quite charmed with her society, and to have gone to the theatre much oftener than he would otherwise have done, for the sake of seeing her. She used to tell him all the tittle-tattle about the play-houses and the king's amours; how such an actress had a card of invitation, and how Castlemaine used to take her revenge through Hart, the actor, for the king's attention to Mrs. Davis; and then she would take him behind the scenes, and shew him the "tiring rooms," where the actresses were dressing, all of which little courtesies were very carefully remembered and noted down in the Diary. Once she introduced him to Nell, (before she became famous at Whitehall,) whereupon the worthy secretary and his wife both kissed her—that is to say, Nell—and "a mighty pretty soul she is!" ejaculates the secretary. A little while afterwards, he had a still better opportunity of forming an opinion of Nell's beauty. "To the King's House," he says; "and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, *prettier than I thought.*"† This Knipp was a most useful and agreeable person, and made "excellent company" for Mrs. Pepys, no less than for her husband. She used to come of a morning, and sit and sing duets with Pepys, while Hales, the artist, was painting his wife's portrait; and she had a turn for humour, too, and once made her appearance at a party, dressed like a country maid, in a straw hat, just as she came off the stage in Suckling's play of "The Goblins." Pepys was always overjoyed to fall in with her. Meeting her at the house of a Mrs. Williams, he exclaims, "I was glad to see the jade." On another occasion he tells us, with his usual *naïveté*, that he went out with her and a Mrs. Pierce in a coach to Chelsea, "thinking to have been merry" at a house called the Swan, but found it shut up of the sickness, and so hurried back in a great fright and disappointment to town. Mrs. Knipp quite won his heart by singing a song of his, called "Beauty, retire," which, it seems, they sometimes sang in company together, and to which, no doubt, she gave such stage effect as to make his hair stand up in wonder at the singular merits of his own composition. "Comes Mrs. Knipp," says he, "*to see my wife*, and I spent all the night talking to this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty, retire,' which she sings and makes go most rarely, *and a very fine song it seems to be.* She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and other parts of the playhouse, which she does most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the playhouse and players, and is in every respect most excellent company."‡ She afterwards tells him that "Beauty, retire" is mightily cried up, which, he says, he is not a little proud of; but he adds, (and one can almost fancy a sigh palpitating through the words,) "I do think I have

* The editor of Pepys' Memoirs makes one or two blunders about Mrs. Knipp. He says she was a married actress. How does he know that? He merely assumes it, because she is called Mrs.; but all the actresses were called Mrs., even down to Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne, whose celibacy was tolerably notorious. Then he says that her name appears as *lately* as 1677, and that she played in the "Wily False One." The name appears in 1678, and there is no such play as the "Wily False One." See Genest's "English Stage."

† Memoirs, iii. 373. ‡ Memoirs, ii. 368.

done 'It is decreed' better, *but I have not finished it.*" Mrs. Knipp improved so rapidly in her profession, (thriving greatly, no doubt, upon the Secretary of the Admiralty's admiration of her manner of singing "Beauty, retire,") that Killigrew added 30*l.* a-year to her salary. As to Pepys, such were the raptures into which he was thrown by her acting, that while he pronounces almost every play he witnessed as being poor, mean, or ridiculous, he invariably declares that Knipp did her part "very extraordinary well!" Of her style, in what Pepys considered the height of her attraction, we have rather a curious illustration. He tells us that he went to see a new play about Queen Elizabeth, but, as usual, there was nothing in it that pleased him, except "to see Knipp dance among the milk-maids, and to hear her sing a song to Queene Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face, and hair only tied up in a knot behind; *which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage.*"* And such was Mrs. Knipp, the actress, of whom nothing more is known than Pepys has set down, and Brown insinuated—if he really meant Mrs. Knipp, or if his insinuation had any meaning at all.

Amongst the most remarkable taverns was one kept by a Quaker in Finch Lane, and frequented almost exclusively by persons of the same fraternity. The Quakers opened their hearts, under the Restoration, to a little social intercourse, and became such excellent judges of wine, that this establishment to which they resorted was noted for the rare quality of its liquors. But the most striking attribute of the house was the dreary melancholy that pervaded it. Utterly unlike all the other taverns, this hostelrie was as still as the grave; the visitors moved about in silence, or sat like spectres over their glasses. Hilarity was out of the question; nobody spoke, except by whispers, or in hushed voices, in a corner of the room; discussion was prohibited; outward signs or expressions of enjoyment there were none, except in the watering of the eyes or the mantling colour of the cheeks; a sad and profound gravity spread over the assembled guests; even the drawers glided through the room with the solemn air of phantoms; and the whole company seemed to be awaiting the visitation of the spirit to unlock their tongues and the fountains of gaiety in their brains, so plentifully supplied by their noiseless potations.

A coarse writer, who was certainly no Quaker, gives a curious description of the interior. "We found all things," he observes, "as silent as the mourning attendance at a rich man's funeral; no ringing of bar-bell or bawling of drawers, but a general hush kept up through the whole family, as a warning to all tipplers, at their entrance, how they made a noise. . . . In the entry, we met two or three blushing saints, who had been holding forth so long over their glass, that had it not been for their flapping umbrellas, puritanical coats, and diminutive cravats, shaped like the rose of a parson's hat-band, I should have taken them, by their scarlet faces, to be good Christians. They passed us as upright and as stiff as so many figures in a raree-show. . . . A drunken-looking drawer, disguised in a sober garb, shewed us into the kitchen, which we told him we were desirous of being in; several of Father Ramsey's slouching disciples sat hovering over their half-pints,

* Memoirs, iii. 326.

like so many coy gossips over their quarterns of brandy, as if they were afraid anybody should see them."*

This custom of sitting in the kitchen became very common amongst the commoner sort of people, in later years, when the squabbles between the high church and the low church parties entangled almost everybody in angry disputes. The kitchen seems to have been selected partly for its warmth and coziness, but chiefly for its freedom of access. Contentions of the fiercest kind used to take place upon some of these occasions, frequently ending in a desperate affray, in which pokers, tongs, and pans, to say nothing of drawn swords, might be seen flying about the heads of the combatants like hail-stones. The custom is thus alluded to by Ward:—

> "Each tavern kitchen, where old sots
> Were used to nod, o'er half-pint pots,
> And amicably chat together,
> About the wars, or else the weather,
> Grew now as noisy to the full,
> As Billingsgate, or Hockley Hole."†

The Crown, at Duck Lane End, was a tavern of great extent and in high repute. It had one room of magnificent dimensions, the walls of which were painted with classical and mythological subjects by Fuller, a famous artist of that day, who also painted, in like manner, the Mitre, in Fenchurch Street, and several other taverns. This was a very general practice, and was probably brought into fashion by the King, under whose auspices the prolific hand of Verrio was put into requisition in the chambers of Windsor Castle. Verrio, who was a Neapolitan by birth, had an extraordinary genius for clouds, draperies, and lusty divinities floating in a profusion of ultra-marine on lofty ceilings and the walls of staircases. He had a facility of pencil equal to the expanse of his surface, and would cover a room with Neptunes and Tritons, Junos, Cupids, and Floras, before another artist could make up his mind about the treatment of his subject. This was exactly the man for Charles II. ; a man without any conscience or imagination in his art, of a bold and luscious taste, but feeble in invention, and always mistaking extent and magnitude of design for grandeur of conception. No man knew how to manage the King better than Verrio. He lived as openly and as impudently as his Majesty himself, had a free lodging at the end of the Park, where Carlton House used to stand; obtained, in addition to his other emoluments, the appointment of master-gardener; and contrived to wring out of the treasury nearly 7000*l.* for his chamber-paintings at Windsor. Tickell gives an admirable idea of his style in the couplet—

> "Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
> Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall."

Verrio outlived the Stuarts, and died a pensioner on the bounty of Queen Anne, who had the magnanimity to allow him 200*l.* a-year,

* *London Spy.* Ned Ward, the author of this work, was born in the year of the Restoration, and died in the reign of Queen Anne. His descriptions properly belong to the change of manners brought in by Charles II. He was a publican by trade, and his ribald writings had a great sale in the Colonies. Hence Pope—

> "Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes."

† *Vulgus Britannicus*—a miserable imitation of Hudibras.

when his sight decayed and he could no longer call up florid visions of a corpulent mythology.

Fuller attempted greater things than Verrio, and failed more honourably. He had the ambition of an historical painter, but was excellent only at taking likenesses. Some of his portraits were considered masterpieces, in their way, but they had the vulgar fault of being merely literal resemblances. There was no grace, no ideality in his heads. They were strict copies, and owed nothing to the poetry of touch. He painted altar-pieces at Oxford, which conspicuously revealed his deficiences. As a room-painter, he enjoyed, a little lower down in the scale, as great a reputation as Verrio. Horace Walpole has taken the trouble to enter into some details concerning the designs on the panels of the great room at the Mitre, which was one of the principal of the many taverns Fuller embellished in this way. The figures, he says, were as large as life. There was a Venus, a Satyr, and a sleeping Cupid—then a boy riding a goat, and another fallen down—over the chimney. This was the sort of subject in which he, in common with all painters of that class, excelled; and accordingly Vertue pronounced it to be the best part of the whole performance. In addition to these, there was Saturn devouring a child, Mercury, Minerva, Diana, Apollo —Bacchus, Ceres, and Venus, embracing—a young Silenus tumbled down, and holding a goblet into which a boy was pouring wine—the Seasons between the windows—and two angels on the ceiling holding a mitre, the sign of the house!* This description will afford a very clear notion of the nature of the panel-paintings in the taverns. The subjects were all of this kind—extravagant, allegorical, raw, and flushed with colour. The two angels supporting the mitre are strikingly characteristic of the whole school. The genius of fustian and commonplace could scarcely descend much lower.

These paintings, nevertheless, were much esteemed in their day. They gave a tone of costliness to the houses of entertainment into which they were introduced, and formed an important attraction in the flash establishments of all kinds in different parts of the town.

PERSONS WHO HAVE A PROPENSITY FOR SETTLING.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"——— I am *settled*; and bend up
Each corporal agent ———" *Macbeth.*

In every city known to civilization, there is amongst the natives a whimsical species of Settler. A certain resemblance to them all may be seen in the lively lineaments of Mrs. Frisk, of Bayswater; and Mrs. Frisk's lineaments are to be seen in the features of her conversation.

"So glad to see you! So kind of you to come and find us out! But who told you we had removed? Yes, I know; you heard it at Hounslow, and of course were much surprised. Why, it's true, we did take that house for a long term, and at the period of your visit there, we had not the most distant notion of ever quitting it, except for the

* Anecdotes of Painting.

family vault, where places for two will be kept for us until we finally settle. But our plan of furnishing and fitting up was, in consequence, of such a solid character—our alterations were so extensive, and the additions to them so necessary and multifarious—that really at the end of a few months, when we found that the stone-masons and upholsterers positively would not go, why *we* were obliged, that's all. Or else, we certainly did mean at Hounslow ——"

Here Mrs. Frisk's visitor informs her that it was not at Hounslow at all, but at Tooting, that he heard of their last break-up ——.

Oh, at Tooting! true, very true. Yes, you would of course hear of us at Tooting. To tell you the truth, when we left Hounslow, we thought of stopping there a long time, perhaps for life; and so we took a place that gave us a permanent interest in the neighbourhood, and quite wished that we had settled there at first, in the time of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, and all that; but after we had snugly seated ourselves, in a house which we had absolutely fallen in love with for its antiquity, and which we accordingly modernized in a delightful manner, beginning to feel at last what it really was to live, it turned out that we had never asked ourselves the question—'Who *could* live at Tooting?' And so, we came here to settle. Congratulate us on being nearly to rights!"

Do no such thing. If you congratulate Mrs. Frisk on being nearly to rights, you assuredly give her notice to quit. Settle at Bayswater! Why, she'll be Mrs. Frisk, of Bow, in a fortnight; and six months afterwards, walking along Bond-street, you will be not much surprised on glancing up at an opposite window, to see a lively face and a beautiful white hand eagerly beckoning you to come across and knock. There, sure enough, you will perceive the ever-moving yet ever-merry Mrs. Frisk, with a frank welcome for you, and a ready explanation.

"Why, really, just as we had sat comfortably down in Bow Villa, quite steady and secure, and as much fixtures as ever the stoves were that we had taken of the last tenant and pulled down, there came a thousand disagreeables. Not a soul had ever whispered to us that Bow lies east of Temple Bar! However, there was nothing to regret; for we thus secured a capital opportunity of settling here in permanent lodgings. Nice rooms these!"

You had better accept this invitation, and by looking around at once, qualify yourself to say "Very," in reply to Mrs. Frisk; for it is a thousand chances to one if you ever have another opportunity of reporting upon the niceness of those apartments. The Frisks will, in all probability, have shot out of that first floor, before you could write "To let, furnished," on a sheet of foolscap.

But whither will the Frisks fly? In what quarter of the town, what unpenetrated corner of the rustic world, will they next settle? In what commodious mansion or eligible apartments will their wandering spirits find an eternal home—from Lady-day to Midsummer! Direct us, if you can, to that everlasting abiding-place which they mean to secure for the quarter terminating at Michaelmas! It were impossible; and the "where" is of no moment.

All that we can be sure of is, that "in one stay" they will never continue for two quarters, their occupancy being indeed but as one go. Their oldest friend and most constant visitor never caught them twice in the same residence. Your dinner-card is despatched from one

house, and you dine in another. As soon as they have had a communication with the landlord, their tenancy ceases. They furnish houses, as funerals are furnished, with a view to the "last home"—on which, however, they turn their backs the instant the ceremony of settling is performed.

They are continually nailing their colours to the mast, and yet they strike as regularly as a good clock,—which scarcely gives warning more often than they do, and never stops. They take a house with the long hand, and surrender it with the short hand.

They cry "quarter" directly the engagement with the landlord begins, and find other quarters when they have stayed with him one. Their roving propensity plays the part of overseer, and passes them from parish to parish. They may come and take legal possession of the house next door, the very next to your own, but you will hardly have time, unless you rise early on the following morning, to call them your fellow-parishoners. Your new neighbours are as people whisked past the end of your garden in a railway carriage. The houses apparently best suited to them are the little tenements which go upon wheels—but then these are apt to settle, in a rut.

The Frisks are not only birds of passage, but they seem to have the privilege of being in two places at once—in town and country, east and west. House-agents and auctioneers are their attendant sprites, in their restless and eager dance after the domesticities. Their life is a coming-in and a going-out. Their home is the space, whatever it may happen to measure, between one desirable residence for a small family and another. They never reach their promised settlement—they are always marching in the rear, with their goods in the van.

The records of insolvency introduce us often enough to more vicious examples of this homelessness amidst many homes;—as we read in the newspapers of wanderings more astonishing than Arab's, Jew's, or gipsy's, all performed within a couple of years or so, by one Alfred Bolt, formerly of Crutched-friars, in the city of London; then of the Mills, Derbyshire; afterwards of Dolphin-cottage, Conch-place, Ramsgate; next of No. 11, Smoke-street, Birmingham; since of Jermyn-street, St. James; also of Paradise-terrace, Camden-town; likewise of No. 5, Crack-row, Brompton; afterwards of Amsterdam and Boulogne; then of the Rye-house, Leatherhead, in the county of Surrey; and since of sundry other places which it would occupy a long hour to search out in gazetteers and directories.

At each of these many and various places of abode, Mr. Alfred Bolt, when he took up his residence, announced beyond all question that he intended to settle; but a destiny (so he is pleased to call it) as relentless as the restless will and fantastic love of change which characterize the Frisk family, pursues him to his new domicile, and forthwith drives him out before he has time to give legal warning, to read over one single paragraph of the laws affecting landlord and tenant, to count out a half-year's rent, or to bestow a patriotic thought upon the tax-collector.

The Frisks fly invariably by day; Mr. Alfred Bolt, generally by night. Mrs. F. (for the lady is the prime mover) is famous for discovering, the moment she is safely housed, that every habitation is uninhabitable; there are too many rooms, or not enough; they are too small, or the reverse: the sleeping-apartment is not snug, or the last

occupant died in it; the morning sun is upon the house, or the evening sun, or there is no sun; there are sad draughts, or else smoky chimneys; the pantry is objectionable, or the drawing-room paper is pale green; there are quantities of large ugly closets, or there is not a place in the whole house to shut a mouse in; there is a hateful wilderness of a garden, or not ground enough to grow a daisy; the spot is too retired, or too much bricked up; there is nobody living within half a mile, or there are unpleasant neighbours opposite; the place is not situate at a convenient distance, or it *is*—which makes it inconvenient. In fine, the only step that Mrs. Frisk, having taken her new house, can now take towards settling, is to step and settle with the landlord.

Alas! for Mr. Alfred Bolt, who flies away in the dark, avoiding even the dim and distant glimpses of the moon—he has no chance of seeing his landlord in his flight; and so, without coming to a settlement, goes elsewhere to settle. But he is again off, and then he is off again. The spur of the law now comes in terrible aid of his other necessities; and like a counsel learned in it, it is his business "to move" daily, that he may daily live—"to live, and move, and have his being."

"He runs, and as he runs, for ever would run on,"—

if it were not a part of what he still calls his destiny, to be brought at length to a stand-still in that court, whose records have furnished us with his name and addresses. That he should make his appearance there now and then in the course of his flight, he esteems to be a settled thing. When there in reality, he feels unusually confident that his affairs must be brought to a settlement, but he by no means considers himself, yet, as thoroughly and completely settled. Not until he has run through another, and yet another edition of his moving career—not until the judge has passed sentence upon him for an ingenious combination of forgeries and impostures—not until he has terminated his last tour of society, and taken up his residence in the penal settlements for life, does he pass sentence upon himself and cry, "I'm settled—regularly settled!" His name, perhaps, passes into a ballad, which, for a brief space, cleaves the general ear with horrid song; and thus

"He lives in Settle's numbers one day more."

But the propensity for settling is not merely exhibited in a restless life ending in the back-settlements; not simply in the expensive love of change, whose every movement creates a long bill that threatens to be a settler; it is seen perpetually in every-day life, manifested in a thorough-going and unconquerable disposition to dabble in other people's affairs, to adjust everybody's difficulties, and to manage the private business of all the world.

People who have a propensity for settling may be very amusing acquaintances while they confine their operations to their own matters, but they are rather dangerous when you allow them to interfere in yours. Yet every reader must have met half-a-dozen of them in his social pilgrimage, each with his free, handsome offer—"My dear sir, leave all that to me, I'll settle that for you."

Whatever your perplexity may be, they will undertake to loose the Gordian knot of it with ease. Whatever the affair in hand, they happen to have a peculiar turn—a natural aptitude that all the town ac-

knowledges to be perfectly extraordinary—for managing just that particular kind of business above all other things in the world. If you chance to have a little delicate dispute in agitation, some "very pretty quarrel," that, as it stands, will hardly bear the very lightest breath of foreign intervention, they are ready to make oath that they were born on purpose, yes, that they came into the world expressly on purpose to have the pleasure of settling it for you.

The trouble they will take is quite equal to anything they could possibly encounter were they principals instead of seconds in the affair. They call and consult in this quarter—they open an alarming and portentous correspondence in that—revive questions that were set at rest, and entangle persons who had no concern in the matter—swell the molehill into a mountain, and let loose the wild and rapid waters of strife in every direction; then, with an air of triumph, when they have thrown everything into inextricable confusion, with the billows heaving beneath you, and a whirlwind raging around, they communicate the pleasing news that they have settled everything to your entire satisfaction.

The propensity for settling, which is so sure to begin operations with such a violent determination to unsettle, is illustrated in the story of that invaluable servant, who, when his master said—"John, you have not shaken that bottle of port, have you?" promptly replied, "No, sir, *but I will*,"—shaking it, at the same instant, with the utmost industry and zeal. John knew as well as possible that the wine would be quite right when it had settled.

That clever butler ought forthwith to enter into the service of the celebrated Mr. Jonathan Buzz—a clever gentleman, who is as well known in the great metropolis, as a bee in his hive. Mr. Buzz is flying for ever about London, where he insists that he has for ever settled.

He this morning settled himself in my arm-chair, and merely because I ventured to ask him which of two capital mottoes I should affix to chapter eleven, volume three, of a novel I am writing, he has settled the point, that there shall be no mottoes introduced at all—the arrangement of chapters is to be given up, the historical events are to be reformed in the mould of romance, the fictitious parts of the story omitted, and the whole work turned into a tragedy. He considers its production at one of the patent theatres next season as a settled thing. That both establishments are blessings to the public and destined to prosper, he believes to be a thing settled.

Mr. Buzz is not married, for he never could get over a difficulty about settlements; but he is ever most generously anxious—most alarmingly willing—to settle the preliminaries for all his ten thousand single friends and acquaintances. Whatever appears to him desirable for other people to do, Mr. Buzz immediately settles as a thing to be done.

When he finds in the same room two persons equally well-known to him, he first introduces them, and then, having taken the simple precaution to ascertain that they are of opposite sexes, unmarried, and much of an age, he settles the match. The sum of ten thousand pounds is to be settled on the lady—the carriage to be yellow with a pair of greys—the house, 76, Cork-street—six months in London, and two at the sea, annually—St. George's to be the church, and the

eldest son's name to be William—all this he at once settles. Buzz himself could supply many more particulars; he is at first in doubt, perhaps, whether there shall be a box at the Opera, but he afterwards settles that there shall.

You need not, provided you have the advantage of Mr. Buzz's acquaintance, take the smallest trouble to consider how you shall pass your summer. Buzz will settle whether it is better that you should go to Herne Bay or to Hastings. You may have a notion about the Lakes; but Buzz settles, upon the spot, that you are to start for Amsterdam, or to pay a visit to Vienna. You are to go to this place *viâ* that place, spend exactly five days and ten hours in such a city, and return in one particular steamer and no other—you must lodge at one especial inn, and you will have to drink certain wines that are named to you—all that is settled.

There is but one way in which you can be comfortable, and of course it happens that the one way is exactly that way in which alone Buzz settles that you can be comfortable.

"Say no more," he observes, in a tone that plainly says—"Now to conclude,"—"say no more, I've settled it all!"

The same with your day, if you encounter him in the morning, and with your night, if you meet him at eve. Only drop a hint as to what you were thinking of doing, or whither you were thinking of going, and Buzz in a single second will settle where you shall dine, and what you shall have—which street you shall turn up, what singer you shall go to hear—and whether you shall have two games at billiards or four.

"I have an idea of the French play to-night," you may remark; "I think I should prefer that."

"No, no, no," is the decisive reply; "now don't say another word—Astley's—it's all settled. Cab!" And here, perhaps, the waiter brings in the bill, which, as Buzz is in advance, you stay behind for a minute or two to settle.

No bee ever drew sweets from the flower on which he settled, as Buzz's brain extracts food from your affairs when it essays to settle them. The greater is his bliss the more he manages your business; and the less business he has with it, the more fervent is his zeal. In small matters he is abundantly authoritative ("Have Sherry, don't have Madeira—come, now, that's settled"—"Go to Putney, don't go to Fulham—come, I've settled it so"); but as the affair rises in importance the arbitrary tone deepens, and the decision is without appeal.

He is resolved to settle everything concerning you, except your accounts. He settles whether you are to fight out your lawsuit to the end, or whether it is to be settled by arbitration. On whom you are to settle your estate, is a point he professes to settle. He settles the terms of your will, and possibly he might settle your family if you were to appoint him executor.

Another class of persons amongst whom the propensity to settle is strongly developed, though in a manner widely different, is very fairly represented by a descendant of the ancient Foresights, whose acquaintance we have the happiness to possess. Foresight, like all his fellow-dreamers of a sanguine temperament, settles everything, firmly and irrevocably as Mede and Persian law, by anticipation. He does not pretend to the adjustment of matters by practical meddling and

interference—he never affects the personal management of affairs not his own—he merely "settles everything in his own mind."

Shew him a blade of grass, and he can see a rich meadow, with cattle grazing—a drop of water, and the Nile rises before his vision. Read him a prologue, and he will tell you all about the play—he "knows how it will be," he "has settled it all in his own mind,"—Tom will be sure to marry Harriet, Sir Jonas will take poison, and Tricksy will be sent to jail,—of course!

Invite him to a dinner or a dance, and he will make out a list of the company before he goes—the Gubbinses, MacSwills, and O'Cracks, will all be there—the Misses Grants will be in blue, and Lady Blanch in white,—it's as good as settled. He settles in his own mind what he shall say to Dobson, if he have an opportunity; and means, if fortune favour him, to whisper a certain tender secret into the ear of Mrs. Archer.

And although not one of these, or of fifty other personages, does he meet there—although, in that room-full of strangers, there is no possibility of realizing any one of his anticipations—the failure does not prevent him from settling the relationship and the professions of scores of the unknown who surround him. He assigns one man to the stock-exchange, and another to the law,—at a single look. The fat lady and her thin companion are aunt and niece, but the four young ladies in book-muslin, who are all so wonderfully like one another, are not related at all. The person in a blue coat and gilt buttons is brother to the second husband of the lively dame who hangs on his arm; and her sister in peach-colour is to marry the man in the purple stock.

Never lose time or temper in an endeavour to convince him that there is a slight chance of his being mistaken in one or two particulars—for it will be fruitless. You might as well attempt to stop Mrs. Frisk at Bayswater; to keep Mr. Bolt out of the back-settlements; or to prevent Mr. Buzz from settling all your little arrangements. You might as well attempt to reason Foresight out of his own identity, as to preach the bare possibility of error to him. He knows how it will all be! he has settled the thing in his mind! When he discovers, if he ever should, that he was ridiculously wrong in every conviction, he complains that all his associations are unsettled, and he proceeds to weave another web of guesses, destined to a similar end, elsewhere.

He settles, in the morning, that the conversazione at night will be brilliantly attended by numbers of the scientific, and he finds nobody there but Professors Jabber and Mumble; while he is extremely reluctant to go to another party, because he had settled that it would be monstrously dull—yet he has the bitter mortification of finding himself wonderfully edified and delighted, when he gets there.

When the trip to Richmond was planned, last week, he settled that himself and the other seven were to dine at the Star, ramble in the Park, row up to Twickenham, and return to Westminster by eight; but he did not calculate that the steamer which ran them down would prove such a settler—that the last accounts of all his companions would so soon be brought in for final settlement. The shock has threatened to unsettle poor Foresight's wits; but sparing these, it cannot fail to aid in curing him of his leading habit—that of settling everything with too much confidence beforehand.

THE ESCAPE OF THE VAUDOIS.*

Not unworthily associated with that noble sonnet of Milton's, "On the Massacre in Piedmont," prefixed to the work, is the tale here written by an unknown hand; and as, according to the Vaudois motto, *Lux lucet in tenebris*, so will the fair and bright reputation, which the story thus told so well deserves to win, shine out of the obscurity in which its accomplished but nameless author is involved. These are called first endeavours; they are more than promising—they are successful. That the work is by a woman's hand, we detect abundant indications; and thus we may speedily look to see another honourable name added to a most rightfully honoured and brilliant list.

And most worthy to be thus illustrated is the history of that remarkable people, the Vaudois; a people who esteem themselves, with an unwavering faith, to be the remnant of the true church, and who profess to read in the annals of their own history the accomplishment of the scriptural prophecies of part of the Revelations. They profess, moreover, so we learn from Boyer, to have first received the tenets of their belief from the inspired lips of St. Paul himself, who is supposed to have visited Spain from Italy, and going thither by land, must have passed through the Piedmontese valleys. This primitive sect, from that early day to the present hour, have kept free from the worldly licentiousness and corruption of other sects; and they retain proofs, in treatises still extant, of their disowning the errors of the Romish church, so far back as the ninth century.

Their extraordinary and repeated sufferings and persecutions have rendered their virtues and their heroism well known. They endured thirty-three different wars, yet maintained their position in their valleys, the inheritance of their forefathers, till formally expelled by Victor Amadeus of Savoy, in 1686.

With the wondrous tale of the horrors of their captivity, of their incredible deliverances and escapes, there is here interwoven a story of such true love and fidelity, of such strong affection and unworldly piety, such astonishing strength and pitiable weakness in woman, as seemed to demand a woman's heart indeed, but a man's hand, to write.

Just prior to the time mentioned, Henri Arnaud, whose name, as pastor and chief, every biographer has delighted to honour, was the guardian of a pure and beautiful maiden, Anima di Solara, whose father, a Vaudois noble, had married (the first instance of such an alliance) a daughter of the church of Rome. The parents died, and the Catholic relations of the young girl demanded her at the hands of Henri. From his doting heart, and from the presence of a young hero-huntsman, Walter Durand, to whom she was to be united, she was now torn; and amidst the brilliant court of Paris, she sighed for the fresh air and the joyous sun—she thought tenderly of her mountain home and her native valley of Angrogna.

But the most insidious and seductive arts were employed to win her from such dreams; her friend and pastor, the very place of her birth, were never to be mentioned; the accursed and despised Vaudois

* The Pastor Chief; or, the Escape of the Vaudois. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. 3 vols.

(amongst them he whose soul yearned for her in absence) were to be blotted from remembrance; and, at length, when Louis XIV. hoped she had become a convert to "our holy church," and her zealous relation assented because Anima could not utter a word—when the King, marking her change of colour, questioned her more severely, and shewed himself determined to crush every symptom of dissent and sectarianism in his court—she, alas! could only reply by a marble paleness, by a deep blush, and then by a scarcely audible assent.

Then conscience reminded her, as they passed on, that "in that whisper and that blush she had sacrificed her faith to her Maker to the fear of her king." And when afterwards they prevailed upon her to wear a brilliant trinket of her mother's, a diamond cross, symbol of the sufferings of a Saviour adored by Catholic and Protestant, she felt, as the golden chain was clasped upon her neck, that they were rivetting round her the fetters of the church of Rome.

Other influences were tried; and a suitor, young, handsome, noble, wooed her in impassioned addresses. She remembered, however, that his father had been the great persecutor of her beloved Vaudois, and for a time she was firm; but the seeds of vanity and ambition had been sown in her mind, the contagion of the court was around and within her, and to escape the Catholic convent, she took the hand of the Catholic lord. She was Marchioness di Pianezza.

In the meantime, the pastor she had left, the lover she had parted from for ever, were engaged in the most perilous and awful duties enjoined them by religion and patriotism. Oppressive orders from Savoy had been disobeyed throughout the valleys, and all were commanded to leave their homes within three days, to wander defenceless to a strange land, or to be expelled at the point of the sword. Weak as they were, they resolved to raise the war-cry—and who was its great encourager?—the young and delicate but all powerful inspirer of the Vaudois, Marie, the daughter of Henri Arnaud, the almost sister of that converted Anima, for whom the noble heart of Durand yet beat with the most fervent passion; while for him, in a hushed and solemn secrecy, with a depth only equalled by the delicacy of its devotion, the bruised heart of Marie ached ceaselessly, and burned as though the springs of life itself were drying up within her bosom.

Driven from their homes, it was Marie who kindled in them courage to encounter the untried perils of the Alpine path, and to go to Switzerland. She led them, famished and frozen, to Geneva, and in irresistible accents of piety and patriotism—of filial love and Christian daring—she addressed the Syndics. Truth and eloquence like hers melted the hearts of the Swiss, and her father's miserable flock were sheltered. But others, their friends, were yet more miserable,—captives, under the most frightful privations and afflictions, in the dungeons of La Tour. Could Marie, by the sacrifice of her life, a thousand times over, relieve them? A noble Swiss, Ernest Count de Grafenried, became passionately enamoured of her; and to secure a path to her affections, he undertook to plead in their behalf. He gave her hopes, and asked for love;—but her look, her few words, doomed him to blank despair. What a pang did his inadvertent words awaken in her heart, when he, ignorant of her secret, said—"Could you but know the agony of unrequited love!" That agony indeed was hers.

Ernest promoted her cause, and Marie and her father obtained

audiences of Victor of Savoy. The Prince, a compound character, full of interest (and drawn with remarkable powers of discrimination in this work), was strangely wrought upon by Marie, to whom—his rank being unknown to her—he presented a ring, which, in any hour of emergency, would secure assistance. The captives were released. But the French King interposed; the good intentions of Victor became as air; even the friendly Swiss were wrought upon by power; and once more the remnant must wander.

Time elapsed, dangers and persecution pursued them. Ernest, led by hopeless love and a noble nature, had followed the fortunes of the Vaudois, and was daily by the side of Marie,—her heart all the time was wandering with Durand, their gallant leader, himself a prey to cureless sorrow, in the remembrance of the convert, Anima. At length, believing the object of her secret passion to be slain, Marie promised to become the wife of Ernest, when they should arrive—if ever they should!—in the valley of Angrogna. It was well for him that he died—better for both!

The Vaudois, performing miracles of valour, had advanced through unheard-of difficulties, steadily undismayed by the armies both of France and Savoy, when a great force was sent against them, under the command of Pianezza, the haughty husband of the now-miserable Anima. The Marquis carried her with him to his castle at Del Tor. There the Vaudois, now strong in their successes, meditated a surprise; and Durand, restored and triumphant, trembled for the safety, the life of Anima, which he might not be able to save. He confided to the racked and desolate breast of Marie herself the story of his sufferings and his love; and for his sake, afflicted in soul as she was, by the story of his passion for another, she offered to bear a missive to the mistress of Del Tor, warning her of her danger.

Heedless of every risk, she went forth secretly and in disguise. From a princely banquet given by the Marquis to his officers, the lady had passed to her own apartment, and in the dusk of evening was ruminating upon the wretched present and the well-remembered past, murmuring, "*He* has never loved me—*never* loved me as Durand did!" when a rustling was heard amidst the ivy round the casement, and a slight figure, in disguising drapery, sprang into the room. A sharp scream from Anima—and then the recognition of the true, the innocent, the beloved, but deserted Marie!—"Marie! Marie Arnaud!"

But there was barely time for a few hurried ejaculations, ere—just as Marie's hand was extending the packet in which Durand had traced some hasty lines, which were alike to save or to endanger two lives so dear—the tramp of many feet was heard in the adjoining saloon, and the jealous husband rushed, with his friends, into the presence of his Vaudois bride. The scream, the visitor, the fatal paper, which he instantly conceived to be associated with his own disgrace and his wife's perfidy, inflamed him to fury. Fearful violence ensued, but Marie's courage succeeded in burning the paper; and as Anima dropped upon the floor, her preserver was borne to the deepest dungeon of the castle. By the early beams of the morning sun, the Marquis and his force set out upon their expedition against the Vaudois, while Marie was conveyed, a close prisoner, to Turin—as a spy from the Vaudois, detected in the private apartments of the chateau—one, of whom

might be made a strong example, to strike terror into the hearts of her people.

She was carried before the council, and arraigned of high treason and rebellion against her lawful sovereign, the Duke of Savoy, of professing heretical opinions, and of concealing important information. What could she plead but her innocence of the evil design imputed to her? What could she feel but that all those dearest to her, they and their holy cause, must inevitably be lost, if the contents of that paper, in which Durand had informed Anima of all their plans of operation, should be forced from her lips.

Every form of command to extort confession having been tried in vain —poor Marie thought she had but to die to keep her secret—the *rack* was shewn to her. An ashen hue stole over her beautiful countenance, a convulsive shudder shook her frame—but not a word escaped, and her whole heart and soul were wrapped in prayer for help to endure. In a niche near the awful engine of torture and death, appeared a beautifully-carved ivory representation of the last agonies of the crucifixion.

" Strange contrast! the image of that wondrous act of love in a spot where all around breathed the tokens of such opposite passions in those for whom that holy sacrifice was consummated!"

She was led to the wheel, brought back, and allowed to reconsider. Again she took refuge in prayer, and again the guards approached, warned, by a sullen bell, to fulfil their cruel office. At that dread moment, a thought flashed across her mind. She had a friend at Victor's court—and she held aloft the glittering signet which Victor himself had given her in a former hour. The proceedings were at once stayed.

An hour's terrible suspense and anguish ensued; and then, as she stood beside the horrid wheel, and was told that the Duke himself had arrived, she beheld, through the mist which was before her eyes, even in the royal person who sat there in all his fearful power over life and death, the actual friend whom she had only counted on as a mediator. Ere she fell prostrate, she felt that she was saved.

Victor, whose best feelings were but ill-regulated, and who, to many generous qualities, added a thousand faults, had saved Marie only to persecute her with the outpourings of a frantic passion with which she had inspired him. At the former interview the seeds were doubtless sown, and the conquest which her beauty might have commenced, her greatness of soul and innate nobility had completed. He appealed to her gratitude, which she gave devotedly—he asked for love, and she said she was ready to die.

When he approached her irreverently, her eye and voice assumed a sovereign command, and Victor shrunk back awed by her supernatural calmness. He sued to her as the humblest subject sues. He promised to her father, to her countrymen, a deed, granting to them possession of their peaceful valleys, the free exercise of their religion. He left her to ruminate, to decide.

Meanwhile came Anima, the now widowed Anima, into Victor's presence. Her husband had been slain; and she the admired and the worshipped of catholic courts, came to abjure her adopted faith, and to profess herself again a Vaudois in heart and in name. By Victor's leave, she repaired to Marie's arms and was forgiven—forgiven all. Up to this moment, Marie, perhaps, had never felt that she was

hopelessly, eternally, separated from Durand—now, now indeed she was.

And then again came Victor. His wavering and irresolute nature had wrought itself up to a great resolve. He came to offer her no disgrace, no dubious situation, but an honourable though private marriage. A deep blush of shame crimsoned the pure forehead of Marie.

"A secret marriage! a borrowed name! this to me, my liege?"

Her appeal to him as a parent, as a prince, was addressed to every better feeling of his heart, every higher principle of his character; and as the Duke listened, admiration and respect stifled every other emotion. An affecting conference ensued—Marie was to return to her home, and her happy countrymen—and when she added that she went to confer happiness on two devoted hearts destined for each other from infancy, what wonder if she glanced mysteriously at the sacrifice to which her own crushed hopes testified. "My liege, inquire no further into feelings none have a right to penetrate; and learn from me that the test of perfect love is, that it centres all its happiness in that of its object, and to promote that delights in self-renunciation!" And so left she the Duke affected alike with wonder and regret.

Henri Arnaud lived to witness the announcement of peace on the part of Savoy, when his great spirit took its flight heavenward. The colour mounted in Marie's cheek, and her voice trembled with emotion as she joined in the Vaudois vow, "Faith to Savoy, long life to Victor Amadeus!" but a different feeling was in her heart when, by her father's grave, she called Anima Walter's bride.

Marie, however, was yet to be summoned from her pensive condition into action. It was some years after, that the success of the French and the disasters of his troops drove Duke Victor into the valleys for safety—a fugitive, alone, with a price set upon his head. It was Marie who concealed him—concealed him even from Anima, her husband, and children. Beneath a store of half-dried flax, in a dark loft in the roof, the monarch lay hidden for days. We here turn to the book.

"Suddenly there was a confusion below, a noise which pierced even to his retreat, the clash of arms, and a woman's shriek. The Duke thought of Marie, and he burned to fly to her rescue; but he remembered his son, his darling son, whose inheritance depended on his safety, and with effort, he remained still.

"He could not doubt that they were his pursuers who had so rudely entered the dwelling, and who swore with horrid execrations to search every hole and corner of the valleys till they should find their prey. He heard them visit every nook, shake every door, and, at length, could discern their tramp on the very staircase which led to his place of concealment; but his surprise, his horror, was indescribable at hearing Marie's voice telling the way to the loft, and volunteering to be their guide. A thrill of mortification ran through his heart, and paralysed every nerve. This, then, thought he, is human nature: that she, the being in whose virtue he had so implicitly confided, whose character he so warmly admired, could not withstand temptation, but was about to betray him, defenceless, into the enemy's power. Was existence worth having in such a faithless world? The thought passed rapidly through his mind, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he was about to rush forward, careless of discovery, to spring on the foremost who should enter, and dearly sell the life he would not that a woman should deliver up; but he perceived that Marie herself drew near, and laying a strong hand upon his shoulder, detained him in his position.

"'See,' said she, 'our store of flax; search, and satisfy yourselves that nought is hidden there.'

"She raised pile after pile with a quiet composure, calculated to banish suspicion, interposing her person so dexterously between the Duke and the soldiers, that not a glimpse of him could be obtained; then, turning to the other side, invited them

to prosecute the search; seating herself, meantime, on the recumbent body of Victor with undaunted coolness.

" 'Sacre!' said one of the men, 'there is nothing here; not at least of flesh and blood, and if there be, this bayonet shall prove.' He drew the weapon, but Marie shrunk not. He pierced the flax, once, twice, and the dim light concealed the death-like paleness which overspread her cheek. Again he thrust the weapon in, and this time not in vain; for, determined to prove the sincerity of her willingness to shed her blood in his defence, Marie so effectually screened the Duke, as to receive in her own person the wound intended for him; and the bayonet, as it was withdrawn, was crimsoned with her blood; nevertheless, she neither shrieked nor groaned, but calmly said,—

" 'You have done valiantly; you have pierced this harmless flax, and wounded a woman who aided your search. Go, boast of the deed!'

" She then attempted to rise, but sunk back exhausted; the other soldiers, charmed with her courage, and indignant at the unnecessary violence of their comrade, took her part, and a quarrel ensued, in which the object of their visit was forgotten, and the party fought their way down the stairs."

Victor was saved, to sit, in after years, a powerful monarch on the throne of Sardinia. When the moment of deliverance came—

" With princely dignity he received Durand's homage, gracefully recognised his still beautiful wife; then, with a tenderer manner, turned to the couch where Marie lay, and leaning over her, whispered, 'My deliverer, my friend, is it thus you suffer for me? Oh, Marie! say, can I do nothing to reward your generous care—your noble self-sacrifice?'

" He bent closer to her, and added, 'Will you not now return with me to Turin? —not now listen to the suit I dared to press before, and thus multiply the benefits I never can repay?'

" Marie blushed deeply, but she unhesitatingly replied,—

" 'Go, my sovereign, where the open path of glory invites you to tread, nor ask me to obscure its rays, by yielding to wishes which are not compatible with the interests of a great and glorious prince. Bear with you the conviction that the Vaudois have justified their faith; and as for me, believe that the dearest reminiscence of my life will be that I have been permitted to suffer in your cause.' "

We leave unnoticed many admirable scenes at the Parisian court, in which the characters of Madame de Maintenon and Louvois are ably sketched; with numerous pictures of flight, heroism, and battle—of horrible persecution and lofty religious enthusiasm—alone sufficient to place the writer in a foremost rank. The notes are especially interesting, and some very curious. The dedication of this work to Mr. Hughes, of Donnington Priory, is a compliment which such a writer must well know how to value.

WHEN THY VOICE IS SINGING.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY A. G.

When thy voice is singing
Songs I wrote for thee,
Let thy thoughts be winging,
Birdlike, back to me.

When thy supple finger
Strikes the sounding key,
Let one feeling linger
Kind and true to me.

When to music thrilling,
Sorrow steals o'er thee,
Let thine eyes be filling
With a tear for me

Our Library Table.

King Eric and the Outlaws. From the Danish of Ingemann. By Jane Frances Chapman. 3 vols. Longman. — A work of fiction which carries us to Copenhagen, and lodges us among the old Danes—sons of the men who cut out such sharp work for our fathers — is, it must be confessed, at the least a literary novelty. The most perfect and exquisite character, perhaps, in the drama of England—the greatest drama ever known to the world—is a Dane; and yet the English reader has been taught to feel but little curiosity relative to the old writers, or the more recent literature, of the land of the prince and scholar. The introducer of this romance remarks truly upon the singularity, that while a vivid appetite has been stimulated and gratified for Italian, Swedish, and German productions, while Spain's ancient ballads find an accomplished translator, and the rhymes and romances of many lands set countless pens flying, only a stray thought now and then has been turned to the books of a country so associated with Anglo-Saxon history.

Of the distinguished Danish writers of the present day, M. Ingemann is one who, in a great degree, derives the spirit of his works from the ancient traditional lore of Scandinavia, whereof so little is known by the foreign reader. The heroic ballads, we here learn, have not only supplied much of the incident, but have also suggested the individual colouring of the historical portraits thus presented. "All the prominent characters introduced in this romance, from King Eric himself down to Morten the cook, are historical, and enacted scarcely less romantic parts in the drama of real life than those assigned them by M. Ingemann." Assuredly they had no quiet time of it; but we may fairly attribute a little of the wildness and hair-breadth quality of their lives to the heroic ballad-school in which they were first conceived. Allow a little deduction on this point, and enough remains to give a strong and striking idea of the struggles which took place in the thirteenth century, between throne, church, and people—of the gallant and enlightened King Eric's struggle with superstitious prejudice and papal authority—of his resistance to the encroachments of the Hanse-towns—a subject of more interest in the present day—and of the sayings and doings of a set known as the "Leccarii," who are designated the "Socialists" of that century.

We have said enough to shew that there is some reason why this romance should be interesting in many points of view; although, it is true, the English reader will be apt to think some of the details dry, and much of the incident melo-dramatic. There is a bleak northern air over all, and the characters though always moving at a smart pace, yet seem to want the warmth of vitality. M. Ingemann does not overcrowd his canvas with ladies; two sisters, however, there are, who afford a pretty, but rather forced contrast—indeed, the youngest, Ulrica, tries our patience, and her petulant childishness often verges upon the burlesque and the silly. The young King Eric Ericson is a gallant figure, boldly and bravely drawn; he at once wins the reader's sympathies, and retains them to the close of his struggles; yet there is an inconsistency, surely, in his infatuated attachment for and confidence in his brother, beyond what history is accountable for—else, must we acknowledge in King Eric the most forgiving, but the most weak and credulous of mortals. This somewhat lessens our respect for the monarch's intellect, which otherwise shines out fairly in companionship with that of his youthful friend and adviser, Drost Aagé, who eclipses Mr. Pitt, by becoming prime-minister at twenty-two. There is an elastic grace and a quiet dignity about this character which most of the persons of the romance want in a very remarkable degree. Ministers in that age and

country were obliged to put up with hard language. The poor Drost has in disguise and by mistake shut himself into the most ghastly pit that ever made a romance-reader shudder; on making his escape, he meets a man-at-arms.

"He eyed the disguised Drost from head to foot, by the light of the lantern, and started back a couple of paces. 'Faugh! how thou look'st, thou bloodhound!' he said, with disgust. ''Tis hard for an honest fellow to let such guests in, when the king himself must stand without.'

"'I have had a hard joust on the road, brave countryman,' said Aagé; 'but haste thee!'

"'Come, come; give time, thou scoundrel! The bandage over thy eyes first.'

"'What! bandage! and foul words to me!'

"'Of course, loggerhead! Thou mightest be a spy and traitor, as thou art a bloodhound and accursed robber; thou lookest fit for all such trades. The bandage over thy eyes instantly, thou hound! or I kick thee back into thy fox-hole.'"

He is afterwards in a plight not very dissimilar to the wretched Quasimodo's on the tower of *Notre Dame*. The gallant Drost is more devoted to his king than premiers are commonly considered to be. Imprisoned in the castle Eric is besieging, he endeavours to warn his king of a pitfall in his path.

"Almost without knowing on what he was about to venture, he swung himself out of the loosened prison grating, and let himself down by his shoulder scarf so low towards the tower wall that he was able to take his stand on a projecting buttress; but hardly had he succeeded in doing this, ere another fragment of the prison wall loosened, together with the iron grating to which his scarf was bound; it flew past his head, and dashed against the iron railing of the balcony below, where his scarf remained hanging. He himself lost his balance, and was forced to let go his hold; but he snatched involuntarily, as if with the instinct of self-preservation, at the projecting buttress on which his foot had just rested, and thus continued to cling, while he succeeded in resting one foot on the corner of the sloping porch above the staircase entrance. He stood thus directly over the stair, yet still at such a height above it as to involve the certainty of sustaining a serious injury in case of falling. He had ascertained that the trap-door of the well was immediately under his feet, and that the first footstep upon it would be the signal for its falling, and opening its deep and certain grave. It was hardly possible for Aagé to continue his hold long in this hanging position. Amid the universal tumult no one perceived him. He now heard the crash caused by the bursting of the gates, and the victorious shout, 'The castle is won! Long live young king Eric!' The king had already entered the castle as a victor through the flaming gate. Aagé could not turn his head round and look down into the yard without losing his balance; but he heard, and instantly recognised the king's and Count Henrik's voices far below him. 'Beware, my liege! here is a pitfall!' he shouted with all his might; but his voice was too faint; he was exhausted by his desperate exertions, and no one appeared to hear him amid the universal clashing of weapons, and the noisy shouts of victory. He was, besides, hidden by the pillar of the tower from those who were nearest to the upper story of the building. 'Farewell, sweet Margaretha! farewell, love and life!' he gasped; 'I must below.' His fall and death, at this moment, appeared to be the only means of saving the king's life. 'Long live my king!' he shouted, and let go his hold of the buttress."

The characters, when they get together, generally converse, so that a considerable portion of the story is in the form of dialogue; but it might be shortened with advantage, for some of the subordinates say much more than is necessary for the carrying on of the events, or the development of their own commonplace characters. There are several bold descriptive passages, an excellent account of the *un*knighting a respectable spur-holder in those days, with two or three tenderer scenes that throw in the much-wanted influences of softness and refinement.

The Home Treasury:—1. *Sir Horn-Book*. 2. *Nursery Songs*. *Cundall, New Bond Street*.—In the old days, when George the Third was king, no prince in Christendom—not Albert Edward, had he then been alive—could ever have

dreamed of possessing such picture-books and such poetics as these are. No; such elegance and beauty of decoration were uninvented then, and the Prince of Wales must be acknowledged to have fallen upon felicitous times. These two small volumes, gleaming outside with the most nameless of green and the most inexpressible of purple, are enough to set every little occupant of the modern nursery screaming for them "like mad." In truth, we should be ungrateful for the joy derived (very long ago) from the nursery songs here collected, for the first time, if we did not own that we recollect them well, and have read them all over—stopping at every picture to admire not merely the bright and tasteful colouring, but the uncommon beauty of the design, whose superiority, in several instances, shews that some practised and popular hand has here condescended—and most wisely, too—to employ its art on the subjects which first fascinated his little soul in early infancy. And as for Sir Horn-Book, it is an extremely prettily-planned and neatly-executed set of verses, fit to reward and delight every tender juvenile in the kingdom. The illustrations are perfect—so is the binding. We must say that he who supplies a Novelty for the Nursery does a Christian-like and gentlemanly act—and Mr. Cundall has done this.

Tales of Jewish History. By Celia and Marion Moss. 3 vols. Miller and Field.—The Hebrew writers of old have done such wonders for the world, and laid successive generations of men under such a weight of debt, that the Jewish people may be held exempt from all obligation to contribute further to the literary treasures of mankind. However they may have benefited modern nations by music or merchandise, we owe few books to them; and we should therefore the more cordially greet, as well as curiously examine, the offerings of these young Jewish writers, whose maiden (we might almost say whose childish) verses, were hailed as songs of promise a few seasons ago. All that was promised in poetry, and indeed much more, is here fulfilled in prose; and if any order of readers should find in either of the four or five tales, into which these volumes are divided, a want of attractiveness and vital interest, the fault, assuredly, is rather in the remoteness, in the associations awakened, or some other peculiarity connected with the subject, than in the powers which the fair Hebrews have manifested in the working out of their design. They have imagination of no flagging kind—boldness that executes their conception without the least pause or misgiving—enough reading of a particular kind to set up a library full of Jewish romance-writers—a quick eye for the gorgeous, the graceful, and the picturesque — much knowledge (doubtless) of the customs and habits it is their province to portray—great powers of description, often admirably used—and a never-failing flow of harmonious but frequently too florid language. They paint set-scenes and state-draperies as distinctly as Mr. Hart could portray them upon canvas; and if we are at present disposed to rate, by a somewhat lower standard, their portraitures of character and delineations of passions and of manners, what wonder? But they have made great advances here, and in these volumes have evinced a knowledge of the workings of the human heart, which we in vain look for in many older and more practised writers. "The Twin Brothers of Nearda," the longest of the tales, is, in some respects, the favourite; it is written with passionate earnestness and conspicuous grace; but the writer should avoid those attempts at what is called "strong writing," which are seen in the death of the Parthian and in the closing words of the story. These, however, are but weak examples of the bad taste to which we allude. How could the writer apply to the fair and noble Paula so vile, so affected, so barbarous, so disparaging an epithet as "talented?" "The Pharisee," if less striking, is less defective, and contains some passages equally forcible and delicate. The encouragement which these writers are, we presume, sure to experience among their own people, they are entitled to receive everywhere.

The Works of Montaigne, edited by WILLIAM HAZLITT, form a volume—one rich noble volume—which we, months ago, welcomed to our Library Table. Hallam says, that the Essays of Montaigne make, in several respects, an epoch in literature; and he adds, of this earliest classical writer in the French language, that he is the first whom a gentleman is ashamed not to have read. We may observe upon this, that the appearance of the present edition constitutes an epoch in the history of the delightful essayist's writings, and that the English gentleman who has failed to read him hitherto, will have no decent excuse for leaving him unread now. The volume is complete: it comprises the Essays translated by Cotton; the Letters; the Journey into Germany and Italy, now first translated; notes from all the commentators; the critical opinions of eminent authors on Montaigne; the éloges of MM. Jay and Villemain; a bibliographical notice of all the editions, with copious indexes; and a life of the philosopher by his present editor. This life is written with a right feeling of the subject, and with a due care as to the points to be excluded as well as introduced. The Essays tell us so much about Montaigne, exhibiting to us his habits as well as his thinkings, that a more lengthened dissertation was unnecessary. What Mr. Hazlitt has here translated is well done; and no one who justly appreciates the intrinsic worth of Montaigne's writings will think any addition to them superfluous. On the contrary, he will welcome for its own sake the journey into Germany and Italy. Of the mode in which the editor has dealt with Cotton's translation of the Essays, we heartily approve. Cotton, prefacing his memorable translation, says, that the author has suffered by him as well as by the former translator (John Florio), but that both are to be excused, where they miss the sense of the author, "whose language is such in many places as grammar cannot reconcile, which renders it the hardest book to make a justifiable version of that I ever yet saw." Then there were numberless errors of the press, resulting from a slubbered manuscript and an illiterate amanuensis. The editor of a later edition altered Cotton's prose in above 3000 places. Since then (in 1776) a new edition of the same translation appeared, with "considerable amendments and improvements," but in the process of modernizing Cotton's language its spirit evaporated. Mr. Hazlitt has now risked the charge of presumption (in some quarters) by deciding, after a careful and close comparison, that not to alter Cotton, in some places, would be an injustice to Montaigne. Admitting the masterly character of the translation, taking it in its whole spirit, he yet shews that "there occur in it, and at no long intervals, instances of carelessness which greatly detract from the value of the translation." It may amuse the reader to give one or two of these inaccuracies, as detected by Mr. Hazlitt. Montaigne, chatting about smells, remarks—"*En la plus espesse barbarie, les femmes Scythes*, &c. "In an age of the darkest barbarism, the Scythian women," &c.; which, in Cotton's version, is rendered—"In the wildest parts of Barbary, the Scythian women," &c. In one place, where Montaigne gives an account of an accident that threw him into a swoon, he says—"I had so much sense about me as to order them to give a horse to *my wife*, *who*, *I saw*, *was toiling and labouring* along the road, which was a steep and uneasy one;" this Cotton renders—"I had so much sense as to order that *a horse I saw trip and falter* on the way, which is mountainous and uneasy, should be given to *my wife*." Mr. Hazlitt truly says that this subjects his author to a grave imputation. His vindication is complete, and his patience has been equal to his acuteness. The success which this volume, introduced by a pretty vignette and well-engraved portrait, will be sure to command, must amply recompense the labour with which he has followed up his collection of the writings of the true Englishman, Defoe.

The Assembly of the Gifted.

LONDON PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, 1848

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE DOCTOR MAGINN.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER I.

LIVERPOOL AS IT WAS AND IS—THE HERO INTRODUCED—MERCHANT-LIFE EIGHTY YEARS SINCE.

"The Mersey," says Camden, "spreading and presently contracting its stream from Warrington, falls into the ocean with a wide channel very convenient for trade, where opens to view Litherpole, (commonly called Lirpool, from the water extending like a pool, according to the common opinion,) where is the most convenient and most frequented passage to Ireland; a town more famous for its beauty and populousness than for its antiquity."

What Camden's ideas of populousness might have been it is hard to say; but if in his time he considered Litherpole, or Lirpool, famous on that account, his reverence for its fame would be at present increased a hundred fold. We have an engraved view of "the West Prospect of Liverpoole," taken somewhere about a hundred years after the date of his Britannia,—in 1680, and in the scanty and scattered collection of insignificant houses, apparently intersected but by one regular street, containing within its enclosure fields and plantations of trees, and bounded by a stream on which seem to float half-a-dozen vessels, all of the smallest tonnage, most of them mere barks, we could hardly recognise the swelling city adorned with majestic edifices, traversed by magnificent and crowded streets, and on its river side flanked by gigantic docks of almost Titanic masonry.

The flourishing state of Liverpool is not by any means remarkable for antiquity. It dates from about the beginning of the last century; and however it may shock the fine feelings of the existing race of the men philosophizing by the side of the Mersey, its prosperity had beyond question its origin in the slave-trade, of which Liverpool, having filched that commerce from Bristol, became the great emporium. We shall not fatigue our readers with statistical details, which, if they seek, they may find in many a bulky volume of parliamentary reports; nor weary them by discussing the merits or demerits of a question now set at rest for ever. The labours of disinterested philanthropists, and of philanthropists whom the most exalted charity can hardly admit to be disinterested, have removed the stain of tolerating slavery from the code of British law. We have at all events got rid of the *word;* whether we have got rid of the *thing*, may be a matter not worth discussing. Be it sufficient to say that the slave-trade crammed Liverpool with wealth; and that wealth, by its natural operation, raised Liverpool into importance. George Frederick Cooke, in one of those wild and unaccountable sallies into which nothing but genius, even in drunkenness, can burst, while performing the part of Richard the Third, in the Williamson-square Theatre of Liverpool, amid a hissing and hooting, well earned for having been so overcome by the poetry of Shakspeare, or the punch of the Angel, as to tumble about the stage, obtained attention by crying, with his wondrous voice, "Silence, and

hear me!" The call was instantly obeyed. Moulding his features into his most terrific scowl, he looked on the astonished audience, and the indignant representative of the last of the Plantagenets thus shouted forth:—

"It is hard enough to submit to the degradation of such a profession as that in which I appear; but it is the lowest depth of disgrace to be compelled to play the buffoon for the amusement of a set of wretches, every stone of whose streets, every brick of whose houses, every block of whose docks, is grouted and cemented together by the blood and marrow of the sold and murdered African."

The audience, by their indignation or their silence, gave at least a qualified assent to the truth of this unceremonious remonstrance; and the attention which was refused by the merchants of Sydney Lane, or Goree Dock, to the tame eloquence of a Wilberforce, or the sober preachings of a Clarkson, was aroused with feelings of shame by the fierce denunciation of a tipsy actor. Men are still alive who actually traded in slavery on the coast of Africa; and many will remember the days when the watchword, "Liberty and the slave-trade," floated proudly upon the election-banners of General Tarleton. Why should we not remember it? It was only in 1807; and that to young people like us counts not much more than if it were yesterday.

Cooke's savage taunt was of course nothing more, as well may be believed, than a ferocious exaggeration; but it is undeniable that many honourable and upright men were engaged in this man-traffic, the propriety of which they never doubted; and that few of the most unexceptionable merchants in Liverpool, though closing their eyes to what was called "the horrors of the middle passage," refused to accept the profits which it returned. We have now nothing further to add in the way of introduction to our story, except that this peculiar trade having had its main encouragement in this country by the Assiento contract, and its main discouragement by what John Wesley called the Grand Revival of religion, our story fixes itself in the middle time between both—viz., in 1760.

Just only is it to remark, that many persons in Liverpool conscientiously protested against this traffic—especially Quakers, and the more austere dissenters. Just, also, is it to add, that a general suspicion prevailed that those same Quakers were deeply engaged in the business. This they declared to be a calumny, and were believed, as people wished to believe. But of the mercantile world, some, without making any noisy professions, conscientiously abstained from having anything to do with the capture and sale of their fellow-creatures; and among them was the famous house of Hibblethwaite, Manesty, and Co., of Pool Lane, Liverpool. This firm, at the time we write of, was represented by a single individual, Mr. John Manesty.

Mr. Manesty was about three or four and forty years of age when our narrative commences. His countenance was cold and calculating, seldom, if ever, relaxing into a smile, and almost as seldom darkening into a frown. In stature, he, like one of Crabbe's heroes—

> "Grave Jonas' kindred, Sibyl kindred's sire,
> Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher;"

and his massive head, somewhat (contrary to custom, he wore no peruke) touched with gray, and rapidly inclining to be bald, was

firmly set on a pair of ample shoulders. His dress, which never varied, was of snuff-brown broadcloth, a wide-skirted coat, a deep-flapped waistcoat, and a close-fitting pair of breeches, not reaching much beyond the knee, where they were secured by a pair of small silver buckles. These garments were all of the same colour and material, and for more than twenty years, he had not allowed any change in their fashion, which, though an object of scorn in the eyes of the beaux and macaronies of the middle of the last century, was comfortable and commodious. No ruffles graced his wrists; no tie or solitaire decorated his stiff cravat, rolled closely round his muscular throat; no ornament whatever was worn on any part of his person; but all, from his well-brushed, broad-brimmed hat, to his woollen stockings of iron gray—and his shoes, blackened with whatever art, before the appearance of Day and Martin in the world of Japan, could command, and kept tightly close by a pair of the darkest buckles — was scrupulously clean, stainless, and without speck. Such, too, was his repute among his brother merchants; and when, at Exchange hours, he made his way, slowly and steadily pacing among the commercial crowd, with his gold-headed cane, which he carried more as an emblem of his caste, than for any purpose of supporting his brawny hand or strong-set limbs, he seemed, in more senses than one, a pillar of 'Change.

Of his partners, the elder Hibblethwaite had died some years before, and his son, who formed the "Co.," preferred cock-fighting, badger-drawing, bull-baiting, and other refined Lancastrian amusements—most of which we have bequeathed as legacies on the other side of the Atlantic—to the dull routine of the desk and counter. With great pleasure, therefore, he sold his interest in the firm to his graver partner, who, as usual in contracts between such parties, was no loser in the transaction. We by no means intend to insinuate that anything passed which was inconsistent with mercantile honour, for the purchaser was not more eager to get than the seller to get rid of the concern on any terms whatever. If the money paid was less than what Manesty would have disbursed to a more sagacious or less hasty customer, it was far more than Dick Hibblethwaite required on the moment for the purposes of squandering.

Those who now visit the Liverpool Exchange, in Castle Street, and look upon the spruce and airy second-hand dandies, who dispose of millions of money—at least, of bills—in the jauntiest style possible; or see them, at all hours of the day, sipping claret, swilling grog, or guttling down bitter beer, according as the goddess Laverna is propitious to her votaries; or who meet them in the hundreds of coffee-rooms, bar-parlours, or taps, so profusely planted all over their borough, flirting with pretty Miss Eliza, betting at Jem Ward's, making their books at Radley's, or "tossing" at Jack Langan's, must needs be reminded that these gentlemen no more resemble their methodical sires of old, than does the *maintenon cutlet* or the *ressole des rognons de bœuf* represent the haunch of mutton or the lordly sirloin. In one art, they certainly far surpass their fathers—what that art is, we leave to Dale Street on one side of the ocean, and to Wall Street upon the other, to disclose. Be that as it may, among the most methodical men of this most methodical time, none could be more methodical than the burly merchant whom we have just introduced to our readers.

John Manesty was, as we have said, some three or four and forty

years of age, twenty of which he had passed in indefatigable and unceasing commercial industry in his native town. The Exchange clock itself could not have been more punctual and unvarying in its movements than he. Six o'clock every morning of winter or summer found him seated upon the high stool of his inner office, turning over his books of business with a scrutinizing eye, preparatory to the labours of the day. Eight o'clock every evening saw him as invariably occupied, upon the same stool, over the same books, which had recorded the results of those now finished labours. Few incidents marked the interval between those hours. Writing letters occupied his time until eight o'clock, when he sate down to a hearty breakfast of northern cheer, to which his temperate habits and robust frame enabled him to do ample justice. The multifarious occupations of commerce engaged him until dinner, which, contrary to the general habit of the Liverpool merchants—whose custom it was, then, even more than now, to dine in taverns—was served at home, and he shared a plain but solid repast with a single companion. A tankard of ale, and sometimes a glass of port, was its only accompaniment; and dinner concluded, he went upon 'Change, to transact affairs with his brother merchants. Great was the deference which he there met; and for a couple of hours, bills, bonds, obligations, bargains, freights, insurances, speculations, contracts, shipments, ladings, entries, consignments, and a host of other words familiar to mercantile ear in a great emporium of trade and shipping, were despatched by him with the rapidity acquired by long practice, and a decision which is the sure attendant upon a heavy purse. His dealings were upright, his engagements punctually observed; and though in doing business with others who were not so punctual or so solvent as himself, he had no scruple to enforce his claims in such manner as the law allows and the court awards, yet the very greatness of his transactions precluded him from being, in general, mixed up with needy or embarrassed parties, and his wealth often allowed him to display the semblance, and perhaps the reality, of generous and kindly dealing towards the fallen or broken adventurer in trade. At five, tea, followed by an hour's indulgence in smoking, (his only luxury, and conscientious scruples occasionally reproached him for indulging in this slave-raised weed,) brought him again to his books; a bread and cheese supper, sometimes relieved by a glass of hot rum and water, followed, and ten o'clock consigned him to his bed, thence to rise at six o'clock the next morning, and repeat the labours of the bygone day.

Such was the sober and unvarying life of Manesty, and many more besides of his contemporaries.

CHAPTER II.

WHO THE WOLSTERHOLMES WERE, AND WHO WAS THEIR SUCCESSOR AT WOLSTERHOLME CASTLE.

From his business, as we have already stated, African traffic was wholly excluded; he had taken a very decided part in protesting against the slave-trade, then principally opposed by the dissenters, which threw him much into their company; and though not departing from the church of England, in which he was reared, he seldom attended its services, preferring, instead, to frequent the chapel of the Reverend Mr. Zachariah Hickathrift, called by his admirers Zealous

Zachariah, and by all whom they would consider the ungodly, Old Cuff-the-Cushion, both titles being derived from the energy with which he enforced the extreme doctrines of Calvinism. The house had, indeed, formerly been somewhat connected with the West Indies, but that branch of the business had been entrusted to the elder Hibblethwaite. Manesty never liked it; and on the old man's death, this dislike was still further increased by reports of the proceedings of the younger gentleman, while on a visit to Port Royal; proceedings which, in the opinions of his grave partner, were by no means calculated to reflect credit on the character of the firm. This was, indeed, one of the principal causes of the dissolution of partnership, after which event Manesty gave up the West Indian and African connexion altogether. When it was pressed upon him that there were other things besides slaves to be traded in—as palm oil, or gold dust—upon the Gambia, he used sternly to reply—"No—no, it is best not to touch the thing at all! Have I no consideration for the souls of my sailors, whom I should, by despatching them thither on any mission whatever, expose to the contamination of being the associates of murderers, pirates, and manstealers?" In all other branches of commerce he zealously engaged, and so monotonous was his life, that for more than twenty years he was never known to have left Liverpool for a further distance than Manchester, a journey then performed with ease and expedition in six hours, except some twice or thrice on short business expeditions to London—and once a year, when he paid a visit to an estate which, much to the astonishment of his commercial friends, he had purchased in one of the wildest parts of Yorkshire.

Wolsterholme manor was seated amid the rugged and then almost inaccessible moorlands on the Lancastrian border. Before the union of the kingdoms it could boast of a castle, the inmates of which were continually occupied either in border warfare against the Scotch, or in the civil contentions of the Plantagenets. The castle gradually made way for a strong castellated house, which had the honour of having kept off Sir Arthur Haslerigge in the war of Charles and his Parliament: that in its turn was in more peaceful times succeeded by a modern mansion, built in the quaint fashion of the days of Anne; and the waste moorland was made to blossom with the rose in a curious garden, ornamented with the innumerable devices, which the perverse ingenuity of the queer gardeners who flourished at the commencement of the last century was fond of puzzling forth. But that house, at the time of our story, was almost in ruins. The lands, never carefully cultivated, had nearly ceased to be cultivated altogether, and now afforded but scanty pasturage for a few straggling sheep; the garden alone retained some semblance of its pristine pomp. The house supplied a dwelling-place, such as it was, for a poor old man, who had been under-gardener, many years bygone, in the days of the last Wolsterholme, and by his zeal, exerted to the utmost of his power, the winding walks were kept in order; the evergreens clipped and trimmed into their original shapes of heraldic griffins—the armorial bearings of the family; the fruit of bush or tree preserved from totally perishing; the flower-knots still disposed in their whimsical mazes; the green border of the long fish-pond—fish-pond, indeed, no more! for the fish had long vanished—cleaned and cleared—the rose was reared, the weed uprooted—all with as much care as if the eyes of its former

masters rested upon the scene. But there they rested not. With a fatality common to many of our ancient families, the Wolsterholmes had always adopted the losing side: their manors were confiscated by the Yorkists, and but partially restored by Henry VII.; in the days of his successor, their attachment to the Romish faith lost them all their influence in court or county, and many a broad acre beside, in the mad insurrection known in history by the name of the Rising of the North. When the deluded followers of the standard of the Five Wounds of Christ hoped that,

> "If their enterprise had sped,
> Change far and wide the land had seen—
> A resurrection from the dead,
> A spring-tide of immortal green,"

but were mercilessly taught to see their mistake by Sir George Beaumont, the Wolsterholmes took an active part, and suffered, some in person, all in estate; and lastly, in the Parliamentary war, they as Cavaliers were made to groan heavily under fines and sequestrations, for which, when the days of royalty returned with Charles II., it was but sorry recompence, on their presentation at court, that they were profusely complimented, heartily shaken by the hand, heavily laden with promises, laughed at as country pests by the courtiers, and if remembered at all, remembered only as bores by the king. These being the annals of their house, it is no wonder that the Revolution found them in possession of a sadly dwindled estate, which possessed few temptations for the spoiler; but untaught by experience, they still clung with constant fidelity to that White Rose, which had been so fatal to their fortunes. The cowardice of James was, however, kinder to his followers than the courage of his father had been; for his precipitate flight afforded his partisans no opportunity for an English insurrection, and the followers of William had no pretext for dealing as liberally in confiscations on the eastern as they did on the western side of St. George's Channel. Wolsterholme Castle, as it was still called, was thus saved to its owners, who would infallibly have followed the standard of James, if he had raised one; and it became the theatre of many a political intrigue, with which appellation the "honest men" thought proper to dignify their drinking bouts. In 1715, the Sir Thomas of that day was "out," with the Earl of Mar, and, obliged to fly to France, he died at St. Germains, in sad poverty. The relics of this once great property, now reduced to little more than this barren waste, were finally dissipated by his son, also a Sir Thomas, who, with the hereditary wisdom of the family, threw down the last stake of the Wolsterholmes, and lost it in the cause of Charles Edward. He, like his father, was obliged to fly to the Continent; and entering the French service, had the good fortune of being shot dead, before absolute penury, which had been long staring him in the face, had actually come down upon him like an armed man. His younger brother, who, amid the loud remonstrances of his kindred, had adopted the Hanoverian side of the question, obtained a commission in Ligonier's troop, and perished in some obscure skirmish in the American plantations a few years before Sir Thomas's death. And the land knew their place no more. Their honours were attainted, their manor seized by the crown. The memory of the family was still cherished by the peasantry, to whom they had always been kind, but there was, for many

reasons, an evident reluctance to speak of the old people, and they were gradually forgotten as years rolled away.

On the flight of the last baronet, some five-and-twenty years before this story begins, the crown agents parcelled the estate—which, though small in value, was spacious in acres—into many petty holdings, principally among the tenants of the late possessors; but as no bidder appeared for the manor-house, it was suffered to fall into decay. Some years afterwards, Manesty had occasion to proceed towards that part of the country, and, on learning these circumstances, he evinced a most unusual anxiety to become the purchaser of the house. The bargain was easily concluded; he left the poor gardener as he found him, in possession, and afforded him a pittance sufficient for his wants and services. After this, he gradually purchased the several portions of the estate at prices which made his confidential book-keeper start. He put the miserable dwellings of his tenants into repair, and shewed himself as easy and careless in his new character of a landlord as he was strict and precise in his old one of a merchant; but as for the manor-house itself, he would not permit the slightest alteration or repair, beyond what was absolutely necessary to keep it from tumbling about the ears of its old occupant. This ruinous dwelling he visited once a-year,—always alone,—and took possession of the only habitable apartment in the house, one communicating by a glass door with the garden. What was the motive or object of this visit no one could tell. He pretended, indeed, that he went to do business with his tenantry; but this was no more than a pretence, for there was no business to do. The trifling returns of rent which he might bring back were not of the slightest importance to a man of his wealth, and could well have been left to the care of the humblest clerk in his office, without diverting from far weightier transactions the time and attention of the master. As nobody suspected Solid John—the name which his acquaintances bestowed on him behind his back—of sentiment or romance; as in religion and politics he and his had been always opposed to the Wolsterholmes; as the only link which connected the names of the families was one that could give rise to no other than angry or painful feelings; and most especially as the speculation, as it would be called in Liverpool, did not yield him anything like one per cent. for his money, the curious in these matters, puzzled with guessing, and knowing that Manesty, like the apparition in Macbeth, was one that would not be questioned, were obliged to content themselves with giving to Wolsterholme Castle the nickname of John Manesty's Folly.

Of late, however, it was put to some use, for its garden was made to supply bouquets and love-knots, and other floral tributes, which, to the great astonishment of his grave neighbours, were suddenly seen to bloom in the sills and bowpots of the darksome and dingy windows of Pool Lane, where for many a long year no other leaves had been heard to rustle but those of the cash-book and the ledger.

CHAPTER III.

THE MODERN CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

Our readers, we suppose, will take it for granted that these roses and lilies, and other triumphs of the flower-bed, bloomed not especially for

Mr. John Manesty; on the contrary, they were there very much against his will. They were culled by younger hands for younger eyes; and many a mystery did they contain, intelligible but to two people—for which said mysteries Mr. John Manesty had very little sympathy. In our description of the staid and monotonous life of the merchant, it may be remembered, we mentioned that he shared his dinner with a solitary companion, and the flowers were for him. That companion was his nephew, Mr. Hugh Manesty. Mr. Hugh Manesty was between two or three and twenty, a well-grown and a well-knit youth, of whose personal appearance any uncle, who regarded such things, might justly feel proud. His story may be told in few words. We have said, the only link which could be supposed to connect the Manestys with the Wolsterholmes was a painful one; and that link was the parentage of Mr. Hugh Manesty. Cornet Wolsterholme, while quartered at Liverpool, had been attracted by the demure beauty of Miss Hannah Manesty, whom he saw by mere accident. How the fair devotee discovered that she was loved by the gay cornet is a question which our readers had better ask their wives and sweethearts; here it is sufficient to say that it was discovered. And when Wilford Wolsterholme shortly afterwards departed with his regiment for America, he was clandestinely accompanied by a lady who was his wife, and no longer Miss Manesty. Great was the indignation of that serious household! It was supposed that the event hastened her mother's death; it certainly sent John, her brother, across the Atlantic, by his father's command, to seek the fugitive lady, to compel Wolsterholme to marry her,—if that ceremony had not been performed,—and, married or unmarried, to endeavour to bring her back. John Manesty's absence extended to two years, and he returned, not with his sister, but his sister's infant. Her husband had been killed, and she—to use the pathetic words of Scripture—" had bowed herself down and travailed, for her pains came upon her." The Ichabod of the house of Wolsterholme was brought safely to Liverpool by John Manesty, and his father's death shortly after put the young merchant in the place of a father to his sister's child. He carefully fulfilled the duty, according to his own views. The boy went not to Oxford or to Cambridge—seats of dissipation or Jacobitism, false doctrine, or scientific atheism; he was not taught the absurd vanities of dead languages, which profit nothing in any commerce now known in the world; the follies of the current literature he was taught to despise; but for worldly learning, all that Cocker at least could impart, was duly implanted in the mind of the boy. Araby the blest, Italy the fair, never produced, in the eyes of his uncle, anything so worthy of wonder and of love as the numerals of the one and the double entry of the other. His spiritual learning was confined to the expositions of the Bible by Mr. Cuff-the-Cushion, to which he had the good taste—not to use a higher word—as he advanced in years, to prefer the Bible itself. He possessed none of the lighter accomplishments; dancing, drawing, music, were all abominations in the eyes of his uncle. The cock-fighting and bear-baiting propensities of the then junior partner of the house were by himself looked upon with disgust; and Hibblethwaite, who with those odd fancies which it is so hard to explain, really liked the modest and quiet youth, after in vain endeavouring to initiate him in his favourite pursuits, was obliged finally, with a very hearty oath of regret, to give

him up as a milksop. He nevertheless was not destitute of some of the graces that become his age,—for he knew the gallant though sad history of his paternal family,—and to the almost instinctive passion of a north-country man for horses, he added the not usual elegance of preferring a knowledge of the use of the rapier to that of the more locally fashionable weapon, the single-stick. His uncle grimly smiled at this choice of amusement, but spoke not. Blood, thought he, will out. Hunting was proscribed not more by the rigid principles of the sectarians, with whom he chiefly communed, than by the stronger reluctance of the gentry of the palatinate to permit any trader to follow the hounds with them. For other sports of the field his opportunities had been few, and religion and natural refinement kept him from the alehouse and the cockpit. In short, after he came towards manhood, deprived by taste and by feeling from the vulgar enjoyments of the ordinary mercantile population, by shyness and prejudice from the pursuits and delights of men of liberal breeding, and by his commercial position and suspected creed from the society of the Lancastrian aristocracy, the young man dwelt almost alone. His uncle's business occupied most of the hours of his week-days; his Sundays were devoted to the tabernacle; and there many a Jemima, a Kesia, and a Kerem-happuch suffered their sweet eyes demurely to stray from the hymn-book, to catch a glance of the handsome countenance of the heir of the wealth of Solid John Manesty. We should have said, that when the child was brought to England, its grandfather insisted that it should bear his own name, and not that of the hated Wolsterholme. But the soft glances of the godly sisterhood were thrown away in vain. Hugh Manesty heeded them not. Some touch, perhaps, of the old aristocratic blood hardened his heart against the disputatious daughters of dissent, and he shrank from their tea-drinkings as decidedly as from the ale-drinkings of Dick Hibblethwaite.

What once was a matter of taste had of late become a matter of feeling. A change had come over the spirit of his dream; and without further preface, he had met with Mary Stanley. We leave to Burke, or Lodge, or Debrett, the task of assigning her station in the noble house of Derby, to which she belonged. We require no herald or genealogist to decide that she was an eminently beautiful and graceful girl. Hugh Manesty met her while on a visit of business to Sir Hildebrand, her father's mansion; for Sir Hildebrand being longer in pedigree than in purse, had contrived, in spite of his contempt of mercantile pursuits, to be on the wrong side of the books of the elder Manesty. The baronet was glad to afford all the hospitalities in his power to the representative of the house, and he gilded over the degradation by reflecting that his guest was not in reality a money-lender, but the actual representative of one of the oldest families of the north, and not very distantly connected with himself.

Whether the story of Cymon and Iphigenia be literally true, may be left to the commentators on Boccacio, Chaucer, and Dryden; but that it is morally true, no one who has looked upon the progress of youth can doubt—and Mary Stanley was Iphigenia to Hugh Manesty. The loutishness of the countinghouse-clerk, far more disgusting than the hobnailed clown, was dispelled; a feeling that there was something better worth reading than the "Whole Duty of Man," or the "Ready

Reckoner," soon arose in his mind. A charm was discovered in poetry before unsuspected; and even the books, deeply reverenced as they were before, assumed a new form of reverence. The Bible was no longer a mine of texts for controversy, but a volume of beauty, poetry, and love; and in the "Pilgrim's Progress" he could afford to forget, while reading that wondrous allegory, all remembrance of the persecutions of the perverse cobbler. He, too, was now connected with the gentry of the country, and partook of their amusements; he felt the want of accomplishments and education, and sedulously applied himself to obtain both. Originally endowed with talents of no common order, and urged to perseverance by the unsparing goad of unceasing love, his progress was far beyond what we find in schools and colleges; and a lapse of two years before our narrative begins had sufficed to make Mr. Hugh Manesty what he had always been in heart and soul, a true and finished gentleman.

He clung, however, to the desk; habitual reverence of his uncle, who possessed that which Kent says he saw in the face of Lear—"command," —made him fear to disclose a secret to one from whom he knew it would meet neither sympathy nor respect. No two men could be more different than Sir Hildebrand and his uncle. The baronet hated the merchant, because he was a merchant, because he was of humble origin in the county, because he was a Whig, because he was a dissenter, and, worse than all, because he was rich, and his creditor. The merchant, as far as his time allowed him, hated the baronet, because he was an aristocrat, because he was a Tory, because he was a high churchman, because he was an embarrassed man, and his debtor. A marriage would have been spurned by both sides as totally disproportioned, if it had been suspected; but on the part of Sir Hildebrand, he no more dreamt that his daughter would bestow a thought upon a man engaged in trade, than she would upon the groom that rubbed down her horse; and John Manesty never having entered Eaglemont, Sir Hildebrand's seat, had no opportunity of observing the conduct of the young people to each other. He therefore contented himself with remonstrating against the visits of his nephew to Sir Hildebrand, and the striking and visible alteration in that youth's bearing. At first he was inclined rigidly to forbid the connexion altogether; but when he observed the pain that it gave, and reflected on the constant attention, kindly manners, and willing obedience of the handsome youth before him, he gave a gruff consent. Perhaps at heart he felt no real objection that the heir of his fortunes should be taken up as a companion by the aristocracy of his native county. Thus the matter remained; and they continued to hope on in secret, scarce knowing whether they loved or not.

CHAPTER IV.

A POINT OF CONSCIENCE—MAY AN ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE HOLD SLAVES?—THE ASSEMBLY OF THE GIFTED—THE POINT DECIDED.

This affair gave John Manesty no small trouble; but a greater was in store for him. The carelessness of young Hibblethwaite so managed —or rather mismanaged—the West Indian business, to which we have alluded, that it fell into great disorder; one of the consequences of which was, that the only means of liquidation for a very considerable

sum of money, was the foreclosing of a mortgage, and the taking possession of a large plantation by the firm of Manesty. But this was a most puzzling predicament: on the one part, the sum was too large to be conveniently dispensed with; on the other, the conscientious scruples of the anti-slavery advocate opposed his employment of slave-labour, or enjoyment of its produce. "Even humanly speaking," thought he, "how can I remonstrate with my brother merchants, if I myself deal in slavery as well as they." But that thought he soon rejected. "Pooh—pooh!" he said, "what matters it what other men think, if I can reconcile my conduct to myself! The real question is, Can I conscientiously take possession of Brooklyn Royal? I own that I feel doubts and scruples; self-interest is a pleader hard to resist, and I can hardly afford to do without it. I shall consult others competent to decide in this case of conscience. I know that if I went upon 'Change, I should be universally laughed at, and told with many an oath that I was a fool. If I advise with the zealous abolitionists, why, they are so much pledged to their side of the question, that I can already anticipate their answer; and as none of them have West India estates to sacrifice, they would the more liberally counsel the sacrifice of mine. I doubt whether many of them would, in like circumstances, put their theories into practice. Consult the vicar—pish! If it were a matter of fox-hunting, or a pipe of Port, I might then indeed consult Dr. Molyneux; besides, did not he preach a sermon the other day (Heaven knows who wrote it!) to prove that the blacks were the descendants of Ham, the son of Canaan; and that any attempt to emancipate them was flying in the face of Scripture, by taking off the curse pronounced by Noah upon his irreverent son—for which sermon the corporation voted him a service of plate. No; I will leave it to the ministers of the independent churches. If they say Yes, I will take this unfortunate Bahama property; if No—I will not!"

A solemn invitation to a great tea-drinking of the most gifted men for twenty miles round was the result of these reflections. Thither came godly Mr. Goggleton, of the Sandemanians, of Shawsbrow; sainted Mr. Muggins, of the Swedenborgians, of Sawny Pope's Alley; the pious Zachariah Hickathrift, or Cuff-the-Cushion, already mentioned; the discreet Sanders Mac Nab, of the Scottish congregation by Goree Dock; Ebenezer Rowbotham, of Hale, called by his enemies Roaring Row, from the energy of his declamation, of no particular church; Samuel Broad, by the same class denoted Sleek Sammy, of the society of Friends, perversely called Quakers, testifying in Bolton; Jehosaphat Jobson, (his real name was Roger, but for euphony he had altered it to Jehosaphat,) of the Ranters of Oldham; the great Quintin Quantock, the Boanerges of the Baptists of Bullock Smithy, and many others equally revered. "Great," as the Psalmist says, "was the company of preachers:" vast the demolition of muffins, crumpets, and sandwiches; illimitable the kilderkins of tea that were swallowed; and if the grace before the meal was short, its brevity was amply recompensed by the length of that which followed. Besides these reverend men, there were none present but John Manesty himself, and his nephew. Hugh's visits to the Stanleys had not increased his veneration for the holy assemblage by which he was surrounded; and as the business of the evening was about to commence, he rose to go away. "I am of no use here," said he, address-

ing his uncle ; "you know my opinion already—I am too young and too inexperienced to presume to offer a dogmatic judgment upon that which divides many just and honourable men, and my mercantile education teaches me to appreciate the value of the property which is coming under discussion. I shall only say now, sir, what I have said to you before, that if the case were mine, and that I had any doubt about it, I should have nothing to do with what might make it appear that I was not acting like a gentleman. I am not saying—far from it indeed—that your holding Brooklyn Royal is inconsistent with that character, but I think it might be safely left to your own judgment to decide whether it is or not." He left the room, and a groan burst from the congregation. Manesty was evidently displeased. "A gentleman !—he has had that word in his mouth too much of late ; I know where he picked it up, and must look to it. And yet"—some thought here appeared to be passing through the mind of Manesty to which he did not choose to give utterance, but he broke off by saying—"no matter."

"I do not like the word," said godly Mr. Goggleton, of Shawsbrow. "I never thought much of gentlemen,"—a class of persons with which it, must be admitted, the respectable divine, who had picked up his theological attainments while travelling as a tinman, held very little association.

"Of a verity," said Samuel Broad, who was a miller of Farnworth, "of a verity, it savours not of Christian humility to use these words of pride. It shews that the bran of the old Adam hath not been blotted out, and the leaven of carnal self-seeking still keeps rising."

"For my part," said an Irish divine, who had been upon a visit to Mr. Muggins, at Liverpool, on a mission of a twofold spiritual nature, partly partaking of theology, but still more concerning the establishment of a trade in whisky, about that time beginning to be profitable, —"for my part," said he, "I don't like one bit o' the word, and I niver did, and I wondher how them as pride thimsilves upon their birth and quality, should give thimsilves sich a name as gintlemin, as I have raison for knowing the biggest blackguards in the world (I mane the attorneys) call thimsilves gintlemin, &c. &c., and cause had I to know it at the time when I lived at the back of the Poddle, when I used to be pestered with impertinent letters from them." Many other observations to the same effect would no doubt have followed, but that Manesty cut the discussion respecting gentlemen short, from a wish perhaps not to speak ill of the absent. In few words he formally propounded his conscientious scruples, and for some minutes there was silence in the assembly, each waiting for the other to begin.

It was first broken by Roaring Row.—"As I said in my sermon to the few believers in the benighted town of Hale, witnessing before the door of that Vanity Fair, which is called the Child of Hale, the inmates whereof are delivered over to perdition for their wicked laws and abandoned customs, I said unto them who steal the carcases of men"—(we pause to remark, that Roaring Row was by trade a butcher)—"and vend them in the shambles as if they were babes,—are they not all brethren? are they not all flesh and blood? It is true they are black; but I have yet to learn that the colour makes any difference in the cattle. Is there not a murrain in the land, by reason of this trade? Is there not a rot in the sheep-fold of England?

Touch not it, John Manesty,—touch it not, pious John—touch not the accursed thing! It will be a canker in thy substance. The gain that thou wilt make of it will be loss unto thy soul's estate; nay, I have known it to be ruin unto the body's estate. Do we not know that the prosperous slave-holder, Simon Shackleford, has been reduced to bankruptcy, almost beggary, by the wrath of heaven,"—and by accepting accommodation bills upon New York, thought Manesty; but he did not interrupt the sonorous eloquence of Roaring Row.

We, however, must interrupt it, lest by continuing in this strain we should be suspected of attempting to cast ridicule upon a righteous cause. It was advocated, no doubt, very often in a similar strain and style with that which we have here attributed to the bawling butcher, and supported also by men who may not uncharitably be suspected of hypocrisy; but we must not forget that the abolition of this truly inhuman traffic was urged by men of the most commanding talent and eloquence, the most undoubted sincerity, and the most untiring zeal.

In substance the debate took this turn—all condemned the system, in general, but justified it in this particular case; but none, except Mac Nab, who spoke of the expediency of not refusing the gifts of providence, and the Irishman who, in a whisper, was rash enough to venture upon so dangerous a word as "humbug," for which he was duly rebuked by the assembly, offered any distinct arguments to justify the anomaly of a saint being a slave-holder. At last, after a debate which lasted more than an hour, during which he had been wholly silent, up rose Quintin Quantock—the Boanerges of Bullock Smithy. He spoke in a slow, solemn, sonorous voice, with clasped hands, and eyes continually uplifted to heaven, and the strong patois of his native Lancashire rung musically in the ears of his auditory as these words issued from his goodly frame:—

"This, brethren, is a grave question; on one side are the earthly good, on the other the heavenly hopes of a brother dear unto us all. I shall divide my observations upon it into seventeen heads. First—Is making slaves a sin? Secondly—Is trading in slaves a sin? Thirdly—Is buying slaves a sin? Fourthly—Is holding slaves a sin? I shall take these four together. First, as to making slaves: that clearly is a sin; for as godly Zachariah Hickathrift, whom I rejoice to see here present, well remarked in his sermon, which he hath since printed and distributed among the churches"—[Here old Cuff-the-cushion, who had been asleep for the last quarter of an hour, woke up, and said, "I have six copies of it in my pocket, and the price is only sixpence the single copy; but any quantity may be had for distribution at the Richard Baxter's Head, in Whitechapel, at two guineas the hundred."]

"Let him send two hundred to-morrow," said John Manesty.—"Proceed, Quintin."

"As the godly Zachariah said," continued Quintin, evidently piqued at the unexpected slice of luck he had procured for his rival divine—"in his sermon, which does not appear to have had the sale which it merited,—to prove making slaves a sin is wasting words, and upon that head, therefore, I shall dilate no further. Secondly, if making slaves be a sin, assuredly trading in them must be a sin also; for slaves would not be made unless they were intended to be traded in. For what does a man make anything for, but to trade in it?"

"That's a very judicious observation," said Mac Nab, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Very much so," agreed the Rev. Phelim O'Fogarty.

"In the third place," went on the orator of Bullock Smithy, "if trading in slaves be a sin, buying them must certainly be so; for who would trade if there was nobody to buy? If, then, making, trading in, and buying slaves be sinful, the question we have next to discuss is, whether holding them be sinful; and this can be conveniently divided into about fifteen heads—all of which I shall proceed to discuss. Before, however, going into a minute consideration of the subject, I shall pay a short attention to the matter immediately before us. Slaves are—the sin be on the head of those that made them so,—but as they are, they must live—how live? By being fed on the fruits of the earth, or in the manner of all mankind. Whence comes the food? From their own labour: true; but if no field for that labour be supplied them, starvation ensues. Set them free to work, and there is no field. What, then, shall we say? Are they to be made free, to starve? God forbid! The law is bad, but it is the law; change the law, and things will be otherwise. Meanwhile, the African is indeed injured, not having food to eat."

Here broke a sigh of sympathy from the bowels of mercy of sleek Samuel Broad. This last stroke of the pathetic deeply affected him and many other of the preachers, who were reminded, by a savoury smell that permeated the apartment, that they were, in probability, kept from something more substantial by this the first of the fifteen divisions of the question of which Quintin Quantock was now hot in pursuit.

"As I heard Mr. Clarkson say," continued Quintin, "the injured African cries to us, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' So, I say, would not the African slave, in the unfed situation which I have endeavoured to describe, say, 'Am not I a man with an appetite?'" (Here followed what, in the French newspaper reports, is called a sensation.) "Retain, therefore, thy slaves, John Manesty!—John Manesty, thy slaves retain!" (and he smote the table as he said it.) "Take them, as Philemon was told to take Onesimus. John Manesty, take thy slaves! not as servants, but above servants—as brethren beloved! The only part which is to be discussed is that which has been urged with so much ability by that gifted man, the righteous Rowbotham, which is, 'Touch not the accursed thing!' and to this I shall devote a few preliminary observations, previous to entering on the first of the fifteen divisions of my fourth great head. Nobody knows better than that great pillar of light, that it was Achan, the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, of the tribe of Judah, who took of the accursed thing,—and what was it? a goodly Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels. And, you will ask, is not the taking of a man worse than the taking of a man's garment? Is not the life of a man worth more than those shekels of silver and gold, which, at the present time, would be about——"

"A hundred and twenty-five pounds," said Manesty, somewhat impatiently. "Proceed!"

"I have seen six men, and good weight, too, sould for just that money!" murmured the Rev. Phelim O'Fogarty.

"I say," continued Quintin, raising his voice, "that man is worth

more than man's garment—man's life more than shekels of the tested silver and gold. But it was not for the taking the garment that Achan, the son of Carmi, perished,—a garment for which, perhaps, our friend, Muggins, here would not give three and sixpence, at his shop in Whitechapel"—[This playful allusion to the profession of the reverend divine, who kept an old-clothes shop, in his temporal moments, excited, as it was intended to do, a general smile.]—" but for the silver and the gold; for it was said (Joshua, chap. vi., v. 19,) 'All the silver and gold and vessels of brass and iron are consecrated to the Lord; they shall come into the treasury of the Lord.' By the sin of Achan, part of them were prevented from coming there—*that* is the accursed thing, and such is the doctrine of all the churches. Now, righteous Rowbotham," (and here the words of the Rev. speaker fell from his lips like oil and honey, his voice was subdued, and his half-shut eyes resting with holy fervour and friendship on the glowing nose of the righteous Rowbotham,) " are the slaves in the hands of John Manesty, in this sense—in the true sense of the text, taken with the context—are they the accursed thing?—are they kept away from the treasury of the Lord? No. Is the gold and the silver procured by their labours to be deducted from that treasury? No. Is there no difference between Tom Tobin, who, like the railing Rabshakeh, abused me, even me! in the market-place of Stockport, last Tuesday, when with vile tongue, he called me an ancient hypocrite——"

" Yes," whispered Muggins, who had not enjoyed the joke at his shop, " he called him an old humbug!"

" Tom Tobin, who would waste his ill-gotten wealth in ways of evil, and John Manesty, who will devote it to good purposes—who will found chapels, of various denominations—who will send out zealous missionaries, clothed and fed and paid, for the promotion of religion, and will sweeten the churches from the sugar-cane of his bounty. Shall not, then, John Manesty hold these slaves, and hold them for the church and its chosen vessels? Yea, I say unto thee, righteous Rowbotham—even unto thee—he shall!"

The eloquence of this appeal, especially of its latter part, seemed to produce entire conviction in the minds of his auditory, and even the disapproving voice of Roaring Row was lulled to the gentle cooing of a sucking dove. The Reverend Phelim O'Fogarty drew closer to the host, and was heard to whisper that he had been in the islands, and found the climate to agree with him. Though the reverend man did not deem it necessary at that particular moment to mention that his experience of the West Indies was derived from a smuggling visit, he having run a cargo of returns for Connell, Driscoll, Sullivan, and Co., of Glengariffe, which, in due course of time, was safely stranded on the hospitable beach of Dingle-I-Couch.

" Is that," said Manesty, interrupting the preacher, " is that your sincere opinion ?"

" It is," said Quintin Quantock, with solemn emphasis, " mine in all sincerity and good faith."

" May I, then," asked Manesty, again turning to the assembled preachers, and speaking slowly and solemnly, " may I retain the plantation of Brooklyn Royal, and the slaves thereon, holding them as slaves, and using their labour for my profit, without hurt to my conscience, and sin to my soul ?"

A loud and unanimous consent, in which the voice of the righteous

rang forth preeminently sonorous, was the instantaneous reply. Manesty gave one grim smile. What passed in his mind we shall not say, but after a moment's pause, he said in a firm and decided tone, "In God's name, then, do I accept the charge." And the preachers devoutly responded Amen!

"I will now," resumed Quantock, "proceed to the second part of the fifteenth section of my fourth head. In the first place, then——"

At this moment the hall clock struck eight, and Rebecca, punctual to the moment, according to the custom of the household, announced that supper was ready.

"In the first place," continued Quantock, heedless of the interruption——

"I think," said Manesty, rising, "my reverend friend, you may defer the conclusion of this discourse until after supper."

"I only wish," said Quintin, "to press one point. In the first place, then——"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said Manesty, laying his hand weightily on the preacher's shoulders; "supper may be spoiled by waiting, but no delay can injure the force of your arguments, or the eloquence with which they are enforced."

This remark was received with hearty approbation by the auditory, particularly by Broad, who, in spite of his professional quietude, had for the last half hour exhibited unequivocal marks of impatience. The preacher yielded to the compliment, or to the savoury flavour which was making its way into the room, and the supper passed off in the way of all suppers; but of the remainder of the discourse of Quintin Quantock no man hath heard up to the present hour.

Manesty had obtained his point; the fiercest of the abolitionists had declared in favour of his holding the estate. He sent them away rejoicing, each with a sum to be distributed in charity amongst their several congregations; and if it be surmised, according to an ancient proverb, that charity began at home, let not the reader imagine that there was anything peculiar in this case, such being the custom long practised in many a church, of many an age, in many a country. As for Quintin Quantock, the faithful of Bullock Smithy—alas! for the march of refinement, we seek for that honoured name in modern maps to no purpose! It has vanished; the good old designation, combined of the beef that supported the hearts of the men of England in battle, and of her forges whence came the never-conquered arms which they wielded, has been blotted out, and in its place, with sorrowing heart, we find the mincing title of Rosedale—fit but for albums, where the only forgery is of autographs, or suburban cottages, into which the smell of beef rarely penetrates. Justice requires us to state, that despite the effeminacy of the name, no change has taken place in the manners of the inhabitants, which are still worthy of Bullock Smithy.

When the congregation, we say, of the Reverend Quintin Quantock, beheld their beloved Boanerges clad in a new and goodly suit of glossy black, and mounted on a stout gelding of undeniable action, well capable of bearing its capacious rider, they would, if they had known whence came the raiment and the steed, have learnt that it is not always imprudent or unprofitable to give advice in conformity with the predetermined resolution of a wealthy patron.

George Cruikshank.

Sir John Honeyfield's startling communication to Mr.ᵗˢ Howardson.

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MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT III.

'Ο δ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἀγὼν ἔρως,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν. EURIP.

The only love worth speaking of, should spring
Pure, from a licence and a plain gold ring.
(*Translated for the Country Gentlemen.*)

BEFORE Mauley and Howardson happened to meet again on confidential terms, years had passed over their heads. The former was now one of the most eminent speakers in the House, and lawyers at the bar,—the best of husbands and fathers;—the latter had got into White's, and was the lover of Lady Rachel Lawrance. —Each sincerely pitied the other.

Never did Howardson cast his eyes in the morning papers over one of the learned orations of his quondam friend, stuffed full of facts, precedents, and dates, and larded with quotations, without the deepest commiseration for a man compelled to burn the midnight oil for the concoction of what, after all, was an obstruction to the debate;—and when Mauley, in skimming the news of the day, chanced upon the name of Howardson ten times repeated, as present at levees, drawing-rooms, balls, dinners, concerts, parties, breakfasts, operas, plays,—he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Half the trouble he gives himself in whipping up this monstrous quantity of trifle, would suffice to make him a valuable member of society!"

For Mauley was not aware that in his turbulent round of pleasures, Howardson was carried on, with very little trouble to himself, by the force of the current; that he was now incorporate with the Sons of the Century, who have the whip-hand of the alligator;—nor was Howardson capable of understanding, in his turn, that a man who has his shoulder to the great wheel of the state, a stoker to the power-loom in which are weaving the future destinies of mankind,—has no more care or thought for the petty fretfulnesses of life, than the sun is offended by the weeds that spring up under its golden eyes, amid the green pastures.

The charming wife whom Howardson did not envy to Mauley, seeing that she was neither brilliant in mind nor beautiful in person, completed the happiness of the professional man.

Domestic and frugal, ever in adoration before him whose fidelity had triumphed over a thousand obstacles to make her his own, her words poured balm into his spirit when chafed by the gallings of the world.

Abounding in affection,—sweet as hope,—sure as faith,—comforting as charity,—enjoying that best of reputations, utter obscurity,—beyond the natural sphere of her well-ordered home,

They never mentioned her—*her* name was never heard ;

whereas the charming Lady Rachel, whom Mauley did not envy to Howardson, was exquisitely beautiful, rich, and highly born; but so strangely wanting in the milder attributes of her sex, that her husband had sacrificed half his fortune to bring her to terms of separation. Thus abandoned in the bloom of youth and beauty by her natural protector, her partisans found excuses for her preference of the society of the agreeable Howardson, who, as he bestowed it upon her to some amount, passed for being passionately in love:—whereas her chief attraction in his eyes consisted in being a next door neighbour, who relieved him from the trouble of getting rid of his leisure hours, and ordering out his cab in rainy weather. Her house, always at hand, afforded him a better lounge than Tattersall's.

The world, which, like Cleopatra's asp, chooses the fairest objects on which to expend its venom, was of course a little spiteful; not surmising that Howardson, so far from being a devoted slave, was beginning to exercise over Lady Rachel all the tyranny *she* had been punished for trying to exercise over her conjugal victim;—or that he prized in her only the proprietor of a house cooller than his own in summer, and warmer in winter; who was ready to double down pages for him in the new works of the day, to spare him the trouble of wading his way to the reputation of a reading man; to point his pencils when he was inclined to draw, and mark his cambric handkerchiefs more delicately than could be accomplished by the callous hand of a sempstress. It was a pleasant triumph to have reduced the haughty Lady Rachel to this state of submission, and with so little trouble to himself. On this occasion, he had brought the alligator into a pleasant amble.

Her submission was *indeed* unqualified!—but not so much from the excess of love which delights in self-sacrifice, as because, being at variance with society, she was willing to retain, at any cost, the friendship of such a champion;—a man of genius who was also a man of the world.

Against the sympathy of a man of genius who wore his waistcoat of a shape or colour inadmissible at White's, her sensibility would have revolted. Nor had the sympathy of a man of genius who was also a politician, been more acceptable; for, jealous as Medea, Lady Rachel could not have endured to find herself in rivalship even with his country.

But in Howardson, there was nothing either above or below par, to prevent her meeting him on equal ground. She was not simple-hearted enough to discover that what appeared to be an unoccupied state of feeling, was, in truth, the *absence* of feeling. *Had* she been aware of it, she might, perhaps, have set about the task, with more than Batavian industry, of reclaiming that infertile nature,—redeeming its arid sands from the sea, and its mud from the sluice. But in her blindness of self-sufficiency perceiving nothing of the matter, she kept listening with patient interest for the vibration of chords that did not exist; nor was it till the close of a year's intimacy, she hovered on the verge of a discovery that she had been deceived by the fallacious hues of a mirage,—the deceptious grandeur of a Fata Morgana.—

More than once, in reply to some eloquent appeal to his sensibilities, to which he *appeared* to lend an ear, she had been answered by a complaint against his laundress for the vile plaiting of his shirt, or an eulogy of the excellence of Lord Marmiton's oyster patties; but, aware of the misery to herself should her misgivings be converted into certainty, she sealed her eyes against conviction.

To find that the sacrifice of the reputation she had retained amid perils and dangers unknown to the career of happier women, had been made in vain, would have been terrible, indeed,—an utter bankruptcy of name and fame,—of heart and soul. Her faith, accordingly, became almost an act of obstinacy; and though she endured moments of torture, such as distracted the great minds of old, (when penetrated, on the first diffusion of Christianity, by a suspicion that they had been worshipping false gods, and must renounce the faith that was in them,—) with the fond perseverance of her sex, she lavished her incense the more at that doubtful shrine;—in the hope, perhaps, that the circling and fragrant fumes might intercept her perception of the earthliness of her chosen divinity.

It was, however, impossible to conceal from her day-by-day companion, the worm in the bud of her glowing friendship.—Howardson saw himself scrutinized and examined, when he only wanted to be adored.—Moreover, he chose to be adored as he *was*,—no "errors excepted." It was beneath the dignity of an egoïst of his inches to assume a virtue, or even a vice, where he had it not. It was not for *him* to patch himself up a character, like a packet of second-rate goods made up for sale, or a broken-down horse vamped for the market. He accordingly treated the lovely Lady Rachel, intent upon his subjugation, as Waterton treated the alligator;—plunged the rowels of scorn deeply and bitterly into her trembling sides, and reduced her to tameness.—

By evincing the slightest alarm at her scrutiny, (like mortals when addressed by a supernatural being,) he had been lost!—His self-possession neutralized her power.

"If there be a thing on earth I abhor," observed he, as he sat ensconced in the easiest arm-chair in the coziest corner of her ladyship's fireside one winter's evening, "it is contact with an overshrewd sagacity.

> Why hath not man a microscopic eye?—
> For this plain reason,—man is not a fly!

The greatness of *our* intellectual nature enables man to take a wider and more generalizing view of his fellow-creatures than the meaner insect."

"The more intelligent our nature, the more intense, surely, its desire to search into the depths of things and analyze their mysteries?"—observed Lady Rachel.

"An intelligent is usually a noble nature!" retorted Howardson, in his turn; "whereas the nature that delights in analysis, is mean, prying, and pitiful. Great shrewdness is almost inseparable from great cunning; and I hate your moral Barringtons, who are picking your pocket of your opinions, while pretending to converse with you on terms of friendship."

Conscious and ashamed, Lady Rachel felt her colour rise and her voice falter.

"The shrewdest of the ancients," resumed Howardson, perceiving his advantage, "was unquestionably the man who guessed the enigma of the sphinx; and *he* was guilty of parricide and incest.—What charming lace that is upon your cap!—Did I ever see it before?"—

From that day, the chief study of Lady Rachel was to atone what he had made her consider an enormous crime; and prove to her haughty friend that her mind was too great to suspect *his* of littleness. The less kindly her efforts were conciliated, the more she strove to repair her imputed fault by abject submission. It became the business of her life to divine his unspoken wishes. To retain his regard, she renounced her own tastes,—her own inclinations.—The poor alligator was evidently at its last gasp!

But all this was nothing more than woman's love as understood by Howardson; *i.e.*, the love that stands ready with a bootjack to pull off a fellow's muddy boots, and cry "Amen" when he utters treason against the state, or even blasphemy against his Maker; a love without tears, without reproaches, without remorse, without conscience, without "right of search,"—a love that grovels at a man's feet, though able to soar with him into the skies!—

Nor would even this humbleness of submission have contented Howardson from an ordinary woman. He chose that she should be one high in the admiration of the world. To abdicate in *his* favour, she must descend from a throne.—For such, alas, is Modern Chivalry,—and such was the Bayard of Greyoke!—

Greyoke, by the way, was a charming place, to which we have not yet done sufficient honour. In the world, people mention first the family seat, and then the proprietor. They say, "Her Majesty

is going on a visit to Taymouth Castle, (the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane;") or, "When I was hunting at Belvoir, last winter, (with the Duke of Rutland.") But authors are rarely men of the world; and books are apt to describe first the man, and next the mansion.

We observe again, therefore, Greyoke was a charming old place. Not one of those battlemented strongholds of ancient fiefs, which seem intended to bandy looks of defiance with the palace of the sovereign. There was nothing of the feudal bully about its quaint and sober antiquity. The park, of moderate dimensions, was varied by noble slopes, never amounting to the precipitous; and the stream by which it was watered was a smooth and fertilizing river, like Denham's numbers,

Without o'erflowing, full.

The woods were in their maturity,—the timber tended and cared for as a favourite child: the venerable evergreens, massive and stately as deciduous trees elsewhere; the deciduous, a little *over*-venerable perhaps,—more than one stag-horned oak being perceptible in the park, like some gray-headed servitor at a sideboard, whose services are null, but whose feeble presence does more honour to the lord of the feast, than a legion of active standard footmen.

There was no glorious flower-garden, no fine conservatory, at Greyoke; but the cumbrous old green-house, containing more wall than glass, produced such exotics as poor old Kew supplied the kingdom withal, "when George the Third was king," in a degree of perfection unknown to the airy lanterns of modern horticulture. The arbours were such as Richardson's heroines might have sighed in; and the gravel walks, smooth and weedless as whetstone, were rectangular as a Moravian settlement or the capital of Yankeeland. Capability Brown had left the place uncorrupted; Picturesque Price had not presumed to lay a finger on its well-trimmed yews; Repton had stood afar off, and wept over its backslidings. When the summer sun shone glowingly upon the old gables, therefore, it seemed to be the self-same sunshine that enlightened them when King James made war upon the witches; whereas the sunshine at Langley Hall, a bran new seat in the neighbourhood, belonging to the newly-created Lord Langley, looked like some modern substitute,—something manufactured at the Royal Observatory or Polytechnic Institution.

The dignified lady of the mansion was as appropriate to her home as its noble breed of mastiffs, or the richly stained windows of its low-browed hall. For Greyoke had been a priory in its time; and the most venerable of its prioresses, with her flowing grey robes, her charitable entertainment of the poor and careful instruction of the young, was not more holy of nature or more stately of deportment, than the excellent Mrs. Howardson. At fifty-five, or, "by'r Lady, inclining to three score," her heart

was young and pure as one of Raphael's virgins.—She had walked her whole life long in her Garden of Eden, without experiencing so much as an aspiration to taste of the apple of the tree of knowledge.—The Greyoke pippins sufficed her.

Her son had once said of her, to Lady Rachel Lawrance, "If I could have built a mother for myself, as one does a Brougham or pilentum, I would not have had her differ from my own in the smallest particle!"—Her spotless elevation of character was as dear to him as to the Swiss peasant the silvery summit of Mont Blanc!

There could not be a greater proof of the non-necessity of high accomplishment to create an exalted female character, than was afforded by the lady of Greyoke. In simple uninquiring serenity of soul, had she accepted the faith of her forefathers,—the duties of her forefathers,—the habits of her forefathers.—An heiress in her cradle, she had never looked upon her father's face. Yet if, in a better land, it were her fate to present herself to his recognition, no need to suppress a thought or action of her life to secure his approbation. She had done honour to his name —she had done justice to his property. She might conjoin her dust with that of her ancestors without fear of a jarring atom from the interminglement.

Such was the woman who would have lived and died without having experienced a bitterer feeling than arose from the disappointment of finding her son without vocation for public or domestic duties, but supinely content to saunter through life, had not the duties of country neighbourship carried her one luckless day to pay a morning visit at Langley Hall.

The morning room was filled with guests, chiefly strangers to her; who were precisely of the sort usually found staying in houses which, though covering a quarter of an acre of ground, and exhibiting a stately portico, are faced with stucco, and surrounded with broomy new plantations.

The gay, gaudy chamber (opening into a dazzling conservatory that looked like a horticultural show, and glittering with mock Bohemian glass of every dye from Regent Street and gilt pendules and candelabra from the Rue Vivienne), exhibited chairs and seats of as various patterns as the furniture department of a bazaar; while on the gorgeously variegated cover of the work-table, was displayed the pompous industry of the fashionable art of needlework;—all that Mesdames Stone, Lambert, and Brydon ever extracted out of the crochets and crewels of their fair disciples.

Around this motley collection were assembled a tribe of what the *Morning Post* calls "fashionables,"—*i. e.*, vain, fluttering, frivolous, self-sufficient people, saying everything that came into their heads, which—their heads being naturally empty—implies an untold amount of scandal and small-talk. There was a foreign ambassadress, whom, before her arrival from the Continent, the

virtuous great world of London had asserted the impossibility of receiving, and whom, of course, it flew to welcome at Dover;—there was a noble bridegroom and bride, surnamed by Almack's Rattle and Tattle, whose union was said to have already ended in battle;—there was a lordly poet, who ruins himself in puffs and printers, as others of his caste with hunters or dice; and a flimsy little critic, fed upon notices of his lordship's works, which, for his own sake, he preserves from extinction, as certain valueless plants are cultivated for the sake of the medicinable insects they engender. Lastly, there was Jack Honeyfield, who put up with the Langleys because their place was within reach of a crack pack, and was put up with by them, in favour of their three unmarried daughters; Sir John being heir to ten thousand a year, with every probability of breaking his neck some slippery winter, for the benefit of his widow. Such was the fleet of wherries, funnies, and cockleshell-boats, into the midst of which was conveyed the stately seventy-four from Greyoke!—

While Lady Langley did the honours of that kaleidoscope-lantern, forty feet by thirty-two, the guests continued their flirtations and scandal-mongering unheeding; till Jack Honeyfield (who had intruded into the morning-room, on pretence of a *dies non* with the hounds, and was borne with as the ill-flavoured pointer of the master of a house is tolerated on the hearth-rug of which he takes possession,) suddenly recalling to mind the pleasant vacations he had formerly spent at Greyoke, flung on the table the ambassadress's beautiful Berlin pattern, which he had been pricking into holes, in order to inquire of the dignified old lady what news from his friend.

"Howardson promised to take a week's shooting with me at Honeyfield House, in the course of the winter," said the facetious Jack. "But I suppose he couldn't get leave of absence from Lady Rachel? eh? By Jove! that woman keeps him faster to her apron-string than ever I fancied Howardson would be spoony enough to put up with! For, by nature, Howardson's any thing but a lady's man. He gave up that pretty Gatty Montresor as easy as an old glove; and between his club in the season, and his country visits out of it, was the freest and easiest fellow about town, till he fell in with this right honourable Magdalen in *gros-de-Naples*."

Amazed by this strange apostrophe, Mrs. Howardson felt distressed that, in a house like Lord Langley's, a gentleman of *her* acquaintance should be seen intoxicated; for that this unaccountable rhodomontade proceeded from anything but excess at the luncheon table, appeared impossible. With the assistance of Lady Langley, however, a few *mots à double entente* from the ambassadress, (so double as to appear shockingly single,) and a few malicious puns from the little critic, her understanding soon became sufficiently enlightened to make her feel ashamed of herself, her son, and her company.

Lady Rachel and her reputation were remorselessly thrown to the fangs of the scandal-mongers, to be worried and torn to pieces; and, by the time Mrs. Howardson was in the old chariot again, on her return to Greyoke, her cheeks were tinged with a glow of indignation such as had never tingled there before.

She would have dismissed from her mind all the unseemly allusions of those chattering women and presuming men, as unfit to meet a female ear, but that they involved the honour and happiness of her father's grandson,—her husband's son. To them, she owed it to examine the question, and ascertain whether the heir of Greyoke were indeed so lost to himself!

The letter she addressed that day to Howardson was a model of dignified brevity,—(very different from the shrewish epistle of "Anne Pembroke and Montgomery," which was applauded, for half a century, as a *chef-d'œuvre* of womanly spirit, and then discovered to be a thing devised by the enemy—man.)—Mrs. Howardson merely wrote, "Come to me, my dear son, and relieve my mind. — It is only from the avowal of your own lips, I will ever credit your unworthiness.—The happiness of learning that there exists no such person as a Lady Rachel Lawrance, would be thrice as great, if derived from the same source."

From the hour that letter might reach London, the good old lady took her seat near the library window, commanding a view of the road winding from the park-gates; and every cloud-shadow on the gravel was mistaken by her for a travelling-carriage, conveying to Greyoke her indignant or repentant son.

Howardson knew better, however, than to make his appearance. He was the more discomposed by his mother's abrupt interrogation, from having previously flattered himself that the dignity of her life and manners must render her inaccessible to tale-bearing anent a Mademoiselle Mélanie, or a Lady Rachel Lawrance; and it was an unforeseen calamity to be thus addressed from Greyoke; the dear old-fashioned letters, dated wherefrom in a quaint Italian hand, (though about as amusing as an account-book,) he always perused with the utmost filial respect. Never, in his grown-up life, had he been so thoroughly put out of sorts; and the consequence of his mental discomposure was a still more serious calamity.—Though too cautious of his comfort ever to put himself in a passion, it was not possible, even for this deliberate Epicurean, to repress the inward struggle of such emotions. The vexation of his dilemma, in short, brought on his first fit of the gout; and when, at the end of ten days, he was again able to take the air, colchicum, chicken broth, and mental irritation, had left a slight tinge of silver in either side-curl—(the small change bestowed by Time for the golden hours of youth!) —a little packet of crows'-feet at the corner of each eye, and his mother's letter still unanswered on his desk. He was too much enfeebled to call out Sir John Honeyfield,—too much emaciated

to inflict on Lady Rachel half the punishment that fit of the gout deserved to bring upon her head!

For it was all *her* doing! If he had forfeited his mother's esteem, and swallowed three ounces and a half of calcined magnesia, he had no one to thank for it but Lady Rachel! What was it to him that she had attempted to atone for the fault of having exposed him to the displeasure of Greyoke, by sitting every day for hours beside his gouty chair, in the whitest and most becoming of *peignoirs;* to read to him, with accents that Siddons or Mars might have envied, — or keep silence, even from good words, when he was too cross to be spoken to. There issued no syllable from his lips that was not bitter; there issued no thought from his mind that was not harsh. He was conscious, at that moment, of the first blight upon his May of life. The leaves were withering and searing as he listened to her; and it was Lady Rachel who had advanced the hand of the dial!—And then, as he said within himself a thousand times an hour,— "What woman's affections in this world can weigh against three ounces and a half of calcined magnesia?"—

She answered not a word to his fractious reviling; she accepted, without repining, the bitter cup he offered. She almost thanked him for conceding to her the dear and valued privilege of coming to sit there and be scolded. If she allowed a tear of anguish and repentance to escape her beautiful eyes, it was never till she had found her way home again, and could lock herself into her lonely dressing-room, to weep unseen; for, like all men truly and passionately beloved, Howardson had found the sensitive spot on which to strike, in order to produce the acutest torture—

"Minuti semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas actio."

To revenge himself for his fit of the gout, and keep his alligator in subjection, he chose to depreciate her in her own sight; and since it was impossible to convince her, while a looking-glass remained in the world, that she was less than beautiful, or, while the great minds of the epoch prostrated themselves to her judgment, that she was less than highly gifted with intellectual power,—he affected to regard such qualifications as so many temptations,—evils entailed on women for the chastisement of the sin of their common mother. All he appeared to value in the sex, was feminine mildness and love of order; nor could St. Paul himself have traced a more sober portrait of the graces of matronhood, than Howardson of Greyoke.

All this was done without offence; for it was done with pretended reference to his mother. He spoke of Mrs. Howardson as a pattern for her sex. "Her nature reminded him," he said, "of the glorious virgin-forests of America, undefiled by the intervention of worldly hands, and sufficing to their own nourishment,—as compared with the factitious woods of civilization,—

made a bargain of, trenched, and tended,—and, from their stately timber down to their bark and dead branches, turned pitifully to account!—Such," he sneeringly observed, "was the over-cultivated and ungenuine character of women of the world."

When he found that Lady Rachel had courage to restrain her tears, he added the withering scoff of—"At least, however, *my mother* enjoys, in her old age, the public respect and private deference due to a life of order, modesty, and peace."

"He is right!" was Lady Rachel's exclamation,—burying her face amid her sofa cushions, when she returned home and could give vent to her feelings,—"*such* women alone command love and respect; and I—I—wretched that I am! cannot so much as bestow my friendship on a man like Howardson, without bringing him into public discredit, exposing him to the displeasure of his excellent mother,—injuring his health,—destroying his temper,—and breaking his heart and my own!"

Had not Howardson every reason to triumph in the success of his system?—The taming of the most charming of alligators was thoroughly accomplished!—His savage taunts served only to rivet closer the chains of his victim;—chains inscribed, in bitter irony, (like those of the galley-slaves of Genoa,) with the word "LIBERTA!"

Still, there was hope!—For a woman, hope is the perpetual lamp of the sepulchre!—The progress of years would, perhaps, subdue the bitter nature of Howardson, as affection had subdued her own; and Lady Rachel looked patiently forward to the chance of regaining her influence, when the haughty man of the world should have subsided into the tractable MAN OF A CERTAIN AGE!

FLIGHT IV.

"Les peines de l'ame, quelque vive qu'elles puissent être, sont des situations qu'on a prévues, auxquelles l'expérience des autres a pu vous préparer, où vous finissez quelquefois par trouver un certain charme. Mais ces tribulations de toutes les heures, ces petites vexations sourdes qui s'emparent d'un homme au sortir du lit et le harcèlent tout le jour, voilà ce qui rend la vie insupportable."—JOUY.

Pricking to death with pins' points, is the devil;
A tragic poniard is not half the evil.—(*Translation.*)

GOUT!—thou fearful and unexorcisable ghost of Luxury!—GOUT,—which the great Chesterfield honoured as the malady of a gentleman,—GOUT,—typified in Scripture by the mangling of the great toes of the threescore kings who fed upon the crumbs under the rich table of Adoni-bezek,—to thee is it given to fasten upon natures unapproachable to vulgar instruments of torture. Thou art Lord of the Bedchamber to Kings;—thou art a member of the best clubs;—thou enjoyest privilege of peerage;—and when once thy whisper of warning hath breathed into a human ear, let the owner thereof prepare to live soberly for the remainder

of his days,—pay his just debts, and make his last will.—For he hath attained the beginning of the end,—the frontier of a certain age!—

"When you perceive the approach of autumn," said a wise man, "be measured for your winter clothes, and you will be less conscious of the first frost."—When you experience your first fit of the gout, make up your mind that a nail has been hammered into your coffin.—

This cruel conviction was not compensated in Howardson's case, by the privilege enjoyed by all gouty sufferers of swearing from morning till night at their valet,—which he was too indolent to put in practice;—and every time the Epicurean experienced a podagrian twinge, his prerogative of ease appeared as much violated as a king's, were some audacious subject to spit in his face.

At the end of three weeks, he was sufficiently recovered to appear at Greyoke,—strong in his sallow cheeks and emaciated person against his mother's accusations.—His object, however, was less to satisfy her anxieties, than refresh his attenuated frame by the wholesome air and excellent cheer of the country;—treating the Hall of his ancestors like a *maison de santé.*

It was only necessary to point to his fallen cheeks and silvered hair,—emphatically exclaiming, "My dear mother—*do* I look like a ladies' man?"—to satisfy all her inquietudes on the score of Lady Rachel Lawrance, and awaken them on his own; and Mrs. Howardson (good soul!) forgot even the accusation against him of being a squire of dames, when she saw him so decided an invalid.—

Next to being nursed in a luxurious London house, imbibing Gunter's chicken broth, and the *chef-d'œuvres* of all nations and languages, read to one in the gentle murmur of a voice which excess of love has instructed to pitch its tones exactly to the requirements of one's tympanum, by the woman of one's soul, arrayed in a simple muslin *peignoir,*—one of the most soothing things in this world is to accomplish convalescence in a commodious old family mansion; and, after a gentle stroll in its shrubbery of evergreens, enjoy a daily doze on a comfortable sofa, watched over in silence by the venerable mother of one's heart.—Moreover, the iced orgeat of the old housekeeper of Greyoke was decidedly superior to Gunter's.—

While Howardson stretched his limbs and enjoyed, both physically and morally, a luxurious yawn, he was compelled to admit that the fit of the gout had done him good, by teaching him the truth of the ancient axiom, that "the absence of evil constitutes the truest good." Besides, it was a vast relief to have escaped the overwatchful officiousness of passionate attachment.—He protested to himself that the society of a woman of Lady Rachel's exalted tone, is to the mind like perpetual tension to a bow, fatal to its elasticity;—that he had never bargained for

her assumption of a permanent influence over his destinies;—that he did not choose any one or anything to insinuate itself into his career of life, whether he would or no.—

All these reflections were made as he lay extended in a highly-carved, old oriel chamber, whose shadiness the summer sun without, rendered delicious;—the stained-glass windows standing open to admit the fragrance of a scent sweeter than perfume,—namely, the resinous muskiness of a huge thicket of gum-cistus trees, basking in the sun.—There was a bee humming drowsily at the window, over the old jessamine, trained round the gable.—All was soothing,—dreamy,—and subdued.—It was just the moment for a man advancing towards a certain age, to find his teeth set on edge by the mere recollection of the efforts made by a woman of feeling, to screw up his sentiments above concert pitch.—

"Mens sine pondere ludit!"—

He had got rid of his gout and his love; had recovered his appetite;—could eat two chickens' wings instead of one. The eggs of the Greyoke breakfast-table were fresh as if laid to-morrow.—All was well with him.—He had entered into the land of milk and honey!

The London post produced the sole drawback on his happiness.—Lady Rachel *would* persist in writing;—though a little tact ought to have made her understand that letters like hers had no right to penetrate the sacred decencies of Greyoke.—Not but that their tone was such as might have warranted their entrance there even when Greyoke was subject to the domination of a prioress, instead of a Mrs. Howardson, and said its prayers from morn till night, and night till morning.—Howardson had so dinned into her ears his hatred of all combinations of love and philosophy,—his abhorrence of the Heloisa system of metaphysicking into abstraction that which should be pure impulse, that the poor soul,—watchful over every syllable of her letter lest it should *appear* studied,—instead of indulging in the natural effusion of her feelings, wrote like a lawyer's clerk!—

"Lord Thomas called here yesterday," said she, "and mentioned that his brother is coming in for Rempstone. We had a little rain last night, which has cooled the air. The Overland mail has not yet arrived."—

No wonder that he pished and pshawed over such dry epistles; the scrubby growth of the arid desert he had created!—

"What humbugs are women!" was his commentary on the text. "This pretended simplicity of character sits upon her like the modest garb of a quaker assumed by some disreputable hussy at a masquerade! It would take the most candid woman a month, to explain the falsehoods she utters or practises in the course of a day!—All that forty centuries have accomplished for the sex, has been to convert that exquisite being, woman,

into that frivolous creature, a lady; and forty centuries more would not suffice to desophisticate her corrupted nature!"

These discoveries originated solely in the fact that, whereas he had loved his neighbour as himself in consideration of the advantage of such an association in rainy weather,—now that he was no longer Lady Rachel's neighbour, he cared for her no longer. —The chain of love, with some men strong as an iron cable, with others fragile as a cambric thread, had mouldered asunder!

Nevertheless, though he had ceased to solicit Lady Rachel's letters,—she wrote on. Though he had ceased to answer Lady Rachel's letters,—she wrote on.—Though he had ceased even to open Lady Rachel's letters,—*still*, she wrote on! At length it struck him that the annoyance of having his tranquillity of spirit disturbed day after day on the arrival of the post-bag by the sight of those elegantly addressed letters (the aspect of which might at any moment re-excite his mother's suspicions, and which, like the upbraiding of a spectre or the indigestion succeeding a turtle-dinner, produced only disagreeable reminiscences,) would be more surely obviated by a decided rebuff than by mere disregard.—

"I found my convalescence so impeded," wrote he, "by the bore of London letters, that, unable to explain to Hemmings the distinction between those of my lawyer and others of a different nature, I came some time ago to the determination of forbidding that a single one should be brought me, during the remainder of my stay at Greyoke. The consequence is, that he has collected a whole deskfull of my miscellaneous correspondence; which I mention, my dear Lady Rachel, lest *yours* should contain anything you think requires an answer."—

After this insult, there came no more letters.—But when a week had elapsed, Howardson began to miss the usual sacrifice on his altar. — He wanted to know whether Lord Thomas's brother *had* got in for Rempstone.—Moreover, accustomed as he was to obedience, there was something ominous,—something appalling,—in this sudden silence; for "*le silence de l'esclave*," says an able writer, "*épouvante le maitre!*" — Lady Rachel might possibly be busy with some work of vengeance!—

Alas! the only work that busied her trembling hands was the embroidering of a pair of slippers and Greek cap for her despotic Sultan;—and on receiving from him a single line of encouragement, she despatched them to Greyoke.—

"It is a pity you should have wasted your valuable time on such showy affairs,"—was Howardson's ungracious reply. "*I* am not a Captain in the Guards!— Surely you must have noticed, during my illness, that my dishabille is as simple as a Carmelite's?"—

The following week, she sent him another pair of slippers and another cap, exquisitely worked, but of the sober Carmelite colour —

"The weather must be somewhat chilly in London," was his affectionate acknowledgment of the gift, "to induce you to suppose I would wear a velvet cap in the dog-days!"—

"Ever perverse!"—was his secret reflection, after despatching the letter. "Such is the nature of the sex!—Either fickle from levity, or faithful from contradiction! What an ass a man is to encourage the growth of an attachment which, like a murdered body flung into the water, is sure to rise at some unlucky moment to the surface, in terrible arraignment!—No getting rid of such a witness against one. To secure oneself against the apparition of an old love, it would scarcely suffice to bury it, as the Huns did Alaric at Corentia, by diverting the course of the Busento to dig his grave in the bed of the river which they afterwards restored to its channel!—But, by Jove! I do believe that if one were to inter some women under the Thames, they would tunnel their way out to molest one!"

A sarcastic smile rose to his lip as he remembered a remark made to him the previous day by the old family-gardener at Greyoke, on his inquiring the motive of placing a plantation of Jerusalem artichokes on the outskirts of the shrubbery, rather than in the proper position for such esculents—(like the graves of protestants placed *fuori mura* in the cemeteries of Catholic countries.)

"'Cause they be plaguy things, your honour, to let into a garden.—Once rooted, no getting on 'em out.—They runs and runs underground; and when one thinks one's dug 'em up, and rid the place on 'em, *up* they starts, your honour, in some bed, hundreds o' yards off, where one least expected to see 'em!—No clearing the place on 'em, for years and years!"—

Howardson would probably have proceeded to place a more efficient barrier than Greyoke between himself and Lady Rachel by going abroad (as it is well known that ghosts are not permitted to cross the sea, or demons a running stream); but he had a motive for remaining at home. Without his knowledge, his mother had been consulting his friend Mauley concerning a dormant claim to a peerage; of which, after careful investigation, the lawyers decided, that it could not be sufficiently made out to *compel* recognition.

"Nothing can be done in the business but by the favour of ministers," wrote the practised lawyer.—"Should they recommend the crown to sanction the claim to the barony of Buckhurst, it might be allowed; and were Howardson in parliament (as he ought to be), his chances would be better.—They tell me he is sure of the county, if he chose to stand. Let me entreat you, therefore, dear madam, to use your influence in determining him to increase the strength of our party at the approaching dissolution. Of my own zealous services in the business, I trust I need not assure you."—

"A county member?"—faltered Howardson, in reply to his

mother's proposition; "I would sooner become a keeper in the county lunatic asylum!"

"But if the concession secure the Buckhurst peerage," remonstrated Mrs. Howardson, "a few months would end your troubles, by removing you to the Upper House?"—

"True!—but the *corvée* of merely getting into the Lower!"—

"It would be much less than you suppose.—Lord Langley has often assured me your way was clear before you.—You are here on the spot.—The dissolution will take place in September.—In the interim, we must give a few tenants' feasts,—a few dinner-parties. Your friend, Mr. Mauley, would come down for the election, (his own being safe in the hands of Lord Grope and Grab.) *I* will undertake, my dear son, to relieve you of nearly all effort on the occasion."—

With a sigh, the egoïst acquiesced. All things duly calculated, he felt that a peerage was worth some sacrifice.—As the late Lord Sefton used to observe, "peers are helped first to fish."—

There was nothing very trying in letting the summer sprinkle her roses over his head at Greyoke.—When too much beset by country dinner-parties, he pleaded gout; and then there was the relief of knowing that, after the London season, the Langley people would proceed to becarbonize themselves at the German Spas.—For it would have sufficed to render Greyoke impossible to him, to have lain under penalty of hospitality from the stuccoed portico.—

When the dissolution came to pass, Mrs. Howardson, in the cordiality of her nature, invited the friend who was professionally engaged to relieve her son from the cares of canvass, to bring down his wife and children with him, that the harassing moment of electioneering might have sweets to its sour; and Mr. and Mrs. Mauley and a pair of cherubim accordingly made their appearance at Greyoke, in all the nauseousness of domestic felicity;—Mrs. M., the Emma Clifton of former days, bringing with her to Howardson associations of the still more unwelcome Gertrude Montresor—(another ghost to be buried under the bed of the Busento!) The surprise was, consequently, a very disagreeable one. It could scarcely fail to transpire, in the course of such a visit, that half the obstructions to the fulfilment of his early engagement had been of his own creation. He was, one day, all but compelled to set one of the Greyoke mastiffs on little Hubert Mauley, in order to terrify the mother out of her wits, and stop, for the moment, the course of her indiscreet revelations.—

All this did not diminish the sufferings of Howardson under the *peine forte et dure* of standing for the county;—a torture harder to be borne than the pressing to death of Lady Rachel!

"Admit, my dear sir, that this sort of thing ought to be done by steam!"—was his ejaculation, one morning, to Mauley,

after a severe canvass;—and the indiscreet apostrophe having transpired, all the manly and fervent eloquence of his companion was thenceforward thrown away.—On the hustings, roused to momentary energy by the reflection of the trouble he might save himself by a successful *coup*, Howardson spoke like Cicero.—Estimating himself as ointment too precious to be lavished on the thicksculledness of bumpkins, he put as little of himself as possible into his address,—and his address was considerably the gainer.—His speech was charged to the muzzle with the magnanimities in which his nature was wanting.—The golden age was concentrated into one of its periods, as a prize ox was once melted down, by Louis Eustache Ude, into a gallipot of portable soup.

Mauley, the most genuine of men, warmed with enthusiasm as he listened. "Where," cried he—(like Lady Grace in the play, while listening to the tirade of Lady Townley)—"*where* has this creature's heart been hidden all this time?"—

It was a warmth of philanthropy, such as might have superseded all immediate necessity for fuel in the foundries of the county;—it was a profundity and elevation of political philosophy that seemed to penetrate to the antipodes and uplift the earthlid of the firmament!—The populace was carried away by Howardson's eloquence; and Howardson would, probably, have been carried away on their shoulders, in return, had not a still, small voice lisped out in dandy accents, imitative of Howardson's, at the subsiding of the mighty tempest of cheers of "Howardson for ever,"—"*What* a pity all this cannot be said by steam!"—

The opponent of the Son of the century (a globular, Toby-Philpot sort of chap, who looked as if he would have been better acted by Lablache, and talked as though he would have been better talked by Cobbett), seized the opportunity of this fatal parody to interpose, with the bludgeon of common sense in his hand, and shatter the small sword of his antagonist.

Thus did Howardson of Greyoke lose his seat,—Lord Buckhurst his peerage,—and the Epicurean his patience.—Nor was there further leisure to lie and yawn in the old oriel chamber. Though Mrs. Mauley was no longer on the spot to molest him with panegyrics of the noble fidelity of Gatty Montresor, the Langleys were expected back from the German baths; on learning which, he took his Macintosh in his hands and fled.—

> "Durum, sed levius fit patientia
> Quicquid corrigere est nefas."

Meanwhile, "the realm was all before him where to choose." It is a pleasant privilege of the honourable corps of which Howardson was so distinguished a member, that a sort of joint-stock-companyship prevails among them; or, rather, that to a member endowed with so fine a fortune as Howardson, the houses of fifty others, endowed with finer, are open as his own.—For

the remainder of the year, accordingly, he progressed from Castle to Hall,—from Hall to Park,—from Park to Lodge; enjoying, in a succession of lordly establishments, the best of sporting and feeding. When condoled with respecting his parliamentary disappointments, he boldly claimed congratulations; representing his infructuous attempt as a filial sacrifice to the wishes of his mother.

After all this, it was a bore to have to return to Halkin Street for the season. But as he had a long lease of his house, while Lady Rachel was only the annual tenant of hers, he felt that it was *her* business to evacuate the field.—

To his surprise, however, so far from having deserted her residence on his account, she was not only still there, but so much the mistress both of her house and herself, as to welcome him back as an agreeable acquaintance.—If she did not openly address him in the words of the song—

"Pardonne moi ta perfidie!"

she obtained his forgiveness for having been ill-used by him, through the discreet conciliation with which she flung a golden bridge over the gulf his unkindness had created.

It was a late spring,—the weather was abominable,—her ladyship's cozy house refurnished with *portières* to all the doors, and Wilton carpets in every corner; and behold! after due self-counsel, he accepted her overtures of conciliation;—dropped his obolus at the toll-bar and crossed the bridge.—

Perhaps because no possible scandal to society or offence to his mother, could arise from the renewal of their friendship. For to soothe the loneliness of her dreary winter, Lady Rachel had invited a pretty little god-daughter from the Isle of Wight; and the presence of an intelligent girl of eighteen afforded as sufficient chaperonage as that of the most bearded of dowagers.—

Apollonia Hurst,—or as she was familiarly called in the family, Apol,—was the sweetest creature that could be imagined. The delicate hues of her complexion were often compared by her godmother to the flower whose name she seemed to bear;—and it was a favourite jest with the privileged intimates of the house, to call her "Apol-blossom."—But the complexion of her character was still fairer and more delicate than that of her cheeks.—A Catholic, and reared in one of the strictest convents in Flanders, she knew no more of the world than was to be learned during six months of almost equally conventual seclusion with her father; a morose old valetudinarian, who fancied that his health rendered indispensable a residence in the only part of England where figs ripen, and invalids flourish, unsheltered by a southern wall; and who spared his pretty daughter to his cousin Lady Rachel, chiefly to escape the noise of her piano.

A great relief it was to Apol-blossom to quit the gloomy old mansion near Newport, (which was as much *clôture* to her as the

gates of the Ursulines,) for the society of the kind godmother with whom, even in Flanders, she had been permitted to correspond. For the tie of sponsorship, (among Catholics, of high importance,) being strengthened by that of consanguinity, Apollonia Hurst regarded Lady Rachel with little short of filial affection, a feeling which was as cordially returned. Before Howardson had been a day in London, he accounted to himself for what had before appeared *un*accountable,—the quiet resignation with which Lady Rachel had endured his desertion,—by the warm interest excited in her impressionable heart by her lovely charge.—

It was mortifying enough, to be sure, to find that compensation *could* be had for his company in that of an insignificant child. But it afforded him security for the future; and right glad was he, instead of being forced, after a brilliant dinner-party, to finish his evenings at the club, to saunter into Lady Rachel's pleasant rooms, and listen to the exquisite music or still more exquisite prattle of Apol-blossom.—

For hers was music of a peculiar nature. Twelve years had the motherless girl abided in her convent; and a chant-like solemnity, imbibed from habitual co-operation in religious exercises, qualified even the most mundane of her performances. In playing a valse, she could never quite forget the motet;—and when she ventured on a French romance, one half expected to be saluted by the fumes of incense.—The ear and voice of poor little Apol-blossom were unreformably attuned to the Sanctus!—

The only persons with whom she had been acquainted, out of her convent, till she beheld the friend of her dear godmother, were her taciturn father and the enthusiastic Lady Rachel; and Howardson appeared to her a charming amalgamation of the two:—his listlessness being a milder quality of her father's taciturnity,—his gentle eloquence when he *did* condescend to speak, a charming modification of her godmother's Pythonic *afflatus*. A younger and livelier man would have appeared alarming,—unholy,—dangerous. But the calm, quiet, middle-aged neighbour, of Lady Rachel, inspired her with as much confidence as her director.—

Almost insensibly, Howardson began to take pleasure in the filial affection he was exciting.—It was more in accordance with his idea of the relative position of the sexes, than a fervid attachment. By comparison with the ardent friendship of Lady Rachel, it was as moonlight after a feverish noon;—comforting,—soothing,—sufficing. He could almost have regretted that he had not married Gertrude Montresor eighteen years before, in order to be really the father of a loving child like Apol.—

On the other hand, Lady Rachel was grateful for his indulgence towards her protégée.—Satisfied that a man so fastidious must find the company of a girl of Apollonia's tender years as importunate as that of a kitten or a puppy, she recognised the

continuance of his regard for herself in the patience with which he supported her favourite's perpetual interrogations.—For to the little nun, everything and everybody she saw was an object of inquiry. The commonest events of society were new and wonderful to her comprehension; and if Howardson condescended to enlighten her mind in such trifles, without indulging in the exclamations of weariness or peevishness he had permitted himself on former occasions when *she* annoyed him with questions, Lady Rachel saw that all was the result of his amended temper, and a sense of what was due to the most forbearing of friends.—Thus, each of the three was satisfied.—London did not contain a quieter, happier, or more self-sufficing circle, than that secluded trio.—

It jarred, however, a little against the self-love of Howardson, that Lady Rachel should consider it necessary to familiarize her protégée with the gayer world, by occasional dinner parties. For though he was careful to be engaged elsewhere on those gaudy days, (to Tarbolton House, or Seymour House, or some other house glorified by the merits of its cook,) and though Lady Rachel was content that he should do so, seeing that the only cloud on her fair fame had been produced by their intimacy, it did not suit him, when he sauntered into her drawing-room between eleven and twelve at night to spend the evening, to find it over-heated and over-lighted,—redolent of the respiration of departed guests, for whom the hostess and her protégée were arrayed in smiles and silk attire;—instead of the cool, quiet, silent sanctity, into which, on other occasions, his coming was hailed as the descent of a god. It vexed him that any beside himself should be admitted to tread the verdant turf and cull the amaranthine flowers of his garden of Eden.

"I promised Mr. Hurst to let dear Apol see something of society while she was in town," was Lady Rachel's reply to his expostulations.

"In order to get her married, I presume?"—observed Howardson. "I thought as much, by your inviting that ass, young Tarbolton!"—

"No, not in order to get her married. Apol is to be united to a cousin of hers, three years hence, when she comes of age and into possession of her mother's fortune."

"Perhaps, by that time," replied Howardson, affecting a sarcastic tone, "the poor child may understand how to take the head of an establishment. At present, I never saw so untutored a person."

Upon this hint, poor Lady Rachel actually thought it necessary to enter into a defence of Apollonia!—

"I can conceive that her *naïveté* may appear very ridiculous to a man of the world, like yourself," said she. "But Apol is the best and most affectionate little creature on earth. For *my* sake, therefore, Howardson, *bear with her!*"—

The man of the world cast down his eyes, affecting to contemplate his own handsome nails, in order that Lady Rachel might not inquire the origin of a smile which it was impossible wholly to repress.

He was saying to himself that, had he not been previously familiar with her character, the extreme absurdity of Lady Rachel must have sufficed to convince him that she was that silliest of created beings—a woman of genius!—He felt almost ashamed of having ever brought *such* an alligator to subjection!—

THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING LIKE SOMEBODY ELSE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE fact of having a face and general appearance which very closely resembles that of another person, often entails, in the present high state of civilization, disadvantages and inconveniences which are of no slight magnitude. Not only is there the frequent danger of being mistaken for some individual, who may, perchance, owe much more than he can readily pay; but there are the greater evils of being sometimes represented as an appropriator of other men's goods, or even claimed by gentlemen, especially appointed for such researches, as one who has lately escaped from the hulks. These inconveniences are, however, less frequent than might, *à priori*, be expected, considering the number and similarity of individuals in a large state, where the cravats are tied, the tails of the coats cut, and the unmentionables are, willingly or unwillingly, made to brace beneath the boots, after an undeviating fashion; and where wrappers with eccentric names have finally effaced the almost inappreciable distinctions in dress or *tournure*, which once served to distinguish between master and groom, or gentleman and scamp. It is indeed exceedingly rare that we read or hear of either policemen, detective force, or sheriffs' officers, being charged with making a mistake. They appear to be the only human beings who are not exposed to a frailty common to all others, and no doubt it is from this circumstance, that the plea of being another person is so seldom advanced by a captive with any immediate beneficial results.

But the writer's experiences, which, being personal, are to be viewed in the sober light of confessions, although they do not present any catastrophes of the serious description here alluded to, yet furnish a few incidents worthy of record, and these will, no doubt, suggest to the reader somewhat similar disagreables in the history of his own life.

It is now several years back that he was travelling, *en diligence*, from Paris to Calais, when on the occasion of stopping to change horses, two English ladies in the *coupé* were heard making vain attempts to be understood or listened to, in their endeavours to procure a thing that required so small an investment of capital as a glass

of water. The pleasures of being civil and communicative, when travelling, are less familiar to our countrymen than to any other nation; but on this occasion there was no time to lose, and a little act of politeness was accomplished, which became the first of a series of similar small attentions, and the beginning of an intimacy with the ladies in question. We went to the same hotel at Calais, and the footing of amity became more firm. There was some little difficulty about the passport. One of my fair friends was a lady of discreet years, the other was a young and beautiful countrywoman, and the relationship was that of aunt and niece. This the passport did not express very clearly, and the delicate apprehensions suggested thereby required to be smoothed over. There was no steam-boat that evening; ladies do not frequent the *restaurant*, so the *petit soupé* and the wax candles were ordered in common. We crossed the Channel together, and by the time we had reached our own shores, the new friend had become like one of the party; his name had become familiar, the united luggage was under his control, and the ladies themselves might almost be said to be the same. Arrived at Dover, we sauntered out to enjoy the sea-breeze, and view the prospect of the castle and cliffs of that beautiful sea-port. The gentleman, as usual on such occasions, walked between the ladies, and the conversation was as lively as the promenade was delightful; when the party were suddenly accosted by a pert young person of very dubious social position, but less dubious attire, who in a short, quick, off-hand manner, addressed the acquaintance of so few days, by the abbreviation of his name, "Hollo, Bill! how are you?" The astonishment which ensued upon this unanticipated inquiry may be imagined, and attributing it to some slight mistake, we were about to turn away; but the new claimant to the honours of intimacy was not to be got rid of so easily, for returning the indifference manifested, by placing his arms a-kimbo, he exclaimed, with an expression of great contempt, "What, now you are a gentleman, I suppose you wont know me; I dare say you mean to say you are not Bill the waiter, at the York Hotel!" The individual appealed to endeavoured to smile, but the attempt, it is believed, was a very imperfect one, for the confidence of the ladies in their travelling companion had received a sudden and severe shock. We continued, however, on friendly terms, and travelled to London together. In this case only, however, of my many disagreables of the kind did subsequent explanations take place. It so happened that the ladies in question went on from London to Cheltenham, where they fell in by accident with some members of my family, and were thus induced in consequence to make inquiries, which, much to their self-congratulation, satisfied them that their travelling friend was not a waiter in disguise.

It is strange that incidents of this kind generally happen precisely when it is most difficult to clear up the mistake, or when we are, what is so seldom the case, with persons who have but little, and that an extempore acquaintance with us. It happened to the writer to be riding in a very independent manner through the north of Ireland, upon a pony which he had purchased at Dublin, for the express purpose of visiting more at leisure the beautiful scenery of the less explored parts of that interesting country. He had crossed, upon the day in question, the Sleavelong mountains, which carried him from

the shores of the expansive and rocky bay of Donegal, into the more remote and less frequented littoral portions of the county of the same name. It was his intention, on descending the opposite side of the mountains, to have stopped at the small town of Ardra; but on arriving there, it was found to be full of soldiers, who had arrived to enforce the levy of some demand of the authorities or of the state upon the inhabitants, and who crammed the inn, and were billeted upon almost every house. There was no alternative but to ride on, and a glance at the map indicated that there existed another village by the name of Naren, at a distance northward, which it would not be difficult to surmount before night-fall. Riding out of town, my active little beast soon overtook a mule, ridden by a respectable sailor-like looking person, and anxious to learn some particulars concerning the resources of this said Naren, a conversation was at once begun, which soon satisfied me that although such a place is marked in dignified large letters upon the map, it consisted only of a few straggling houses, without an inn or accommodation of any kind. The conversation, however, thus commenced had enabled the parties to ascertain, after a very brief space of time, that they both came from the other side of the water; and after some inquiries from the nautical gentleman as to what led me into these remote districts, and his informing me, on his part, that he belonged to the coast guard, and that his station was on the sands, not far from Naren, he concluded by inviting me to repose for the night at his cottage. After some hesitation in accepting so unexpected an invitation, his pressing request being reiterated, we turned off from the highway, and riding through alternate marsh and sand-hills, with plovers screaming above us, and rabbits scudding away below, and passing several still, deep-looking lagoons, such as are common to sandy shores, we suddenly came upon a cleanly, picturesque cottage, with a guard-house in front, and a look-out for the man on duty; and five or six taught, weather-beaten tars, turned out to salute their officer on his return. On entering the house, my hospitable friend called for Mrs. R——, and introduced me as an English traveller whom he had invited to his home. A few minutes afterwards, two young ladies, one about seventeen, the other perhaps a year older, made their appearance, and the ceremonies of introduction over, we afterwards sat down to supper. The conversation then began to flow more freely. The traveller's love of wandering, his delight in wild scenery, his interest in everything that was ruinous, (without impugning his regard for his then home, which was not so,) were themes of general interest. The young ladies were ardent. There were many remarkable things to be seen in the neighbourhood. There was Kilturnish Abbey, and a ruined castle on an island in one of the foresaid lagoons, with a cannon supposed to be a relic of the Spanish Armada lying upon the shore. There was Gar-O-Corpse, or the Field of Slaughter, where the MacSweeneys and the O'Boyles had had a great interchange of blows. Then there were ruins on certain islets in the Bay of Ardra, coracles or boats of horse-hides, and wild swans and barnacles to be seen. The visitor was not to go to-morrow, no, nor the day after, and indeed he would have been a most churlish fellow not to have felt gratified at such kind, hospitable treatment, and thus, instead of one or two, he ultimately spent four days with his new and estimable friends; till at length his departure

being fixed for the next morning, a stroll was taken on the downs in company with the two young ladies, and during the quiet, confidential kind of conversation that ensued, they approached a few scattered cottages, which had straggled, as if by accident, from the neighbouring village of Naren; when suddenly a female came down upon the party, with an energy that was quite overwhelming, and before any one was in the least prepared for the encounter, clasped the traveller in her huge red arms, and implanted a most loving kiss upon cheeks blushing with unexpected favours. The young ladies stood aghast, their visitor could not speak, but the giant beauty found her tongue first,—"Ah, William!" she said, (what an unfortunate name!) "when did you return?—how long have you been back?—what, do you not know me?—is your own Betsy Flanaghan no longer welcome?—was I not to join you in America?" It was in vain that the abashed traveller protested that he had never been in Donegal before, still less in the land of freedom and emigration; exclamations of "Oh, the vagabond! the new country has prospered with him, and he does not know his betrothed!—Ah, is it him that would be after speaking nothing but English now!" and other incomprehensible sentences, rose from a group of females who now surrounded the injured fair one, and drowned in their clamour and outcry all chances of an explanation. The Miss R——'s shewed evident signs of wishing to retire from the scene, and happily a retreat was ultimately effected without any more unpleasant consequences, for the rivalry towards them for their supposed conquest appeared to be becoming every moment more alarming. The next day, the traveller and his pony continued their lonely way, wondering whether the real Simon Pure would ever return from America to claim his beauty, and thus clear an innocent man from the aspersions which had been cast upon his character; but after a meditation of some hours among sand-hills and sea-birds, the result of the cogitation was decidedly unfavourable to any such, so much to be wished for, *dénouement.*

Bad weather—the dark and gloomy persecutor of travellers—once detained the writer at a small inn in the ancient province of Picardy. There was no alternative, in the absence of books and society, to pass a long evening, but to repair to the *estaminet*, and join in a party of *poule* then going on at the billiard-table. The game had not been prosecuted long, and a few half-franc pieces had changed proprietorship, when an elderly man, with grey hairs, accompanied by a youth of about fifteen, came into the coffee-room, and sat down at one of the parallelograms of grey marble, which serve as tables in these places of entertainment. The party had not been long seated when my person suddenly and unaccountably attracted their attention—the old man's face became red and then pale, his lip quivered, and after a hurried interchange with the youth of a few sentences, in which "*C'est lui!*" was especially audible to the whole company, he rose up, and seizing a billiard cue, advanced to strike me with it. These hostile intentions were easily evaded, and all present were urgent in their calls for an explanation of such violent proceedings; and as soon as passion and agitation would allow him, the old man spoke out, and was backed by his son in the rear. It appeared from their combined statements, that the party then attacked was the most infamous of men; that by birthright a Swiss, he was by profession a trumpeter in a French cavalry

regiment, and in that capacity he had seduced from their quiet and before happy cottage, an only daughter and sister, whom they had been long in search of. On my part, amid mingled laughter and anger—for all were against me, and certain of my identity—it was protested that the supposed Swiss was an Englishman; that he had a passport to that effect; that he was not musical, and could not produce harmony even upon a penny trumpet; but above all, that he was quite incapable of any such gross violation of the laws of society, as to seduce a young person from her home. It was of no use—there were two to one; and the landlord's quiet hint, that it would be best to retire to my apartment, was taken advantage of, without my being able to convince those present of my being neither a trumpeter nor a dishonourable fellow.

Practical peripateticism, albeit full of adventure and intimate associations with man and nature, is most particularly exposed to inconveniences, arising from such sources of error as have been just expounded. The last which we shall detail here occurred during a pedestrian tour in the South of France. The writer was wandering in the rich and beautiful department of the Haute Garonne, and the circumstances of the road had brought him, at sunset, to one of those hermaphrodite congregations of dwelling-houses which hold an indefinite position between town and village. The polite indication of "*Ici on loge à pied et à cheval*,"—the philosopher being placed before the cavalier—was irresistible; the knapsack was dismounted, and supper and bed were ordered—which latter, by the bye, is, in the South of France, to a pedestrian, always included in the former, and therefore without charge. It was strange that, on this occasion, notwithstanding the habit of indifference gained by a dear experience, the looks which were directed towards the new arrival, and the whispered communications which passed about, so far exceeded the frequent suspicions which a pedestrian has to put up with, that he was glad to take refuge on a trellised seat, shadowed by a luxuriant vine, which gave freshness and rusticity to the front of the house. He was not, however, allowed to remain long in peace; unpacking his knapsack, he had just begun arranging the plants gathered during the day between sheets of blotting paper, when Monsieur le Maire, accompanied by adjoints and a *posse comitatus*, arrived before the little inn, and shortly surrounded the friendless stranger. The mayor, an elderly, decent-looking personage, made a bow, expressed his sorrow at being obliged to interfere with me, but that circumstances had occurred which would render it inconsistent with the proper exercise of his authority not to take possession of my person. It struck me that there was a great deal of unnecessary circumlocution in this speech—but, no doubt, the truth would soon be out; and curiosity overcame impatience, and ensured silence and attention. The fact was that the retired, unassuming herbalist, was well known to Monsieur le Maire, the Solomon of the village, and as an immediate consequence, to every one else. There is a great pleasure in making a discovery; and the fact is, that when we have caught an imaginarily guilty person, however much his asseverations of innocence may interest us, we would rather he should prove the guilty one, to satisfy our pride of discrimination, than that he should turn out innocent, to gratify our benevolence. The herbalist, then, was English?—so far, good. Had run away from school?—(a shake of the head.) And bit

with the Phil-Hellenic ardour, was about to join the Greeks in their struggle for independence?—(here the traveller lifted his eyes in amazement.) All these things, an elderly gentleman, who was the traveller's disconsolate parent, had determined to prevent, by forwarding his *signalement* to the authorities throughout the kingdom; and what was more curious, and had, no doubt, particularly excited the inhabitants of the present village, the same old gentleman, in whom everybody evidently took the greatest interest, had passed through this place in a post-chaise but a few days before, and had begged, in the most anxious and distressed manner, for the active interference of Monsieur le Maire. To all this there was no answer, but to produce my passport, and assert my non-identity. The passport was taken, the *signalement* read by the mayor and adjoints, and my nose, eyes, brows, and cheeks, were compared, by the assembled group, with the description therein given—just as Messrs. Cuvier, De Blainville, and St. Hilaire, would examine a new importation from the Marquesas. It appeared that the runaway young gentleman had obtained a false passport; and while the colour of my hair and eyes were exactly the thing, his was a French passport, mine was an English one—the name, it is evident, might have been assumed. Puzzled by the difficulties of the question, the learned authorities retired into the inn for consultation, and after a short time, came out and bad me good evening,—it was evident they could not so far stretch the law as to interfere with liberty of person; but the next morning, early, the good old mayor came to me, not officially, but as a friend and a parent. He said he could not, as my papers were all *en règle*, detain me, but that he and every one else were satisfied as to my identity with the runaway. He then depicted to me, in the most earnest manner, the grief and distress of my father, and appealed in every way to my feelings and my sense of duty, to induce me to return to him whose affectionate regard was so ill responded to. The reiteration of protestations of my not being the young man in question now began only to make matters worse, and gave to the respectable old man an idea of stubbornness of heart and corrupt principle which it was impossible to endure; so tearing himself from the spot, with all his peripatetic philosophy at a discount, the traveller left the village, and its worthy head, with the full conviction that there went an obdurate, sinful young man, whose ways were those which would lead him to an evil end.

SONG.

(*From the Spanish of Gil Vicente.*)

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

GENTLE is my maiden fair,
As she is of beauty rare.

Tell me, tell me, sailor bold,
Ever roving o'er the sea,
Are thy ships, thy flowing sails,
Are the stars so fair as she?

Tell me, tell me, gallant knight,
Clad in armour *cap à pie*,
Are thine arms, thy battle-fields,
Sword, or steed, so fair as she?

Tell me, tell me, shepherd swain,
Keeping watch so faithfully,
Is thy flock, thy verdant dale,
Earth itself, so fair as she?

THE BANKRUPT'S SON.

BY MISS SKELTON.

It was a matter of great surprise to all who were acquainted with him, when Mr. Cuthbert became a bankrupt. There were startling deficiencies in the accounts, but this was owing to the dishonesty of a clerk. Mr. Cuthbert was the very soul of honour, but he was not *a man of business.* All his creditors consented to sign his certificate, all save *one,* nor could any entreaties induce this one to relent. In revenge for the loss he had sustained, he doomed the man who had been his dearest friend to uneffaceable infamy. The name of this hard creditor was William Desborough.

The dishonoured bankrupt fled his country, accompanied by his wife and his youthful son. Within two years, the dishonoured bankrupt died, borne to the very earth by the sense of shame. His broken-hearted wife soon followed him to the grave. Their only child, Douglas Cuthbert, kneeling upon the unmarked mound that covered their remains, vowed to devote all the strength of his young life—all the energies of his splendid intellect—to a task of expiation and of vengeance.

Douglas Cuthbert possessed, in right of his mother, a small independence; from her he also inherited a beauty almost divine. Yes! Douglas Cuthbert was indeed singularly gifted!—such perfection of form and countenance!—such inimitable grace of manner!—such power and brilliancy of mind!

Douglas returned to England. Arrived in London, his first step was to seek Mr. Desborough; to him he addressed himself with apparent candour and sincerity; he reminded him of the friendship once subsisting between the families; he deplored the loss Mr. Desborough had sustained by his father's bankruptcy; he offered his services to him as clerk in his office—"Willing," he said, "to afford some compensation, however slight, for the injury that father had inflicted upon him in a pecuniary point of view."

Mr. Desborough received him kindly. He had heard of the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, and man of the world—*man of business*—as he was, he had felt something like remorse. Moreover, he had prospered, and prosperity had softened his heart and enlarged his ideas; he was happy in his children, they were beautiful and affectionate. Something in the rich, soft tones of voice—the tenderness of accent—of this fatherless child, reminded him of them; thinking of them, he pitied the poor orphan. He reflected, too, that he had acted harshly towards one whose failings had been of the head—not of the heart. He felt that the shame to which he had condemned the parent had brought him to his untimely grave; and he resolved, by kindness to the son, to repay him for his past sufferings, and console him for his loss.

To see Douglas Cuthbert was to admire him!—to know him was to love! In the course of a short time, he completely ingratiated himself with Mr. Desborough; he became his confidential adviser—his

trusted friend; he was referred to upon every occasion, both by Mr. Desborough and by his children, his youthful son Gerald—his gentle daughter Mary. Douglas had a warm, affectionate heart; he was grateful for their love, but he forgot not, nor did he forego, his purpose. Two years from the commencement of my tale found Douglas Cuthbert the inmate of the man who had, by his harshness and cruelty, made his own home desolate, and filled his young heart with most bitter memories.

Mary Desborough had a lover—a gentleman of the name of Darcy—a person of high birth, good connexions, unimpeachable character, but of poor fortunes. Mr. Desborough disapproved of her attachment, and had forbidden their union; but Mary and Henry Darcy loved each other well—they might not be so easily parted. Defying his displeasure—defying the censures of the world, and despising the terrors of poverty—they eloped. Douglas Cuthbert was, as I have before said, the trusted adviser—the confidential friend—of both parties.

On the eve of the elopement, Mr. Desborough, in the course of a long conversation with Douglas, had declared his intention of at last acceding to the wishes of his child, and of consenting to her marriage with the man of her choice. He loved his daughter tenderly—he could not bear to see her suffer—he resolved to sacrifice his own prejudices to secure her happiness. Douglas Cuthbert immediately sought an interview with Darcy. How he represented matters, what he said, it is needless to repeat. Let it suffice, that he so impressed Henry and Mary with the idea of Mr. Desborough's implacability, and resolution to separate them finally, that they determined upon an instant union. The result may be easily imagined. Mr. Desborough, maddened by what he considered the hasty ingratitude of his child, her deception, and want of feeling, vowed to cast her from him for ever. Douglas Cuthbert, while he would fain have deprecated his anger, dared not to excuse her conduct.

About this time, Gerald had, by the advice of Douglas, been sent abroad with a tutor, therefore *his* intercession was wanting to his sister's cause. A year passed, Gerald still continued on the Continent, Mary and her husband were still unforgiven. Poor Mr. Desborough! with him all was changed! His home was gloomy and desolate; his heart was lonely and full of sorrow. Douglas Cuthbert alone remained to him; his only stay and comfort. At last he relented, he yearned for the society of his daughter; she had been so gay, so gentle, so affectionate—she was so necessary to his happiness—he could not bear this separation. She should be recalled, and he communicated his thoughts and wishes to Douglas—Douglas, who had ever been the advocate of his erring child, and her handsome, thriftless husband. With what rapture—what unfeigned delight—did Douglas receive this intimation!—he almost wept with joy! He begged to be allowed to communicate to the struggling, poverty-stricken couple, the tidings of their forgiveness, and their welcome to luxury and affluence. But Mr. Desborough persisted in writing to his dear Mary, announcing in terms the most loving and conciliating, his returning affection, and his earnest desire to see his child again.

Days, weeks, months passed—no answer was vouchsafed to a letter

as fond, as condescending, as ever was addressed from father to daughter—from an injured parent to an ungrateful child. During the interval, grief and outraged pride and wounded feelings did their work. Mr. Desborough looked twenty years older than he had done when Mary left him. He was changed indeed!—the noble form broken and drooping—the broad brow furrowed with early wrinkles—the dark hair streaked with white! He resolved to write again; he did so to Darcy himself, and also to his wife. From the latter he received no reply; from Darcy, a short, cold, contemptuous epistle, rejecting his bounty and forgiveness, declining, in terms not to be mistaken, all further communication with him. Poor Mr. Desborough was almost broken-hearted.

Mary and her chosen husband had struggled against neglect and worldly evils, till the efforts wore them to the earth. Many and many a letter, imploring succour and forgiveness, had she addressed to her father, as often had these been returned; and many a time had Douglas Cuthbert, who still clung to her in her misfortunes, wept as he brought the stern message from her inexorable sire, which doomed her to despair, to poverty, to a parent's curse for ever!

In a miserable lodging in a miserable suburb of London, Darcy—the gallant, handsome Darcy—lies on the bed of death. Poor Mary, seated by his bed-side, weeps ceaselessly. Darcy dies. Mary, desperate with sorrow, worn out with fatigue and privations, unable to rise from the couch which witnessed his last moments, soon shall follow him. Douglas Cuthbert enters the adjoining room; with him are Mr. Desborough and Gerald, who had that morning arrived in town, having completed his tour.

"Why am I brought here?" inquired Mr. Desborough, "whose house is this?—what is that room, and that half-opened door?—may we not close it?—This darkness—those heavy sighs, those whispers!—this faint, stifling atmosphere—these oppress me! Surely that is the chamber of sickness? Let us depart."

Douglas took him by the arm, and held him fast. "There is one in that room," he said, "you have often longed to see; you shall see her soon, but first listen to me."

Mr. Desborough sank into a chair, cowering before the bitter accent of Douglas Cuthbert. There was something in the unearthly beauty of that face—white with conflicting passions—which made him shudder; the bright eyes flashing with rage and triumph, yet swam with tears; the lip, trembling with pity, yet curled with contemptuous pride; the whole frame, though towering with the consciousness of gratified vengeance, shook with an inward agony and torture! What could all this portend?

Mr. Desborough had said rightly: sad were the whispers that came from that half-opened door—faint the odours—faint the heavy sighs! Poor dying girl!—poor miserable old man! Looking and listening, Mr. Desborough at last awoke to some suspicion of the truth; at least, he felt that something dreadful was preparing for him. His thoughts naturally reverted to his child; from her they passed with painful quickness to the dead parents of the orphan by his side. Gazing forth from that low doorway, through the gloom of that squalid chamber, he thought he saw the pale face of the Victim! Before him, in the full glare of the unchecked sunlight, rose the proud form of the Avenger!

Then Douglas spoke! His voice was low and monotonous—his mien was calm; few were the words—short was the tale! But for himself and for his hearers, how full of unimaginable woe! Few were the words that told poor Mary's sufferings;—his own struggles between his feelings and what he considered his duty;—his own stern constancy of purpose;—its results! He produced the intercepted letters from all parties—from Mary, from her husband, from her father; he told how he himself had forged the insulting reply from Darcy to Mr. Desborough; how he had induced the creditors of the unhappy lovers to press their debts, and overwhelm them with clamorous demands! He painted all their miseries!—their despair!—Darcy's dying agonies! —Mary's coming doom! Not until the last sentence of the recital did he allow his wretched auditor to know that his child was so near to him—almost in the same apartment; *then*, turning towards the door which separated the chambers, he only said—"She is dying, now!"

Mr. Desborough rose from his seat; as he did so, a loud cry broke from the adjoining room—

"She is *dead!*"

Down fell the miserable man, as stricken with a heavy blow. Gerald caught him in his arms. Douglas groaned aloud: bowing his face upon his hands, he passed from the apartment.

"Poor Mary! I would I could have spared thee!"

The day following the funeral of Mary, Gerald Desborough challenged Douglas Cuthbert. These events took place many years ago, when duels were fought with swords. Douglas, unrivalled in all things, owned no equal in the command of his weapon; nor had he spared any opportunity of practice—he had anticipated this moment. The strife was short and deadly. Gerald fell! Stooping over him, Douglas perceived the work was done, and placing his foot upon the corpse, drew forth his sword; raising it in the air, he watched the few purple drops which, trickling from the point, sank into the ever-ready earth!

"Let us make libation to Jupiter the Avenger."

For a few years after this time, Douglas Cuthbert lingered on the earth. He fled to the Continent, whence he never returned. There, mid the gayest and most frequented places, might that pale face be seen, haunting them like some restless ghost—alone, in crowds, without enjoyment and without repose. But that pale face, still so pre-eminently beautiful, grew paler every day; that magnificent countenance, across which no shadow of emotion ever passed, grew death-like in its stillness and its silence! Yet these bore no sign of grief—only the once proud form, now worn and drooping—the once bright locks, now white as snow, gave evidence of the conflicts of the mind within. Then he died. A nameless grave, in the English burying-place at Naples, is all that now remains of one young—beautiful—yet miserable beyond imagination!

Mr. Desborough sank into imbecility, and expired within a few days of the man he had so deeply injured—from whom he had received injuries so cruel! So they rest at last; the childless father, the fatherless child!—the wretched Author of all this misery, the unpitying Avenger!—the innocent victims—the persecuting and the persecuted—the wronging and the wronged!

A MEET OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN MILLS.

Sir Godfrey Canfield was an old sportsman of the old school. Himself, his hounds, horses, servants, all betokened "the light of other days." Not that any limb of the establishment bore a faded or seedy appearance, but the style evinced the taste of his forefathers, long since run to earth. The pack was of the coarse Southern breed, and if somewhat troubled with "the slows," not a hound but was as true as the sun, when the music rung in gorge, copse, and covert. The stud, too, was of the fashion antique. There was plenty of bone to scramble through dirt withal, thews and sinews, but not possessing speed to live with our modern flyers, sufficient time to boil an egg lightly. The huntsman appeared to be especially well adapted for Sir Godfrey Canfield's hounds and horses. He was never in a hurry, and if any one ventured to express a little impatience at their tardy and sure system, he invariably returned the same reply. "Give us time, gents, that's all—give us time!"

"Talk of hunting!" said Sir Godfrey, "as I sat opposite to him, one evening, a capable assistant to the draining of a peculiarly good bottle of port—"talk of hunting!" repeated he, with a curl of contempt on his aristocratic lip; "faugh! it isn't understood in these days. In *my* time, we were minutes finding a fox, and hours killing him. Now, it's just the reverse—we are hours finding, minutes killing. Hounds and horses are bred so fine, that for a fox to live before them, he should have wings, and after he's unkennelled, lose little less time than an untrapped pigeon! Occasionally we read of 'a brilliant run with the Quorn,' 'a splendid day with the Duke of Beaufort.' But I should like to know what ideas of brilliant and splendid hunting the members of those respective hunts have?"

"I've had the pleasure of joining both," replied I, "and therefore can reply pretty confidently to the question. They think desirable sport consists in finding a fox readily, getting well away with him—scent high as the sun at noon, riding straight to hounds, and after a run long and swift, to pull down their fox with a hearty 'whoo-whoop!' and break him up, as a finish!"

"Exactly so," rejoined the baronet and head of the oldest county family, with his face beaming with triumph and port wine—"exactly so. That's what I call sporting on velvet—feather-bed, rocking-horse, warming-pan work! Modern hunting," continued he, "is like all other modern pursuits—mushroom, toadstool, quackery! Men go out to ride, not to hunt. They leave that to hounds, and take as much notice of drawing and hitting off scent as Jenny asses would of the Greek Testament! The pace is all they care for. Second horses, second guns, second teams of dogs, are provided by your sportsmen of the present day, and foxes, pheasants, grouse, partridges, hares, and all kinds of game, are *ridden* down with little more fairness than trapping with gins, drag, and gate-nets!"

"You prefer slow hunting, then?" returned I.

"No 'squire, I do not," said he. "I love to see my hounds full of dash and spirit, ready to spring through fire or water, as you'll see them to-morrow morning! I love to hear them, as you will, make the air ring with music, and feel it thrill through each nerve and fibre!

Then to view them sweep along, heads up and sterns down, so that a tablecloth might cover them—it's a sight—yes, it *is* a sight for a Christian! Slow hunting! no, no,—they couldn't be taught that!"

"I suppose," observed I, "that you object to lifting hounds, making hasty casts, and such like practices of the age?"

"I seldom allow hounds to be lifted, except to a beaten fox," replied he—"the sooner he is killed the better; the scent is getting worse momentarily, and he cannot afford sport any longer; therefore to lift, in that case, is proper and justifiable. As to making hasty casts," continued he, "when at fault, let them try to make it out by themselves. That's a picture, that is, if they'll work; and how can ye expect them, if you're in the habit of snatching it out of their——" Sir Godfrey was about adding "hands," but remembering that dogs were denied the assistance of digits, he corrected himself by substituting "noses."

"Very true," rejoined I; and as we continued to talk of the field and the flood, our bottle became what is technically termed "a marine" —that is, "he had done his duty." It was, in truth, early morn, as a frosty-headed servant entered my dormitory, and intimated the necessity of my shaking off the lulling embrace of Death's half-brother, by saying "Sir Godfrey was a-stirring."

There might be a first, pale, consumptive streak of light tinging the far east, but its influence was lost upon the glow-worm, whose lamp still flickered brightly in the moss. A restless, anti-somnambulistic mavis, piped his introductory strain to his mate on a neighbouring ashen bough, and as I turned a long, lingering look from the dreary face of nature to one of the most cozy, seductive, warm, luxurious beds that ever mortal revelled in, I could not help questioning the task of the amorous thrush and Sir Godfrey Canfield's break-o'-day meets. I thought of nearly the last words he uttered previous to our taking leave for the night. "Why, we shall find, hunt, and kill, before the sun gets both eyes open. At ten o'clock, there or thereabouts, the hounds will be in kennel again, and we shall be stretching our legs under this very mahogany, drinking old October and trying back every yard and foot of the run! Rest assured, there's nothing like a meet by daybreak!"

"Well, well," said I to myself, for want of a more pleasant companion, "it may be so; and, although the introduction to it is somewhat cheerless, many a cloudy morn's the herald of bright and sunny hours. On go the boots."

"Hoik, 'squire!" hallooed a well-known voice, under my window; "hoik, hoik! High wind him! Drag on him, yoiks, tally-ho!"

Throwing open the casement, I faintly saw my friend Sir Godfrey equipped and mounted, while a groom stood holding an impatient horse, designed for my especial use and pleasure.

"There," said he, pointing to the saddled steed, with his double-thonged hunting-whip, loaded at the butt-end with a massive iron hammer of prodigious size—"there's the best horse out of my stable for ye, and by —— (the baronet forgot a certain commandment) he can go as long as you like, as fast as you ought, and as to *jumping!* Say, George," continued he, turning to the groom in attendance, "how the Black Prince *can* jump!"

"It ain't possible, Sir Godfrey," replied the servant, looking admiringly at the noble favourite, from fetlock to his sleek, quill-tipped ears—"it ain't possible to say the way *he* flies timber. Bless'd, if I didn't think I was a-goin' to heaven one day *quite* unexpectedly."

Dragging on my skins and pink, and, after quaffing a plebeian mixture concocted with rum and milk, with a dash of nutmeg in it, and hastily swallowing a substantial sandwich, buttered to a scrape and shaven with skill, I pressed toe in stirrup and joined the side of Sir Godfrey.

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May."

That is to say, the sun was just rising—just in the act of emerging his rosy face from the misty sheets of the east—as we jogged some three miles to the first draw—Canfield Forest. "And now," said Sir Godfrey, as we arrived on the verge of the covert, "for a sure find, and a May fox."

Adam the huntsman—and as primitive a specimen of the *genus homo* as the progenitor of the human family and exceedingly indiscreet partaker of interdicted fruit—threw his twenty-two couples of gallant hounds into the thick shades of the wood, disturbing many an owl returning to her old home in the hollow elm tree, and driving the ring-dove from her accustomed roost in the fir. In a minute, herds of antlered deer swept across the rides, hares sprung from their forms, and hundreds of rabbits skipped to their burrows, scooped deeply in many a bank and sandy nook. But not a hound took notice of these denizens of the wild.

"You don't see hounds quite so steady every day on such foul ground," observed Sir Godfrey. "Hark!—a halloo! Yes, by Heaven! they've found him," continued he, with his eagle eyes flashing fire, and driving his spurs deeply into the flank of his horse, he crashed through the wood towards the pack now sending forth music enough to charm the hollow oaks.

"For'ard—for'ard! Hark to Melody!" burst from Adam's appled throat. "Hark—hark!"

"Tally-ho—tally-ho!" shouted Sir Godfrey, as he first viewed the fox streaking through the forest, as if a flash of lightning was in his brush. "Through the wood follow, and find me!" was the order; and away we went to the trial. Like meteors the pack swept through brier and brake, making wold, copse, and covert, ring with their merry cry. I was galloping at speed up a ride, when a broad-antlered buck bell'd from the thorn, and, with a mighty bound, leaped a fence of about nine feet without brushing a twig. I never saw so elegant a jump. With head thrown back, he rose in the air with the lightness of gossamer, and, poising for a moment as if he had wings to lift his body from the tame earth, the monarch flew the bold impediment with the ease of thought, and rushed from the scene of his disturbance.

At breathless speed, sly reynard was pressed through the wood, when the hounds went to work at such a killing pace that, finding he could not live in the open, he whisked his brush short round, and betook himself once more to brake and brier.

"Ha, ha! Slow hunting!" exclaimed Sir Godfrey, taking a rasping rail and ditch of awful yawn. "Couldn't teach 'em that, 'squire." Within a few yards of Charley's pads, the hounds rattled over the same ground again. From scent to view, he was run through the depths of the forest until again he was forced to the field. Now came the tug of war. On—on, swept the hunt—

"Right onward speeds,
O'er hill and dale, the moor and meads.
With shouts the cheering peasant views;
With cries the dashing pack pursues."

Mile after mile was scoured; and every now and then a view halloo proclaimed the fox was but a short distance from the ready jaws of his pursuers.

"We shall pull him down in the open!" said Sir Godfrey, exultingly, spurring his horse to the tails of the hounds. "We shall pull him down, too, without a check!"

But at this moment, the music of the pack was stilled, as if to give the flat denial to the baronet's assertion. Up and down, round and about, the hounds worked the precincts of a hedgerow; but the road of their anticipated victim seemed to prove no ordinary puzzle to the accomplishment of their nostrils.

"Hold hard!" thundered Sir Godfrey, as the select few, comprising the field, came up. "Hold hard, in the name of G—d!"

"Give us time, gents," added Adam, "that's all—give us time! Wind him, Rattler—wind him, good hound!"

The consummation of our wishes, collectively and respectively, was obtained. Rattler threw his head high into the air; and, giving tongue to a deep-toned note as he hit off the scent again, away flew each hound to the leader, and, "like belles each under each," the music echoed far, far away o'er hill and dale.

As I dipped over the brow of a hill, I saw the hounds dash through and over the gate of a farm-house, and at once disappear with the same magical "presto—gone!" as the great Wizard of the North displays in eating oranges and changing wedding-rings. Heaven and earth—what a din there was! Hounds in full cry, women shrieking, children screaming, men raging, crockery-ware splitting, glass, china, chairs, stools, materials of all sorts, and immaterials of some kinds, in one chaos of ruin and mingled confusion.

"By Saint Peter!" exclaimed Sir Godfrey, leaping from the saddle, and rushing, with Adam a little in advance, into the house—"they've got into some old woman's bed or other!" With as little delay as possible, I imitated their example; and then, indeed, a sight presented itself worthy of the pencil of a Cruikshank. There was Sir Godfrey, rating the hounds with stentorian lungs, and whipping them back with little mercy in the oft-repeated lash. Adam, on both knees, was diving his hands, with the seriousness of a stoic, under the garments of an antiquated dame, who sat in a low, rush-bottomed chair, screaming "Murder!" with lusty prowess; while a young woman stood hammering the huntsman's head and shoulders with a mop, and hallooing, "Hands off! hands off! ye rascal o' the world!" A brood of flaxen-haired children rolled on the floor, shrieking convulsively, upset by the unmannerly ingress of the hounds, and a couple of men, astounded, and full of ire, were applying epithets unfit for ears refined, and kicking at everything and nothing, like horses stung by gadflies.

"Who-whoop!" shouted Adam, dragging the fox from his violated sanctuary, and holding him above his head, in triumph—"Who-whoop!" and thus bearing him to the outside of the house, the pack followed in a frenzy of excitement, and, after ringing their victorious cry for some few seconds at defeated pug, held to their view, he was cast into the midst of them, and soon poor Charley ceased to sigh for the treacherous security of a petticoat.

"Well!" exclaimed Sir Godfrey, wiping the rolling drops of perspiration from his rubicund visage, "that was indeed the *last shift* of our May fox."

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE SIXTH.

IMMEDIATELY on Sir Gerald's arrival in town, he went to Mr. Bowden's private residence, and from him discovered that the cheque he had destroyed was not the only evidence of his cousin's felony.

"Provided it is only *my* name he has forged," said Sir Gerald, "he may yet be saved from disgrace."

"But, Sir Gerald," exclaimed Mr. Bowden, "are you aware of the extent to which you are injured—robbed, I should say?"

"The amount is immaterial," rejoined Sir Gerald. "To reclaim and save him, my whole fortune would not be considered."

Mr. Bowden looked aghast: to him, whose whole life had been centred in the joys of addition, there appeared something very like madness in this declaration; and Sir Gerald was himself sensible that his generous impulse might be traced to the prospect of individual happiness this awful discovery of his cousin's guilt had bestowed on him.

"Where did you last see Mr. Danvers?" asked Sir Gerald.

"He came to the counting-house, for a few minutes yesterday," said Mr. Bowden; "but on being told what had happened about your cheque at the banker's, and that it had since been paid by me, he inquired if no directions had been received from you for the sale of your American stock; and on being answered in the negative, said he must write to you about it. He signed several bills, and before quitting the city, left word that he should be there again on Friday, (to-morrow,) to meet one of our foreign correspondents. I sent this afternoon to his house, but he had not been there, nor were his servants aware of his being in town."

It was Sir Gerald's intention to pass the night in search of his cousin; but in case his endeavours to discover his abode should prove fruitless, he begged Mr. Bowden to detain him, should he keep his appointment on the morrow in the city.

On leaving Mr. Bowden's, Sir Gerald proceeded to an hotel in —— street, where he had sometimes known his cousin go for a night; but there he had not been heard of for some months. He tried several other places with as little success, and was proceeding home, to begin a letter to Agnes, when at the corner of a street leading from the square in which his house was situated, he came suddenly on him of whom he was in search. The meeting was so abrupt that Harry could not escape, as he perhaps would have endeavoured to do,—the unexpected sight of Sir Gerald at that moment, naturally connecting itself with the forged cheque,—but of the two cousins, Sir Gerald was certainly the most agitated; and Harry had asked, "What brings you to town, Gerald?" ere the latter had gained sufficient composure to trust his voice.

"You must come home with me, Harry," said he, "and then I will tell you what brings me to town: it is an affair I would not have you learn in the street, for it is one to wring both our hearts."

Harry made an effort to loosen his cousin's hold on his arm; but Sir Gerald grasping it still tighter, said, "Harry, beware of what you

do—I know all. Yes, *all!*" added he;—" and now with you alone it rests whether I may yet endeavour to save your wife and children." Sir Gerald felt his cousin's frame shudder; but he walked on without further resistance, and in perfect silence. When the cousins found themselves in Sir Gerald's library, the latter was forcibly struck by Harry's changed and haggard appearance. His countenance gave evidence of the fierce struggle which was passing in his mind, but no word passed his lips. At length Sir Gerald said, " Harry, this is an awful hour."

" Not to me!" cried Harry—" not to me! it is the happiest I have known for eighteen months."

" Good God!" exclaimed his cousin;—" you cannot know your position—you cannot be aware——"

" Yes, Gerald," interrupted he, " I am aware of it. I know that my life is forfeited—that the death of a felon awaits me—that my name will be branded by disgrace—that my wife and children will be destitute of all save the inheritance of my shame; and this—this is bitter!" His voice faltered, but quickly recovering himself, he added, " But I now know the worst, and I will meet it as a man: for weeks and months the dread of this has been on me—has poisoned every thought, and destroyed every good feeling; for to escape from it, I have done such acts as have even scared myself to think on. To save detection, I have respected no one: the friend who trusted me has been involved by me in transactions which may bring sorrow and disgrace on his old age; my wife—my trusting, loving wife—and our helpless babes, have been only a stimulus to ill, instead of an incentive to good; and, lastly, the health and peace of a good and affectionate girl have been wrecked by the system of deceit I, by threats of self-destruction, forced on her. In the very prosecution of my fiendish efforts after wealth, these victims have been present to my sight. In the hour of reckless and assumed mirth, the name of 'felon' has wrung in my ears, while scenes of bloodshed and treachery have nightly shrouded my pillow. I have hated—I have loathed myself. Often have I meditated self-destruction, but then some wild hope that I might yet be successful, has stayed my hand, and sent me to commit some other crime, whereby I hoped to put all right and conceal my shame. But from myself what escape could there be? None, none!—and again I tell you, Gerald, this hour, which shews me that my fate is fixed—that my tortured life will soon close—is the happiest I have known since I became a villain!" Sir Gerald was too much overpowered to speak; and Harry, mistaking his silence, continued—" You will not let my wife and children want—I know your heart too well; you will compassionate the innocent wife, the helpless babes, of him who has injured you. The widow and the orphans of the felon will not be deserted by you."

As he uttered this, he put his hand on his cousin's shoulder: the touch was electric on the feelings of Sir Gerald. That hand, which he had so often clasped in fond and brotherly love, might now, indeed, be branded as the hand of a criminal, but it was still the hand of his cousin—of his early companion—of his first friend. And why did he sit there, listening to his avowal of guilt, when every hour's delay might render the concealment of that guilt more difficult? And to this one end had he not pledged himself? Had he not promised Agnes, as the price of her tenderness, that he would save him? And did he

not himself feel that Harry's disgrace would be the death-blow to his own peace?

He took his cousin's fevered hand in his; their eyes met;—how much of time past did not that look recall! For some moments, utterance was denied to both. Sir Gerald was the first to recover himself. "My poor cousin," said he, "why should you have feared to trust me with your difficulties? Why did you shrink from an affection that has never changed? Or rather, why was I weak enough to lend myself to the furtherance of a plan from which I felt nothing but mischief could arise to us both? Had I been firm in my refusal to assist in procuring you a mercantile situation, this bitter hour might have been spared us. But retrospect is unavailing; we must look to present danger, and trust to future reparation. Be open, be candid with me, Harry; and if affection and devotion can save you from the disgrace I so prophetically and fearfully anticipated, in my first conversation with Mr. Hamilton, you may rely on my efforts to accomplish it."

"Oh, Gerald!" exclaimed Harry, "these generous feelings and intentions are sharper daggers than the thoughts of death. I cannot live under their pressure."

"Do I understand you right?" replied his cousin. "You cannot live under an obligation to me? You prefer that the stigma of disgrace should attach to our hitherto unsullied name? You can endure the horror and agony of a deceived wife—you can contemplate the thoughts which hereafter must arise in the breasts of your children, when told that their father died a felon, rather than owe yours and their salvation to one who has loved you as I have done? Alas, how have error and crime deformed your heart! How has guilt perverted your whole soul!"

"No, no, Gerald—it is not that I prefer crime; but you know not how far I have injured you—you know not the extent to which I have robbed you!"—and the unhappy man covered his face, while his muscular form seemed torn by convulsive sobs.

"I may not know the amount of money," replied Sir Gerald; "but I only pray that in this respect I may be the only sufferer. Tell me, Harry, how far is Mr. Hamilton implicated in these transactions?"

"I will—I must tell you!" exclaimed Harry, casting himself at his cousin's feet. "You have conquered the proud rebellious spirit that led to all this crime, and now my heart shall be laid open to you."

Sir Gerald raised him, saying, "I cannot listen to you in that posture: it is one in which you should seek forgiveness of a higher power; and you have too much cause to kneel and pray for God's mercy on your erring ways, to prostrate yourself before man. The night is waning fast, and, for all our sakes, you should be prompt and explicit. Sit down by me, Harry; and, as you value your wife and children, leave nothing untold. But first answer my question respecting Mr. Hamilton."

"Mr. Hamilton's credit was saved," said Harry, "by the last money I robbed you of, Gerald. The 2000*l.* cheque was drawn to pay a bill to which I had, without his authority, put his name. But though his personal liabilities are terminated, his grand-daughter's fortune is gone; the good—the generous Agnes is by me beggared."

Harry paused; but Sir Gerald made no remark. To what cruel and unmanly acts had his cousin descended! To rob the orphan girl, who

had perilled her own peace to save him from exposure! True, he had the means of repairing it, and, to him, she was even dearer than had she still been the rich heiress; but that did not lessen Harry's guilt, and his heart sickened with dread at what might be the next disclosure, as he said, "Go on—reveal all!" But Harry had little more to relate, except of what he called his imprudent marriage—imprudent, as his cousin observed, because his own boundless extravagance and selfish expenditure rendered it so in a pecuniary point of view, and most unfortunate in every other, from his want of principle and conduct.

Sir Gerald felt, that if ever any lasting impression could be made on Harry's mind, this was the moment; and though his own heart was bleeding at the sight of his cousin's agony, he resolutely pointed out to him the enormity of his crimes, at the same time that he brought to his recollection the brilliant path which had been open to him in early life, and which, from his popularity, it seemed impossible should ever have terminated in the awful disgrace under which he now laboured. Sir Gerald, as we have before said, felt this exordium to be an act of duty, and he fulfilled it; but it was with very different feelings that he at length allowed himself to say, "And now, Harry, let us try to forget this hour, and resolve that the future shall atone, as far as it can do so, for the errors of the past. Your first step must be to make your marriage known to Mr. Hamilton; and as you may well suppose his anger will be great, this will serve as a pretext for absenting yourself from his presence. Your dissolution of partnership must be immediate, and you must leave me full power to act for you in this and in all other matters connected with the arrangement of your affairs. Go abroad, with your wife and children; pass a year in retirement—let it be one of deep reflection and study of yourself; and at the expiration of it, tell me fairly the career you would like to enter upon, with the conviction established in your own mind, that it is one in which you may trust yourself, and the same efforts to place you in it shall be made as though you were first entering life."

Harry was completely overcome by this unlooked-for, and, as he could not but feel, undeserved change in his position—wrought, too, by the man whose affection he had doubted, and whose fortune he had injured. He remained with his head buried in his hands, tears falling like rain on the ground.

Sir Gerald would not at first interrupt their course: he was too well aware of the relief they must be to his cousin's tortured and humbled spirit; but when, after having occupied himself in writing some notes which he thought would be useful in the furtherance of his plans, he found no change in his posture, he went to him, and gently removing his hands, said, "Come, come, Harry—this will not do; you must cease to be selfish, and think of those who depend upon you for everything."

"Not on me—not on me, Gerald!" cried he. "I can do nothing for any one. It is *you* who will save those I have disgraced from shame and exposure. I am a wretch—a dishonoured man!—what can take from me the sting of remorse?" And again he burst into an agony of tears.

"This is unmanly," said Sir Gerald. "You ask, what can take from you the sting of remorse,—and I will tell you: future good con-

duct, and a determination at once to do what is honest to those who, I repeat, are dependent on you."

Harry looked at his cousin, and exclaimed,—"You are an angel, Gerald! May God in time teach me how to repay such noble conduct! And now tell me what you think I yet can do, and it shall be done."

It may be remembered, that Sir Gerald knew but the fact of Harry's marriage: of all particulars he was still ignorant; and while listening to them, his cousin's selfish conduct became more and more developed; for it appeared, that while rioting in luxury and extravagance, his wife and children had been living, if not in indigence, in a manner quite at variance with his own habits and notions of refinement. He accounted for this, by saying that it was adopted more effectually to conceal his marriage; but, as his cousin reflected, even this was based on selfishness, and only proved how sordid his once generous mind had become, in his anxiety to acquire the wealth which alone had seemed desirable or attractive to him in the career he had so obstinately embraced, notwithstanding the arguments and entreaties urged against it.

Ere the cousins separated, it was arranged that Harry should go at once to the cottage where his family were residing, a few miles from London, and make preparations for immediately leaving England. Sir Gerald promised to join him in the afternoon, after effecting such arrangements as would prevent Harry's absence at the counting-house at the hour he was expected from being remarked on by the clerks. It was necessary to trust some one; and Sir Gerald wisely judged that Mr. Bowden knew too much to be set at defiance, and that he must be propitiated as a friend. With this gentleman's aid, he soon procured money sufficient for immediate use; and after engaging a courier to set off with a family early in the morning, he proceeded to the cottage, and was much pleased with the quiet, unassuming manners of his cousin's wife. His two boys, the eldest only two years old, were noble-looking children, both strongly resembling their father, as he remembered him—the gay, frank, and merry-hearted boy. How could he sacrifice the quiet happiness of such a home, thought he, for the feverish excitement of a gambler's life!

It was settled that they should remove late in the evening to an hotel in London, where Sir Gerald had engaged rooms, and appointed to meet the courier, and thence start for the coast as soon as it was daylight.

Sir Gerald suggested the propriety of not taking any one with them except the courier, who was a stranger to them, and promised to see all that was necessary done respecting the small establishment at the cottage, and Harry's much larger one in C——n Street. The parting of the cousins was a severe trial to Harry; and his feelings were only kept in control by Sir Gerald's remark, that if he did not command himself, he would awaken suspicion, and alarm his wife, who already appeared bewildered by all that was passing. "You are right," replied Harry; "I cannot tell her now,—the shock would kill her; but ere long she shall know whom she is to bless and think of as her preserver."

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

——— "*benefits* forgot." (Amiens *sings.*)—SHAKSPEARE.

XX.

IN December, 1803, Mathews made earnest application to Colman, on the part of Mr. Charles Young, for that gentleman's engagement at the Haymarket, from the ensuing season; a question on which the proprietor felt it expedient to consult Elliston.

"After your long silence," says Colman, "never again prefer a charge of idleness against me—it will be but a Pot and Kettle recrimination, and only discover the coaly complexion of each of us. Mr. Young has been mentioned to me, as an actor of high merit—even by yourself. In respect of a clash with you, he is willing to engage while you are acting-manager, and in possession of the first business. You perceive, by even so much, I wish him to be of our Hundred. Our establishment last year was one of promise only, not of performance, spite *all* our 'performances.' Young, by this arrangement, would help, rather than mar you, for your fence will be better shewn, by having a man who would not parry so clumsily with you as many in our *Salle d'Armes*. But if the subject be absolutely repulsive to you, I shall drop it. In the mean, I will announce to Mathews, that I cannot definitively reply to him for some days. Restore me his letter, which I now enclose to you. I write from my cabin, but always direct to me at Jewell's. Adieu! G. C.

"I sincerely congratulate Mrs. E. and yourself on the recovery of your little boy. Doubtless, you cautioned him never again to put trust in a banister. But I forget—you have made up your differences, and there is no more railing between you."

"We *must* clash," observes Elliston, in reply. "Mr. Young's claims are of that order, that he ought not to hold a second rank, which he must do, should he engage with you, whilst I am at the Haymarket—and I cannot afford to sacrifice any position to which the public favour has advanced me."

A few weeks previous to the opening of the theatre, the part of *Rigid*, in a new comedy, entitled "Guilty or not Guilty," written by Mr. T. Dibdin, was forwarded to Elliston, at Bath, for study. Here was a new grievance! more hot water—the "kettle" singing again, yet but a poor prospect of the "pot" boiling for Colman. Elliston fancied he should have been first consulted on the play itself, before the transmission of any part to him, and expressed himself grandiloquently thereon, in a letter lengthy as a Statistical Report, to which Colman rejoins:—

"You have amply made up for your silence, my dear Elliston, for you shoot your '*plaustra verborum*' on my poor shoulders, almost to crush me. Your ink, like the water of Nile in summer, is out upon me, literally 'with a vengeance.' The extraordinary dimensions of your chandler's-shop paper have tickled my fancy, as much as your filling them has excited my wonderment.

"Could I forbear casting this play, with the devil, in the person of

its author, at my elbow? You have not only the best part in the piece, but the part in itself, is good—and as to the rest, like my bread, it is a cast on the waters of my current company, and must sink or swim.

"I have engaged Miss Tyrer* and Miss Howell, whom I name in the order (I think) of their merits. They will be especially useful in our vocal business. Tyrer will become more than useful. All Kelly's *sticks* may cross that river, which runs by a similar sound. Mrs. Cleland is again of our company—do not blame me, for I am not adamant against the combined entreaties of man and woman, for Mrs. *Tommy* Cleland is either at pleasure.

"There is not a more notoriously idle fellow than the one whom I am spurring on to write—the 'scapegrace, is myself. He cannot do better than 'borrow a little of your' ink and whitybrown for a start. 'To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow' I shall capitate the first page of a parchment book, 'Act One!' The effort is like a contemplated plunge in the sea—the more you look at it, the less you like it—I shiver in my slippers—let me fortify myself with a little gin and water ('drinks') . . . . there! I have tasted the poisoned chalice . . . . again . . . . with best regards to you.

"As the present are really my Night Thoughts, I may fairly again mention *Young*. I must confess I deem you in error on this point, though yield it, I do, at your request—our object ought to be 'Rich Compounds.'

"How came you to sprain your ancle? Ah! Harry Dornton! 'Late hours! night air! bad women!' You are never so respectable as in my company. When you come to town—or rather, to the West of it, you will be joyfully received by your friend and compurgator.

"Miss Woodfall (daughter of my deceased friend) will be of our Hundred. De Camp, I am still to settle with; but he also will certainly be with us. I am sleepy—very. God bless you!

"G. C. (read) Gin's Cold."

When Colman was first arrested, it was at the suit of his *friend;* an event by no means remarkable on *that* account, as the world has frequently shewn us; but the circumstance which led to his immediate capture, was highly characteristic of the dramatist himself. Colman, who had for some time past, been chary of his visits abroad, had placed himself, on a certain fine morning, snugly within a hackney-coach, for the purpose of calling on his legal adviser, near Bedford Square. He reached the house about mid-day; and desiring the driver to remain with his vehicle at the door, until he had transacted his business, proceeded at once up stairs. His purpose being in due time fully discussed, Colman was about departing, but his solicitor, who, in point of fact, was the best friend he ever had, having as great an affection for the *dramatist* as the *client*, detained him as his guest for the day—Colman remained, therefore, for dinner; and at midnight, the supper-table found him still unwilling to depart.

It so happened that Mr. A——, Colman's friendly creditor, as we have named, had been accidentally passing the street on that very morning, soon after Colman had been set down, and had noticed the coach in question at the door of the lawyer; and on passing the same

* Now, Mrs. Liston.

spot, about the chimes of midnight, observed the identical vehicle on the identical spot—for Colman had altogether forgotten he had even arrived in a coach at all; obedient to whose orders, the driver had remained nearly twelve hours at the curbstone. A——, who was a man of quick perceptions, and by no means a stranger to the councils of the manager of the Haymarket at the house in question, felt at once persuaded he had discovered his man. "This must be Colman!" cried he—"there is but one man in London who would keep a hackney-coach waiting twelve hours, when at twelve paces distant, he might beckon twice the number to his service—*here, must be Colman!*" For "jarvey," this was a good day's work. The hire was of course paid, besides some five shillings fraudulent per centage, which Colman, after supper, was not in a state to dispute. The man had also in prospect a fat bribe on the next day, for the discovery of the manager's retreat, which he received in due course from the wily Mr. A——, and poor Colman surrendered.

Some months, previous to the foregoing event, Colman had been living at Fulham, immediately contiguous to a cottage then tenanted by Mathews. A—— was at that time in search of him, and Colman being well aware of this, was in the habit of stealthily entering Mathews' house by the back door, and thus had opportunities of passing many agreeable evenings with his friend. Mathews, who was as fond of fun, as school-boys of plum pudding, had a remarkably fine parrot, which was quick at picking up words as any actor in the Haymarket company; and in as short a time as might be, the green pet was instructed in the exclamation—"Be off! be off! A——'s coming!—A——'s coming!" On a certain evening, therefore, Colman having raised the latch of Mathews' back door, and being about entering the yard, in which the parrot had been purposely placed, his ears were suddenly startled by the bird's new lesson—"Be off! be off! A——'s coming!—A——'s coming!"—a hint which, it may be well believed, he instantly obeyed. Puzzled by the possibility of A—— being so near, but at the same time not displeased at the hint, Colman, on the following eve applied himself to the postern-gate, for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of affairs, when the stridulous assault was again repeated—"Be off! be off! A——'s coming!" Utterly bewildered, and with renewed mortification, the affrighted dramatist was once more taking to his heels, when the actor, deeming he had carried the joke quite far enough, popped his head from behind the wall, and in a voice, half parrot and half Mathews, screamed out—"Come back—come back! A——'s in the water-butt!—A——'s in the water-butt!" The sequel may be well imagined—the friends passed their night merrily together—an event which Mathews fully anticipated, never doubting the thorough good humour of his companion.

The season of 1804 commenced at the time fixed by the licence, with the "Mountaineers;" and on the 26th of May, Dibdin's new comedy was produced. Elliston was the hero;—his smart, animated acting, contributed greatly to the success of the drama, though it had not sufficient stamina to become "a stock piece." Colman's newly-raised troops, which he styled his "Rural Company," were not highly attractive, and it was therefore deemed expedient to supply a little "town-made goods" in the person of Bannister—"warranted to wear

well." Elliston now performed several new characters, particularly *Vapid* in the "Dramatist," in which he was so eminently successful, that the comedy became at once a favourite, and permanently continued so. *Vapid* was decidedly his best "buffa" part. Elliston again assisted the efforts of "Arthur Griffenhoff," by undertaking a mediocre character, in as negative a farce, entitled "Gay Deceivers."

His popularity had now so increased, that on the announcement of his benefit, the dimensions of the "Little Theatre" were found unequal to the accommodation of his "troops of friends." Like Bacon, he had grown too large for his dwelling, and calling therefore a council of his advisers, it was determined the Opera House should be secured for the occasion. Taylor, the lessee, gave his permission — Colman acquiesced—and Elliston's benefit was reannounced for the 10th of September, at the King's Theatre, under the immediate sanction of his Majesty.

The performances were "Pizarro," and "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." At an early hour a crowd assembled about the theatre, which, by the time the doors were about opening, had so thickened, that neither constables nor guards could prevent a pressure, which threatened consequences as fatal as those at the "Haymarket," in 1794.* As the clock was striking five—"concussæ patuere fores!"—the doors were fairly, or rather, unfairly, carried off their hinges. To the very letter, it was a "Laugh at *Locksmiths*"—the people poured into the theatre at every aperture, like water into a wreck, and in a few minutes there was an overflow in pit and boxes, which found its level at no less an elevation than the ceiling. The boxes which had been "taken" in the morning, were taken after a different fashion in the afternoon—none of the rightful parties being able to approach their appointed seats. The house was literally blockaded. But a small portion only could have paid their money, though many had left pledges to the amount, in the shape of hats, shoes, shawls, and skirts of clothing. Some were seen climbing from the pit into fancied refuge of the boxes, whilst not a few were bodily forced again from the parapets into the steaming pit. Action and reaction were equal, after the mathematician's very heart. "Above! below!" was equal discord; for it is not to be supposed the "gods" were idle. No; there was a row amongst the deities, by Jove! The Titans also were at warm work at the very gates of Olympus—the sons of Cœlus and Terra demanding what they called "a settlement," by a statute of their own framing, whilst those who had already gained it, were in vain applying for "out-door relief." Celestials and infernals—popinjays and paupers—were mingled "pell mell" in one common confusion. "Chaos was come again!"

Many now scrambled over the orchestra *chevaux-de-frise* to the stage, at the further outlay of skirts, both woollen and linen; and sundry were the spikes on which still hung the ignoble trophies of lacerated garments, which were never intended to meet the eye of any but the wearer. At length, the *chamade* being sounded, and the disturbance somewhat quelled, Elliston stepped forward, as plaintiff in this losing

* On the occasion of their Majesties visiting the Haymarket Theatre in the above year (1794), the rush into the pit was so great, that many persons were thrown down, and being trampled on by others, fifteen were unfortunately crushed to death, and twenty dreadfully mangled.

cause, though God knows, his jury was sufficiently packed for any verdict he might desire. As Richard the Second, at Smithfield, (in the words of Hume,) "he advanced towards the multitude, and accosted them with an affable but intrepid countenance;" told them the eyes of all Europe were, at that moment, upon them!—reminded them of the frightful days of the year —80, and blessed his Majesty on the throne! From which culminate state of imagery, he dropped into the Martinus Scriblerus vein, concluding by saying that, "convinced as he was every person honouring him with their presence meant to pay, he begged leave to observe that the deficiencies would be received on the following morning at his house, No. 6, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden!"

But the "Bathos" was not yet complete. Some of his fast friends being determined to catch all they could at the spur of the moment, actually procured sundry pewter porter pots, and threading their way through the multitudes in pit and gallery, collected payments in this manner—silver and copper—pots of half and half—a "lame and impotent conclusion" we may indeed call it, for it was fitted only "to chronicle small beer." But though impotent as respected the comedian, it was a strong drink to some of these officious pot companions; for more than one of them (as wicked rogues as *Autolycus* himself) were so tempted by the draught, as to decamp with not only the silver and copper, but the pewter to boot, leaving to Elliston all the odium of so tap-room an experiment, but not that liquidation to which he was entitled.

With great difficulty the play proceeded—"Pizarro," as we have said. Part of the audience occupying those inches on the stage to which the Peruvian's "brave associates" vainly struggled to advance, *Rolla's* address was actually delivered to an admiring circle of ladies and gentlemen from the vicinity of Knightsbridge, Marylebone, and Bloomsbury Square. So unconscious were some of the party of their peculiar situation, and so utterly destroyed was, at last, the scenic illusion, that on Mrs. Litchfield (who played *Elvira*) dropping, by accident, her mantle, while rising from the Spaniard's couch, a by-standing young lady, with the promptest kindness in the world, stepped forward, and picking up the spangled vestment, begged, with a grateful curtsy, she might have the pleasure of replacing it; nor was she at all aware of this grotesque piece of *maladroit*, until brought to her senses by one of the loudest shouts which had transpired in the theatre on this memorable night. Elliston realized by this benefit full 600*l.*

A trifling incident occurred, about the closing week at the "Little Theatre," so strikingly *homogène* with our subject, that we cannot forbear the present notice. A certain comedian who had been playing here during the season, and had made some impression in a part which had fallen to his duty, was haunted by those distressing Blue Devils, yclept bailiffs; and though he had successfully baffled the attack for several nights, yet he was not without pretty strong conviction that he would be speedily laid up. In fact, the epidemic was very much about just at this period. It was, however, important to all parties that the actor should fulfil his engagements at the theatre. To elude the bailiffs, therefore, who were constantly besetting the doors, like earth-stoppers, the following expedient was put in motion. The actor's name was changed in the bills, whilst he, dressing his characters

rather at variance with his usual manner, and being an admirable mimic, assuming also a feigned voice, went on the stage, as usual, but under the designation of "a gentleman, his first appearance." Thus, in every single part, was he constantly sustaining two characters—the one in the drama, and the other, that of a country debutant—which he accomplished with entire success. The bailiffs were convinced their man had given them the slip, and after a time, like Charles Stuart's pursuers, they passed quietly off, whilst the king of the joke sat grinning aloft at an elevated window in the building.

XXI.

In the course of this season, Mr. Aaron Graham, chief police magistrate and one of the committee of management at Drury Lane Theatre, renewed an application to Elliston, which he had previously opened by letter, for his services at that establishment. The fortunes of Drury were greatly depressed, and the recent failure of a comedy, "The Heart of Oak," as it was called, had left scarcely a shot in the locker. Elliston, however, did not so nimbly obey the magistrate's writ as was expected, and Justice Graham entered up judgment against him in another epistle full of invectives. The fact was, Elliston had certain secondary pursuits which were greatly assisting his income, and rendered him indifferent to the proposal in question. He was giving, at this period, private instruction in reading and reciting the English classics, and had as much employment of this description as he could conveniently despatch, in addition to his other professional duties. These engagements afforded him also a pleasing variety, by no means unexceptionable to his constitution; his pupils could scarcely fail of being fond of their master, while he himself was a kind of *mignon* in the family circle; and if sometimes he felt a self-accusation in having slightly cajoled the husband, he found, not unfrequently, a conscientious satisfaction in having rendered the wife unquestionably happy. Graham, however, still kept close at his heels; and as there really appeared, from what we have just noticed, some little danger of our hero falling into the magistrate's hands under less seemly circumstances than a professional alliance, it is as well, perhaps, that he at length listened to the Drury Lane *overture*, closing, with the proposal now made to him, for a three-years' engagement, at twenty pounds per week, and a benefit at the most favourable period of the season.

On the 20th September, 1804, Elliston opened the campaign at Drury Lane, by acting *Rolla*, and was flatteringly received on his new ground. On the 25th, he played *Doricourt*, and on the 27th, having repeated *Rolla*, he started, on leave of absence, for Weymouth, where again, at the express command of the king, he was appointed to superintend a fête and perform a few nights at the theatre. The fête took place on the 29th, on board the royal yacht, and was given in honour of the birthday of the Duchess of Wirtemberg. As their Majesties entered the vessel, Elliston and Miss de Camp,* in the characters of a sailor and his wife, delivered a metrical address.

Patriotic rhapsodies were, at this period—the renewal of the French

* Afterwards, Mrs. Charles Kemble.

war—much in vogue on our theatres. They were well enough for the special purpose, but the greater part of them, as poetic compositions, miserable examples. We quote some extracts from the one in question, merely on the grounds of the distinguished occasion.

(*The sailor breaks from his companions, exclaiming—*)

" I tell you I *will* speak—so stand aside,
And let a sailor who has long defied
His country's foes, for once approach his king,
The humble tribute of respect to bring.
If thus your *People* feel, what tongue can tell
The rapturous joy which must the bosom swell
Of Her, who distant in a foreign land,
Far from a Father and his fostering hand,
Who, at this moment, whilst 'her Health!' goes round,
And the deck echoes to the festive sound,
In fond imagination views the scene,
And sighs to think what barriers intervene
To stop the thanks which hang upon her tongue,
Intent on him from whom her being sprung.

(*Sailor's wife interrupts the Tar.*)

" My worthy mate, have you forgot the name
Of old *St. Michael*, of goose-killing fame;
How, every year, on this auspicious day,
Our vows to him with ready teeth we pay;
When cackling animals by instinct feel
The sharp incision of the eager steel?
Then trust me, Sire, henceforth when tempests roar,
And the winds whistle through my cottage door—
While in my solitary bed I'm laid,
And fears for Tom, my anxious soul invade,
The thought that 'tis for *you* my sailor braves
The battle's danger, and the stormy waves,
Shall make my heart with patriot ardour burn,
And hope anticipate his glad return."

There was more—much more of this; and when we assure our readers the extracts we have made are the "quality" passages of the Poetic Address, they will feel fully satisfied that nothing less than the honour of repeating them in the presence of the good old king, could recompense Elliston and his accomplished companion for charging their imaginations with such material.

On the 5th of October, Elliston returned to Drury Lane, when he acted *Archer*. *Charles*, in the "School for Scandal;" *Don Felix*, *Orlando*, *Young Bevil*, in the "Conscious Lovers;" *Wilding*, *Octavian*, *Benedict*, *Faulkland*, *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, *Belcour*, and *Ranger*, he also played in quick succession; and on the 31st January, he appeared in the part of the *Duke Aranza*, the first representation of "The Honeymoon."

This highly popular drama had been long slighted—rejected, indeed, by the management of Drury Lane. The manuscript which had been thrown amongst the dusty piles of the condemned cell, fell by mere chance a second time under the notice of the turnkey, and as a kind of desperate alternative (there being no "novelty in preparation") the play, with due ceremony was led out for execution. It was, however, strongly cast; and after the first rehearsal, there was an evident change of opinion amongst the actors; for although the main incidents of this comedy are far from original, yet there was such a

jucund diversity of character—such an agreeable succession of well arranged action, and so happy an adaptation of the vigorous diction of the "old masters," that all doubts were ultimately removed as to its verdict with the public.

And well indeed might all apprehensions have vanished, for the result was triumphant. It would be of little purpose to speak of any part or division in the acting of either Elliston or Miss Duncan—where and what to choose would be the difficulty—any special notice or selection would be, in point of fact, a declaration of the whole, for there was no moment in which the spectator had been unequally delighted. Every actor in the piece was well affected to his particular allotment, and no characters were ever better performed than all the casts upon this occasion.

Poor Tobin, the author of the play, lived not to witness the triumph of his muse. He died, unfortunately, at Cork, a few months only before this first representation. "The Honeymoon" was acted twenty-eight times in the season—twice by command of their Majesties—and ran eleven consecutive nights—a course which would undoubtedly have been extended, but for that sudden meteoric appearance in the dramatic horizon, which now drew after it the inquiring eyes of all observers—namely, "The Young Roscius."

So rich and varied was the histrionic excellence which Elliston displayed in this part, *Aranza*, that had his quality been hitherto equivocal, or altogether unaccredited, this event would at once have placed him "ac prope socco," and the favoured delegate of the Comic Muse.*

Elliston receives the following letter from his attached friend Mr. Gore,—

"Well, my cockmate, I congratulate you as many times as I can pack them between this and Christmas, on your laurels. Fame is not quite so nimble-footed as scandal, and yet your fresh renown has reached us long ago. But this is not the first satisfaction you have given on the scene of the 'Honeymoon.' Mrs. Elliston declares you acquitted yourself ten years ago in this interesting situation quite as well, though the world didn't know it. Holman has been playing here four nights to excellent houses—*Jaffier*, *Macbeth*, *Benedict*, and *Earl of Essex*. On the stage, he looks as handsome as ever, though too much *en bon point* for that easy elegance by which he was once distinguished.

"I have heard something of your little Roscius—this step from the playground to the playhouse I cannot approve. I observe the lady who was to have performed with him is gone to Ireland—Mrs. Litchfield. Pray who is to take her place?—surely not Mrs. Siddons? The character for his *debût* is well chosen, *Dorilas* in 'Merope.' We have, by report, here a second Siddons in Miss Smith. She interests all greatly, and some are thoroughly fascinated by her. From myself I can say nothing—I have not seen her."

[Charles Robert Elliston, born 5th Nov. 1804. Godfather, James Slade, Esq.]

* The principal cast of characters in the "Honeymoon" was as follows:—*Duke Aranza*, Elliston; *Rolando*, Bannister; *Lampedo*, Mathews; *Jacques*, Collins; *Juliana*, Miss Duncan; *Volante*, Miss Mellon; *Hostess*, Mrs. Sparks.

THE STORY OF PYGMALION.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

Καλήν γέγραφα κόρην, καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ἠράσθην γραφῆς· ἡ τέχνη τον ποθον οὐκ Αφροδίτης το βέλος.—ARISTÆNETUS, lib. ii.

GENTLE READER, if thou hadst been by any chance possessed of that tunic of invisibility wherein, as we have all read in the fairy tale, the lucky Fortunatus was wont to envelop himself at times, and hadst slipped into my library at any one minute during the last three or four hours, thou wouldst have seen me sitting gravely by my lamp, with a very old-fashioned book in very outlandish characters, and bound with red morocco finely gilt, on the pages of which my spectacled eyes were rivetted with no ordinary attention. After a little time thou wouldst have observed me pause at a particular passage, and lean back in my easy chair with the manner of one about to deliberate on some evidently agreeable subject. Wrapt in delicious reverie for some twenty minutes, the index finger of my left hand resting on my cheek, and a whole host of glittering fancies shooting across my mind, like the starry nebulæ of the northern lights, I at length resume my book, and re-read with increased interest that portion of the volume at which thou hadst first beheld me engaged. Having had curiosity to stay so long, thou art determined not to depart until thou hast discovered the name of the author who appears to have had so much fascination for the student; and accordingly approaching nearer with light footstep, thou discoverest that he is a Greek, and on closer examination find that he is entitled, Αριστεινετου Επιστολαι Ερωτικαι, which, being interpreted for the profane, meaneth "The Love Epistles of Aristænetus." The work is open at page 73, and upon that I still continue to pore. It immediately occurs to thee to ask *why* I am so interested by that particular place, and the words almost tremble on thy lip, when suddenly thou art reminded that a robe of darkness is about thee which conceals thee from mortal ken, and thou hast already seen enough of me not to wish to startle me with thoughts of a visit from Ghostland. After a little time, on seeing me take up my papers and write away very rapidly, thou takest thy departure, and still wearing the invisible domino, glidest perhaps to the presence of thy beautiful mistress, and gazest all unseen upon the bewitching starlight of her eyes. In which Elysium I leave thee, hoping thou hast wit and sense enough while there, to forget that I or my books ever crossed thy imagination or aroused thy curiosity.

But now that thou hast leisure, I will tell thee why I became so occupied with the "Love Epistle," which stands at page seventy-three. Know then, that during the whole of this day I had been hunting through the garden of my memory for some pretty flowers wherewith to form a garland for our favourite Magazine, and until I took up Aristænetus had failed to find any. On opening, however, that enchanting collection of love letters, my eye was arrested by one in particular, about the margin of which I had scribbled many wild random thoughts, and in looking over them I read part of the Epistle itself. It describes the emotions of a young painter who had drawn a likeness of

a lovely girl, and from gazing on it constantly became at length passionately enamoured of the creation of his fancy. This story immediately reminded me of the legend of Pygmalion—one of the most beautiful and romantic of the many that Hellenian genius has bequeathed to us, and I resolved to make his labours and his happiness the subject of a sketch. Canst thou wonder then, O gentle invisible reader, that I should have worn such a face of pleasure?

Pygmalion was not only the most beautiful youth in Cyprus, but, what added if possible still more to his attractions, its prince also. Painters, when they wished to draw an image of Apollo, and statuaries, when they desired to carve one, besought the young Pygmalion to be their model; for well they knew that Phœbus himself had not more grace or symmetry. Bright eyes grew brighter as he approached, and elegantly-dressed fops grew paler. Mammas courted him, and fathers flattered him. Even the poets were content to sing his praises at half-price; and he might have commanded a banquet every day in any house in Cyprus where there was a marriageable daughter or a niece of eighteen.

Yet, with all these comforts and attractions, our excellent Pygmalion was not a happy man. Soft glances and silvery compliments he equally disregarded. The poets hymned to him, and the nobles cooked for him in vain. The golden urns in which the beautiful wines of Cyprus blushed went unheeded and untasted from his board; and he passed his hours in lonely meditation, amid forest walks, or by the rosy shores of his luxuriant isle. Everybody inquired the reason of his abstraction, but nobody could tell. Some whispered that he was mad—many asserted that he was in love, and they did not scruple to subjoin—on the sly. Now, Pygmalion was not in love with any earthly woman. When I state this, it is unnecessary for me to add that he had his senses. So both statements were untrue.

But forest walks were not the sole occupation of Pygmalion, nor did he linger always beside the emerald waters. In a wing of his marble palace, which commanded a lovely prospect of the most verdant scenery of Cyprus, the young prince was observed to pass no small portion of his time. Could it be some fair captive, who was there immured? or did he select that spot for silent converse with his books? Why did he retire so often?—why did he linger there so long?—why did he conceal from every eye the object of his visit? Such were the questions which alone seemed to occupy the attention of his courtiers. The elegant Philemon was said to have stood before his looking-glass for three long hours in philosophic deliberation on the subject. The handsome Euxytheus, who was reported never to have had an idea in his life that soared above the curl of his moustache or the elegance of his bow, was known to be so deeply buried in reflection on this all-important secret, that he descended one morning to breakfast with his nails untrimmed. Garlands of the most brilliant flowers, breathing the richest perfumes, were every morning conveyed to this mysterious turret, but no one ever could tell for what purpose. The finest furniture that Europe and Asia could supply was carried thither, and arranged by the most skilful artists; but no inmate of this fairy palace was ever beheld. Pygmalion's silence, too, was most provoking. By a thousand ingenious devices it was sought to entrap him into a confession of

this romantic riddle; but he was too wary to be ensnared, and insensible to the solicitations of even his loveliest questioners. At last, Aristomenes, who was universally admitted to be the most illustrious poet since the days of Homer—and whose name never would have been heard of but for this veritable tale—settled the question at once by a solution no less ingenious than it was complimentary. He declared that Venus was accustomed to visit the turret, to make love to the youthful prince, and that it was for her special entertainment it had been so gorgeously decorated by Pygmalion. All the Cypriotes applauded the notion to the skies, and statues were erected in congenial bronze to the happy Aristomenes. Pygmalion made no comment or criticism on the poem, but gave the author a couple of golden talents—a striking contrast with the custom of modern patrons, who give their authors plenty of criticism, but scarcely any money.

Perhaps the gentle reader is by this time as anxious to know what really *was* this wondrous secret as the inquisitive ladies and gentlemen of Cyprus were three thousand years ago. Let us follow Pygmalion himself through the apartments in one of his morning visits, and I doubt not we shall discover all.

Proceeding upward, then, by a flight of snowy marble steps to a gallery of golden pillars, in which were ranged pictures by the most famous Grecian masters, and statues the workmanship of which Phidias or Praxiteles might have envied, we pursue the prince through a pair of massive silver doors, on which was sculptured the amour of Aphroditè with the young Adonis. On, then, we hasten through rooms hung with tapestry of elegant embroidery, and adorned with tripods and vases of fine gold, until we are at length stopped by a small door which surpasses in splendour all that we have hitherto seen. Through this we follow Pygmalion, and lo! in a moment we are in the presence of the Mystery—so dazzling in her beauty, that we have not time or eyes or care to look at the apartment in which she is enshrined. Her face, so delicate—so radiant, as if it were the very one which Seneca fancied when he wrote the line—

"Hæc illa facies igne sidereo nitens"—(*Hippol.*, v. 1266.)

transfixes us with astonishment; and the diadem of gems and roses that she wears sheds a purple light on her cheeks which exceeds all description. Arrayed in robes of lustrous richness—glittering all over from head to foot with jewels whose every sparkle is like a sunbeam—of the most perfect form that ever rivetted glance—and with the most delicious smile that ever face wore—behold the mistress of Pygmalion! But see!—she stirs not—breathes not—speaks not. Her lover is before her prostrate, and pours forth the passion she has inspired; but she does not reply, nor do her eyes shoot forth the joy which she should feel. Let us approach nearer, and see whether our sight does not deceive us. What!—can it be?—why, it is a statue—a statue of ivory, which has neither life nor soul!—and this is the mistress of Pygmalion! No wonder that he should have so long hoarded from public view the secret of an attachment so singular and so wild.

In the formation of this statue Pygmalion had been for years en-

gaged, and as he watched its beauties bud and grow forth beneath his animating chisel, became imperceptibly filled with the passion of intense love. From morning until night he was employed in making more perfect the charms of this fair creation of his hands; and when the work was at length completed, he felt that he could love no mortal woman so strongly and so well as this—a lifeless figure in ivory. His whole soul was devoted to the image. He dressed it every day in garments that cost the wealth of cities, and was never tired of gazing upon it, as if it had soul and sense to appreciate and repay him. His passion was a species of adoration. He spoke to the statue—he wrote songs in its praise—he presented it with gifts of priceless value—he folded it in his arms, as if there were a beating heart within—he played music to it—and crowned it every day with a fresh and flowery wreath. There were moments when he even fancied that the statue spoke in reply to his impassioned adjurations; and when the light winds played about the chamber, and fluttered amid the folds of her dress so as to make them move, Pygmalion's burning fancy made him think that it was his mistress endowed with temporary animation, and he would rush towards her with blessings and joy on his lips, but find at last only the cold and motionless ivory. And so he lived on, still enthusiastically dreaming—he knew not why—that the goddesses would yet repay him for all his long years of worship by making his beloved image still his own—by filling her with the Spirit of Life, and rendering her the blessing of all his after years both in this world and in the bright bowers of Elysium.

A lustrum of years had elapsed since the Cyprian prince had seen the completion of his statue, and every day he had sent up prayers to Aphroditè to look with complacency upon his desires. But no change had yet been worked. His vows were ineffectual; and he seemed as far from the enjoyment of his hopes as if he had never even entertained any on the subject. But the consummation of his wishes approached, and it happened in this way:—

Once while he walked musingly beside the sea-shore, his eyes cast down upon the silver sands, and his thoughts deeply engaged on that which formed the entire ambition of his life, it suddenly occurred to him that on the morrow the Grand Festival of Aphroditè, which the Cypriotes were always accustomed to celebrate with unusual honours, was to take place. Ten years had elapsed since the last festival,—for the islanders had by some wicked practices, whereof historians speak, but to which we will not here allude, incurred the severe displeasure of the goddess, and her priest had refused to perform the accustomed ceremonies. On this occasion, Pygmalion hoped to find the beautiful divinity more propitious than heretofore, and he accordingly invoked her aid; kneeling, therefore, upon the sea-shore, and flinging a coronal of roses into the tide, he prayed as follows:—

"MOTHER of starry Flowers,
From whose fair eyes the golden domes of ZEUS,
And Heaven's broad cope—
Its Palaces and ever-laughing Bowers,
Draw light in sunny showers;
From whose sweet glance
Old Earth her wealthy bosom wide doth ope,
And scatters roses o'er her broad expanse,
Such magic spells can smiles of thine produce,

O! Hear
With gentle ear,
While by the lone sea-shore
From whose rude depths thy form
Arose in days of yore,
Like the bright Morning Star,
In mist and storm!
O! Hear
Him who now summons thee to glide
Hither in silver car,
Shining in splendour, like some Eastern bride
Destined to woo the arms of mighty JOVE,
The summer-faced EROTES by thy side,
Round thee an atmosphere of light and love.

"Lowly I kneel
To thee, Enchantress, with thy golden smile;
For ah!—I feel
The life of life fade like a dream away,
Or the red flower of NILE,
Whose beauty wasteth when the moon's white ray
Is veil'd in shade;
So wastes my heart, while *she*, the statue-maid,
Hath not the lamp of life within her breast,
To soothe my soul's unrest.

"Give her the gift of life!
Place thou a soul within her gentle breast;
Let her soft eyes and cheeks be rife
With the gay brightness that shall make me blest!
Let her white hands,
And snowy feet,
Fill'd with existence, serve, the first to twine
Over her brows divine
Her garland's flowery bands;
The feet to trip along
The pebble-paven strands
With twinklings fleet!
To the glad measure of the lyre and song,
Let her sweet lips expire
Sounds that shall make the soul rejoice,
And her fair fingers sweeping o'er the lyre,
Wake music for her voice!

"Let her love *me*, O Queen!
As thou the Star of E'en,
Or the wild bee the rose,
In gardens green that grows.
So may thy brows be crown'd
With garlands the year round—
So may OLYMPIAN pleasures
Greet thee with their sweet treasures!"

Whether it were that Venus was just at that moment in a particularly amiable mood, or that the music which our lover chanted for her ear had some attractions more than ordinary, we know not; but certain it is, that just as he had concluded, the goddess rose suddenly out of the green waters. She sat in a conch of many-flashing rays and colours drawn by doves, and was attended by the three Graces with bosoms all unzoned, and by a troop of little Loves that fluttered about her like butterflies about the lips of some blushing summer flower. Waving her hand to Pygmalion, and looking as if the whole heaven were pictured in her enchanting face, she thus addressed him:—

"Pygmalion, thy devotion is at length about to be rewarded, and

the beautiful statue to be made indeed thine. From the coral caves of Oceanus I have heard thee, and hastened hither. Rejoice, then! and lead the way to the sanctuary where thy mistress sitteth."

We need not say with what happiness Pygmalion heard these words. Without even waiting to thank the goddess, he immediately ran homeward, followed by that train of divinities, and proceeded straight to the apartment in that mysterious talk-provoking tower of which honourable mention has been already made. Venus, descending from her car, hastened after him; and then they approached the ivory statue, the bosom of Pygmalion heaving with transport. By the magic of a single look, Aphroditè warmed the carving into life, and called her Anthokomè, or Flower-Hair,—a title denoting the exquisite loveliness of the ringlets that flowed down to her feet. Then Pygmalion, falling before her, repeated the history of her birth from the ivory block, the years he had devoted to her formation, and the passion which he felt. It need not be added that to such a love, no lady, and least of all, Flower-Hair, could be indifferent; and she, therefore, with one of the sweetest smiles in the world, which Venus herself was observed not particularly to like, told Pygmalion that faithfulness like his could be rewarded only in one way, and to that he was welcome. Then offering him her hand, they proceeded together to the public apartments of the royal palace, and in that hour Anthokomè was proclaimed Princess of Cyprus. An union so begun we need scarcely add was fortunate to the last, and Pygmalion is reported to have loved his living wife even far more devotedly than he did when she was a statue; nor did he make any objection to her acquisition of one vice which she did not possess in her original state—her voice.

Gentle Reader, canst thou not find a moral in this tale? Seest thou not that, like all the divine romances of the olden days, it savours strongly of philosophy. If thou too wilt be, like Pygmalion, a worshipper of the Beautiful whether in Nature or in Art,—if thou wilt but love it, and watch it, and treasure it as devotedly as he, depend upon it there is a certain bright Divinity who will be the Venus to crown with success thy perseverance and thy toils. Let me bid thee good bye, then, in the words of one of our greatest philosophers*—Remember—Resemble—Persevere!

THE DUCHESSE DE MAZARIN AT CHELLES.

BY MISS PARDOE.

PART I.

The usually quiet Convent of Chelles was all astir. The spacious gardens were deserted; the chapel was untenanted: and mysterious whispers and apprehensive looks were to be met on all sides. Blent with the fear, however, there might be read upon the faces of the excited sisterhood a certain restless and fidgetty enjoyment, common to monastic communities, when some extraordinary incident breaks for a brief interval through the monotony of their ordinary existence.

* Burke.

To the cowled and cloistered inmates of a religious house, even trifles are of extreme importance, from the paucity of events of which their mode of life is susceptible, and which naturally tends to invest every variation of feeling and action with a factitious consequence and an exaggerated value. It was, therefore, not extraordinary that, on the morning of which we are about to write, the pious ladies of Chelles were all excitement; and that the leaven of worldly interests was causing among them a fermentation of spirit, strangely at variance with their usual placidity.

The convent in question was one of high repute during the reign of Louis XVI., for sanctity and order; and its lady abbess was the pious and high-born Madame de la Porte, the paternal aunt of Armand Charles de la Porte, Marquis de la Meillerage, who, on the occasion of his marriage with Hortense, niece and heiress to the celebrated Cardinal Mazarin, became duke of that name: and it is to these ladies, and their friend, the Countess de Courcelles, that we are about to introduce our readers.

The holy superior sat in a large roomy chair, covered with purple serge, and her feet rested upon a prayer-cushion of the same material. She was tall and comely; save that her figure had lost somewhat of its roundness from the ascetic nature of her life. The snowy coif sat smoothly over her high, calm forehead, and was folded closely along her cheeks, making a strong white line upon their sallow surface. Her eyes were large and dark, and were surrounded by a circle of black shadow, which gave to them a peculiar and unpleasant expression, generally negatived by the sweetness of her smile, and the low melody of her voice; but there still were moments when the old proud feeling of high birth and exalted station called forth flashes of haughtiness from those deep eyes, to which the scornful curve of her well-moulded mouth responded in a manner not to be misunderstood. These were, however, infrequent; for as all within the walls of Chelles were subservient to her will and pleasure, there was little occasion for a personal assertion of superiority. It was only when her convent became the temporary asylum of some lady of quality—either a voluntary guest, escaping for a time from the dissipations of the court, or the greater *ennui* of her provincial château; or a refractory wife, sister, or daughter, constrained for awhile by some offended relative to sojourn beneath conventual rule, in expiation of a real or imaginary fault—that these demonstrations were called forth; and when these took place, there was not a nun in the community who did not feel that, until the storm had subsided, she should, in the event of any indiscretion or negligence, have to render an account rather to the proud Countess de la Porte than to the meek Abbess of Chelles.

In figure, we have remarked that the superior was tall and stately; and if the coif well became her lofty forehead, the cape of snow-white linen appeared no less seemly on the graceful shoulders over which it was worn; while the thick "discipline" of black cord, beneath which were gathered the ample folds of her robe, supported the rosary of ebony, the crucifix, and the reliquary, which are the holy and only medium of conventual coquetry.

Beside the abbess stood a slight, fair woman, with auburn ringlets flowing over her shoulders, light gray eyes, a nose slightly *rétroussé*, and a mouth which looked as though it had been made only for jests

and smiles. Time had scarcely touched her; and she seemed as if sorrow had no part in her existence; but there was about her a graceful fulness of outline, and an assured composure of manner, which betrayed that girlhood had long passed away. Such was Madame de Courcelles, at the period of which we write; and as she stood beside the abbess in the elaborate *négligée* then in vogue at court, she formed as perfect a contrast to the holy superior of Chelles as can well be imagined. She had just put up a playful prayer for pardon, having been detected in one of the harmless but childish *espiégleries* with which, during her sojourn at Chelles, she delighted in mystifying and tormenting some of the more rigid of the sisterhood, and was listening with an air of mock penitence to the calm rebuke of the abbess.

Immediately behind Madame de Courcelles, bending over a tapestry-frame, apparently busied in painful thought, and utterly unobservant of the scene going forward so near her, sat a third lady, so eminently beautiful, that the eye which once rested upon her could with difficulty be withdrawn. The noble Roman outline of her face was seen to great advantage at the moment in which we have brought her under the attention of our readers. Her eyes were of that deep and peculiar blue, which in moments of emotion almost darken into black, while in those of repose they possess the liquid softness in which the soul appears to swim in the atmosphere of its own purity; large, full, and exquisitely shaped, when they met those of the person to whom she spoke, it seemed as though the gazer could look far into their depths: but still there was no passion in their expression; they were remarkable rather for thoughtfulness and intellect than for tenderness or coquetry. Her nose was fine, and delicately chiselled, and gave a haughtiness to her beauty, which was softened into a new charm by the graceful melody of her voice, the ringing joyousness of her laugh, and the softness of the lovely mouth whence it escaped. Her complexion was of the most exquisite fairness; and the bloom which flushed and faded upon her cheek was so pure and delicate, that it gave an ethereal character to her whole appearance. Her hair, which was as black and bright as jet, was swept smoothly back from her forehead, and folded in a score of heavy braids, which were collected into a mass on the summit of her small and graceful head, where they were confined by bodkins of pearl. Her shape, perfect in itself, had lost somewhat of its charm, from her distaste to all conventional and coercive modes of dress, which had induced an habitual carelessness, and given a freedom to her figure, that had tended to increase its size, although it had failed in injuring its symmetry, otherwise than by detracting from the appearance of height, which her really lofty figure must, under other circumstances, have conveyed. As she sat that morning in the convent-parlour, busied with her embroidery, she was enveloped in a *douillette* of satin damask, elaborately wrought in coloured silks upon a ground of white, and girt about her waist by a thick gold cord and tassels, while her sleeves, in the Oriental style, were closed only to the elbow, whence they fell back in ample folds, and revealed arms so beautiful that they would have been the worship of a statuary.

This was the Duchesse de Mazarin; the celebrated, witty, amiable, and unfortunate Hortense Mancini; the heiress of a cardinal, and the wife of a madman; who, not contented with dissipating in idle and

vicious follies the colossal fortune which had formed her dowry, and with rendering her life a torment from his causeless jealousy, and his equally senseless paroxysms of exacting and selfish passion, had completed the measure of his injustice, tyranny, and ingratitude, by a base endeavour to defame the fair character of the high-born woman who had been the architect of his fortunes, and the victim of his caprice.

When about to reside for a time in Alsace, in 1667, where he menaced the duchess with Brissac and the bastions, alleging that she ever preferred her own ease and amusement to his comfort, and feigning to believe that she would make an incorrect use of the freedom of which she was so fond, he even carried his tyranny so far as to discharge, without her knowledge or sanction, a waiting-woman, to whom she was much attached—an incautious and ill-judged proceeding, which induced her friends to dissuade her from bearing him company during his absence from Paris; his temper at the time giving so poor a promise for the future, when distance from her family would render her unable to appeal to them for protection.

Her affection not only chilled, but revolted, and her pride at once wounded and aroused, Madame de Mazarin resolved to be guided by this advice; but, determined at the same time that her husband should not have the triumph of asserting that she had given him cause for the jealousy which he felt or feigned by her residence at court, or in the hotel of any of the ministers, where she must necessarily be brought into constant contact with all that was noble and distinguished in the capital, she resigned the choice of her temporary abode to the duke, who, when he became assured that her resolution was definitively taken, and that neither threat nor persuasion would induce her to bear him company, at length left her free either to establish herself at the Hotel de Conti, to which he knew that she was peculiarly averse from association, or to retire to the Convent of Chelles, of which his aunt was abbess—an alternative that she at once accepted, having no repugnance to place herself under the observation of her husband's kinswoman, although prepared to meet in her a rigid censor, already prejudiced in her disfavour.

Thus, then, the Duchesse de Mazarin found herself an inmate of Chelles, with the joyous companionship of Madame de Courcelles, whose lively frolics often beguiled her of her weary and painful thoughts, and sometimes even charmed her into a participation of their mirthfulness, while her own high qualities, and scrupulously correct and womanly bearing so won upon the holy abbess, that she became devotedly attached to her beautiful relative, in whose lofty, but gentle nature, cultivated mind, and untiring sweetness of disposition, she read such noble proofs of her proud lineage and her individual worth.

After a residence of six months at Chelles, the duchess learnt, with regret, the return of her lord from Alsace; and was surprised by a visit from him on his route to Paris, when he immediately asserted his authority, by desiring her to discharge two tire-women, who had been placed about her person by the abbess: his only motive for this intrusion on her private arrangements being his displeasure on discovering the affection borne towards her by his aunt, from whom he had expected support in his unreasonable demonstrations.

Satisfied that he could advance no valid reason for the discourtesy, Madame de Mazarin, indignant at the childish tyranny to which he

sought to make her subject, distinctly refused compliance; and in revenge for this opposition, he immediately requested the interference of the king to compel the unhappy lady to a change of residence. Louis, probably anxious to oblige him in what he esteemed a trifle, or perhaps desirous to secure himself against the *ennui* of reiterated solicitations—for he well knew that the duke was most persevering in his caprices—complied without hesitation, greatly to the disgust and displeasure of Madame de la Porte, who deeply felt the insult offered to her community by the removal of the duchess, and who bore affectionate and earnest testimony to the virtues and noble qualities of her persecuted charge.

All her eloquence proved unavailing. For only a few days, subsequent to the arrival of the intelligence at Chelles of the approaching departure of the duchess, M. le Premier waited upon Madame de Mazarin, and informed her that she would give pleasure to his majesty, by taking up her abode with the least possible delay in the Convent of St. Mary of the Bastille; and he had no sooner accomplished his errand, than he was succeeded by a lady of the court, attended by six of the king's body-guard, to escort the duchess to her new retreat.

She obeyed without resistance or expostulation. Spirit-stricken, and sick at heart, she took leave of the mortified abbess and her weeping community, and entering the carriage in which Madame de Courcelles and Madame de Toussi were already seated, she drew her veil closely about her, and abandoned herself to her miserable reflections, heedless of the high-bred gossipry of her two companions.

Miserable, in truth, those reflections were; for the past offered her no consolation, and the future no hope: her womanly pride and her womanly tenderness had been alike defied; and she felt that time could never again restore to her the singleness of spirit or the trustfulness of heart with which she had given herself in the spring-tide of her youth and of her loveliness to the man who had been the first to raise against her the finger of suspicion.

On his route to Brittany, to hold a session of the states, Monsieur de Mazarin paid her a visit at St. Mary's, where, having no other, and more rational cause of complaint, he upbraided her violently for wearing patches upon her face and neck, as was then the mode at court, and declared that he would not acquaint her with his motive for seeking her until she had removed them. The duchess calmly, but with firmness, declined believing that, as he alleged, she had committed a sin before her Maker in adopting a fashion which pleased her fancy, and which was essentially harmless; but a weary hour was nevertheless wasted by the imbecile duke on this inconsequent subject before he could sufficiently command his temper to inform her that the motive of his errand was to request of her to accompany him to Brittany. A peremptory refusal on the part of the duchess was the only reply that he could obtain, for, wearied by his inane and tyrannical opposition, his heartless caprices, and the lavish excesses which threatened to leave her son, who should have been one of the richest nobles in France, a pauper-lord, dependent upon his sword for an existence, she had at length resolved to bring her case before the legal authorities, and to sue for a separate maintenance, in order to preserve to herself and her children the still existing remnant of the princely fortune which had been bequeathed to her by the cardinal her uncle.

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "TEXIANA," ETC. ETC.

FRANKLY admitting that duels of every common kind, and some of a very uncommon description also, have been written upon until the very name, when seen in print, bears very much the unsavoury character of a literary nuisance, I yet venture to add another to the number, since it may deservedly be considered the crowning fight, both for its singularity and its barbarity, of all hitherto placed on record. Savage and deadly as is the general character of duelling in the Southern States of America—epidemical as it is decidedly stated to be in some places (Orleans, for instance), increasing materially in the heats of summer, and declining as the weather cools,—and in the face of all we have heard concerning Kentucky "gouging" and biting off of ears and noses,—this "Fight in the Dark," which took place in Florida, stands pre-eminent and alone. Germany cannot match it, and by its side, an English duel is mere child's play! That poor humanity should ever become excited to such an act will appear marvellous—but it is no less true. At least, it is no fiction of mine—and a very savage kind of imagination must any novelist have possessed who could have purely invented it.

The parties in this affair were Colonel —— and a young man, I believe, a surgeon, whom he chanced accidentally to meet, one evening, at a liquor-store. Whether the colonel was of the "regular army," as Webb, of New York, designates himself, or only one of those very numerous colonels in America who never either handled a sword or rode in the field, even of a review, my informant did not state; though, from his insolent and quarrelsome disposition, I should, as an Englishman, naturally conclude he was no soldier. This, however, at least he was—one of those not uncommon characters to be met with in the South—a man who had acquired for himself a "first-rate" reputation as not only a dead shot with either pistol or rifle, but also as being equally *au fait* and formidable in the uses of the bowie-knife. Whichever he might fight with, was a matter of perfect indifference to him—as in any one of the three cases, his antagonist generally enjoyed some three or four chances, to the colonel's one, of losing his life. Hence, few cared to receive an insult from him, or, under almost any circumstances, to offer him one. He became, in his neighbourhood (and as far as a man can become such, in that part of the world), an object at once fearful, detestable, and arrogant in the extreme. Few men but wished him killed off-hand, or hoped, that at the earliest convenient opportunity, he might find his match.

The young man, who, on the occasion I am about to relate, eventually entered the field with this uncivilized fellow, happened, neither by reputation nor in fact, to possess the horrible accomplishments of the colonel. He was a quiet, unassuming citizen, with no farther title to the character of a duellist than may attach to the majority of his fellow-men in those fighting regions.

The inn, or liquor-store, in which the scene took place stood by the forest, although an extensive patch of roughly-cleared ground surrounded it, and the night of its occurrence having suddenly proved

very rainy and dark, many of those who had previously assembled there were detained beyond their time, while occasional wayfarers, to avoid the storm, added to their numbers. Amongst these latter were two individuals, one of whom, before his entrance, was overheard, by some in the entrance, to say to his companion, with a fearful oath peculiar to certain people in the South—

"By ——! Major, I'll raise a fight to-night, before I go!"

"No, no, colonel!" replied the other—"stop a moment. Is there any man here you have a difficulty with?"

"No—not that I know of; but what does that matter?"

"Then why go into a bar for the sake of picking a quarrel with a stranger, either to kill him or get killed yourself?"

"Kill me!—ah! ah! major, don't grind coffee on my nose!—you couldn't do it yourself! Let any man try, and the way I'll use him up shall be a caution, I tell you!"

And so saying, the colonel strode in, and made his way towards the bar, where he ordered brandy, and while drinking it, cast his eyes around upon a respectable body of men there assembled—a body commonly called, according to this kind of classical American, "a tallish kind of a crowd."

His general insolence of demeanour soon attracted attention, but for awhile he failed to fix upon any particular individual as his intended victim.

Meantime, his friend the major—probably another such major as he himself a colonel—was observed to address him earnestly, but in a low tone of voice, though seemingly with the intention of keeping him quiet. These efforts failed—and with more brandy came more determination. Eventually, his eye fell upon two persons, one the young man who was to be slaughtered, to whom allusion has already been made, and the other an aged one—perhaps his father. They were engaged in close private conversation, the younger of the two being then the speaker. The colonel seemed to listen attentively, and having drawn somewhat nearer, very soon exclaimed aloud—

"It is *not* the case!"

Many turned their heads towards the speaker, with a slight expression of surprise, as being unconscious who he was addressing; his friend, who now stood aloof, but kept his eyes upon him, beckoned him back, but in vain, while the individual really most interested in this commencement of the attack was too absorbed in his own discourse to hear, or to remark, the exclamation at all.

By and by, the colonel a second time spoke, but in a louder key—

"I say it's false!"

On this occasion, the young man almost involuntarily looked up, and his eyes met those of the colonel, for towards him were many directed. But he seemed not yet to comprehend that *his* private conversation with his aged friend was alluded to. It was, therefore, immediately afterwards continued.

By this time, scarcely another voice in the room was heard—suspense as to the result, and curiosity concerning this unaccountable conduct, having produced considerable silence.

For the third time, the colonel exclaimed—

"I say it's a lie!" and at the same instant, fixing his eyes, with an expression of perfect ferocity, upon his predetermined antagonist.

Many others also looked in the same direction. The young man could no longer remain deceived. He mildly but determinedly asked—

"Is that addressed to me?"

"It is!" roared the colonel. "I say again, it's all a lie!"

A steady look of utter contempt was the only answer he received; and he that gave it resumed his discourse as before.

Several now shrunk back, confident that a fight would ensue, and anxious to keep out of the way. Some minutes elapsed ere the intending murderer opened his lips for the fourth time, and then it was to denounce his victim as "himself a liar and a coward!" The latter, thereupon, deliberately rose from his seat, and advancing, with the utmost apparent composure, towards his antagonist (who, probably, had no idea of such a salutation from such a man), struck him boldly in the face with his fist, and instantly fell back, to stand upon his defence with the knife.

The colonel rushed forwards, like a tiger, but his friend, the major, seized him, and all interfered to prevent the immediate effusion of blood. This being effected, a challenge was immediately given by the colonel, and accepted, and the morrow morning was proposed as the period for the meeting. To the surprise, however, of some of the bystanders, the challenged party insisted on an immediate decision, and that the combat should terminate only with life. "To kill or be killed," said he, "is now my only alternative, and the sooner one or the other is done the better."

On hearing this, the colonel also furiously demanded an instantaneous settlement of the affair, said his friends had no right to prevent it, and swore that if he did not conclude the business at the first shot, he would consent to stand as a target only the following two times. Both parties were, of course, by this period, highly excited. Different propositions were loudly vociferated by as many different parties present, until more than one case of "difficulty" of this kind appeared likely to be brought to its "sum total" before the morning sun. It was suggested that they should go out on to the clearing, have two blazing fires made at a proper distance, the combatants being placed between them, so that they could see each other against the light behind—or that they should fight by the blaze of pitch-pine splinters—or decide the question, at once, across a table.

In the midst of all this uproar, the young man challenged was questioned, by several of the more temperate persons present, as to his knowledge of the character and reputation enjoyed by his antagonist, the colonel. He replied that he knew nothing whatever concerning him, and had never even seen him before—two facts which, in his opinion, highly aggravated the repeated and intentional insults he had received. They accordingly advised him on the subject of the colonel's prowess, and urgently recommended him to adopt the following two courses,—to select no other weapon than the rifle, and to defer the decision until daylight. By no other arrangement could he possibly have a chance.

All was in vain, as he firmly adhered to his previously expressed determination; and equally vain were the painful and even pathetic remonstrances of his aged friend.

Reconciliation, even during the space of a few hours, being thus

rendered impossible, and all the already proposed modes of fighting being rejected or unattended to, a new proposition was made. It was distinctly—that in order to disarm one of the parties of his decided general advantages as a duellist—to prevent the other, as far as possible, from being butchered as well as wantonly insulted,—and, in short, to place both upon as perfect an equality as possible, the following articles ought to be agreed to:—That the landlord should give up the use of a large, empty room, that extended over the whole top of his house, and allow every window to be closely blocked up with shutters or boards. That, when this was done, the duellists should be divested of every particle of clothing, armed each with a brace of pistols and a bowie-knife,* and then be let into the room—three minutes being given, after the closing of the door, before hostilities commenced, the expiration of the time being announced to them by three rapid knocks upon the door.

Will it be believed that this arrangement was instantly agreed to? But so it was. And a tolerable party immediately proceeded up stairs, some to make the needful arrangements, and others to listen to this unseen fight, and await its exciting result.

Savage as men's spirits may be, such a scene of preparation as this was enough to silence, if not to awe them. While it was passing, no man spoke, but all looked curiously upon the fine muscular persons that were soon, in all probability, about to cut up each other alive.

All things being ready, the door, which had cautiously been kept closed, to prevent the interior of the place from being seen by the duellists, was opened, and they entered the room of death together. The old man, whose friend one of them was, wept in silent bitterness, but by an involuntary action, as the young man passed out of his sight, evidently besought heaven to assist the insulted and the innocent. The door was closed. The time-keeper drew out his watch, and kept his eyes steadily fixed upon it. The assembled party employed that brief period in offering and accepting (in whispers) bets of from one to five hundred and more dollars, as to the result. According to sporting phrase, "the colonel was the favourite," though the backers of neither one nor the other appeared inclined to offer very long odds.

The time-keeper closed his watch, and gave the signal; at the same moment all the lights on the landing and staircase were extinguished, in order that no ray might pass through the least crevice into the inside of the room.

Everybody expected, upon the giving of the signal, to hear the commencement of the strife; but they listened in dead silence to no purpose, not the remotest sound, even of a footstep, could be heard. And thus they waited five minutes, and ten, and twenty, and yet the combatants gave no sign. After the lapse, as near as might be conjectured, of half-an-hour or thereabouts, one pistol was discharged; and although the listeners had been in the continued expectation of it so long, yet when it did come, a sudden start of surprise ran through them, as though each man had instantly felt that he might have received the contents himself. And then followed a hasty step across the floor—another pistol report—the clashing of knives, and a brief

* The knife would, in all probability, be held between the teeth.

but seemingly desperate attempt to wrestle, which quickly terminated, and all again was quiet.

"It's all up!" whispered one—"I'll bet drinks for the crowd!"

"Taken!" said another—"I begin to want a julep!"

"Fifty to forty the colonel has killed him!" remarked a third;—"he was a very nice young man, but he can't come in this time!"

And thus would they have gone on, had not the third report been just then heard, followed by a prolonged conflict hand to hand, and knife to knife, in the course of which the fourth pistol was exploded. The strokes of the knives began to grow less frequent, and more faint in sound; but ere they had entirely ceased, a heavy body dropped with a dead sound upon the floor of the room. Another instant, and there followed another fall.

Some individuals present were for opening the door immediately; but this proposition was overruled, on the ground that if the fight were not yet over, the most able might take advantage of the appearance of the light to kill the other, even lying on the boards.

About half-an-hour was, if I recollect aright, allowed to pass in close and attentive listening to catch the most distant sound from within. None was heard; and at the expiration of that period, amidst a crowd of the most horrible of anxious faces, the door was opened, and the whole party rushed in. Towards the remoter end, and not far from the wall, lay a heap like red cloth. It was composed of the gashed and bloody bodies of the duellists! One lay across the other. They were taken up, and something like a distant murmur of applause followed, when it was discovered that THE COLONEL WAS UNDERMOST!

But many who best knew him spoke outright their gladness, when an examination proved that he was perfectly dead. Both bodies were so mangled, that it was next to impossible to handle them without touching the wounds.

The best of it was, however, that the conqueror of this fearful white savage was found to be still alive. He was taken down stairs instantly, stimulants were given, and he began to revive. His body was then carefully washed; after which, being cautiously wrapped up, he was conveyed away to the nearest surgeon's, sometime after midnight.

The room exhibited a spectacle not to be described.

The young man eventually recovered entirely of all his wounds, and was often congratulated on having rid the country of a monster whom few dared to attack.

This was not all. During his convalescence, inquiries were frequently made of him as to the mode in which the fight was managed; and he accordingly gave the following curious account, as nearly as the writer can remember:—

"When the door was closed," said he, "we were surrounded by the most profound darkness. It seemed for some moments to confound the senses, and be close to my eyes. During the three minutes allowed before the battle might begin, my principal aim was to get away from my antagonist into another part of the room, without his knowledge, and to stand there by the wall until, perhaps, he should make some movement, by the sound of which I could be directed in my attack. The crowd outside was as still as death. I held my breath, and treading so lightly that I could not hear my own footfalls,

I stole away towards that side of the room on which I entered. Whether he had calculated that I should naturally do so, and had therefore taken the same direction, nobody can now tell; but no sooner had I stood still to listen for him, than I found he was somewhere about me—I could hear his breathing. With the greatest caution and silence, I hastened to another part, expecting every moment either that he would run against me, or I against him. And in this kind of manœuvring, sometimes to get away, and sometimes to approach, if I fancied, though why I know not, that an advantage might be gained, the greatest part of the silent half hour you speak of was spent.

"At length, having safely reached the opposite side, I stood still, resolved not to move again until he either approached, having perhaps found me out, or by some means or other I could discover his position in the room. Having now got beyond his reach, I felt that to be motionless on my part was the wisest step; and calculated that his passion and fury would soon lead him on to the exhibition of less caution. Nothing of the kind occurred, and yet the first ball discharged was mine. A mouse could have been heard to stir; but we were perfectly lost to each other.

"Eventually, whether my eyes had become more accommodated to the blackness, or from whatever cause, but true enough it is, I perceived a pair of eyes on the other side nearly opposite me. They shone like those of a hyena in the night. I fired instantly, and rushed forward. The flash shewed me the colonel crouched down against the wall, and must equally have directed him to me. He fired as he advanced, but missed. We were almost close together. The empty pistols were thrown down, and the knives used. He rushed on with great ferocity, and tried to grapple with me, but I slipped out of his arms; and for an instant, being quite separated, both stood still, listening for the place of the other. I think he must have heard me, for he fired a second time with such effect as you all have seen. Nothing but his knife now remained; I had knife and pistol. We were so close together, that he was upon me almost as soon as his pistol-ball. The latter staggered me a little at the moment, but I met him with the knife, and from that time we never separated again. My object was to keep him from closing upon me, until I could be as certain as darkness would permit of using my last ball to advantage, In consequence of that, I retreated in various ways, both still fighting, sometimes on the open floor, and sometimes knocking ourselves with violence against the wall.

"I was growing faint. I found my strength failing, and then I fired my second pistol. The light instantaneously made, shewed both men redder than the Indian in the field of battle. I heard that he staggered, and rushed with all my strength upon him. He still fought a little, but suddenly dropped before me, and more than that I do not know."

Such is the tale, as nearly as the writer can remember, that was related to him. Should it be said that he met with a romancist, in that case, his only hope is that he may meet with another such every day of his life; though his firm and well-founded belief is, that all the details are perfectly true.

ALL THE SAME A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

NOTHING is more common, or in itself more ludicrous, than the spectacle of a small mind sinking under the weight of a large idea. It is like seeing a puny whipster, who has bravely lifted the sword of a Plantagenet, essaying to do mortal combat with the mighty blade.

Heroic Thumbs magnanimously dragging after them Herculean clubs, are not rare sights, though still strange.

When ordinary people get hold of a grand notion—such as "Happen what may, it will be all the same a hundred years hence,"—it is astonishing how lightly they can afford to treat the gravest business on their hands, how insignificant the struggles of a generation become, and how easily all the little affairs of life may be allowed to run on to rack and ruin—themselves, who are to be numbered among life's little affairs, of course included.

"It will be all the same a hundred years hence" is the cry of the selfish and cold-hearted man of the world, who, easy himself, is content to take things as he finds them—never stirring a step out of his way to assist in redressing a proved grievance—in removing an obstacle to public freedom and happiness—in tearing asunder the crippling bonds of an intolerant and enslaving prejudice.

It is the cry of sleek and comfortable patriots, who plume themselves on having no politics at all—on not caring a rush who is minister—on their superiority to party triumphs, and their indifference to factious contests. "Why should we trouble ourselves about a foolish distinction between orange and green?—what does it signify which prevails? And if the purest of the two colours should happen to be the one doomed to be trampled in the dust, or dyed in martyrs' blood, what of it?—why fret your heart about that?—it will be all the same a hundred years hence!"

It is the common cry of men, who, seeing the untaught and destitute children of the poor dropping insensibly and inextricably into crime, lift not a finger to advance the cause of education—of men who see labour degraded into a state of servitude so ruinous to body and mind, that the heart aches to think of it, and yet stir not a hair's breadth to assist it in that terrible extremity, and raise it by any small degree out of its deplorable and brutalized condition—of men, who, with the vital interests of a race at stake, while an invaluable institution is tottering under attack, or a fearful despotism is being treacherously reared up, keep within doors, seated in their arm-chairs by the fireside, heedless of everything good save their chess and their 'cnaster.

What they will not move out of that snug corner to do for a nation, they will not, while they are their own masters, be roused to do for any individual in the nation. Poverty may lie bruised and gasping on the doorstep, but they will not offer it the sustenance of a crust, the balm of a kind word. Tell a philanthropist of this order that the man will die of want at his gate, and his great soul, looking out of his half-shut eyes, will perceive no dying object there—it will see nothing but

futurity, revealing to him its benevolent secret, that, a hundred years hence, it will be all the same whether a poor devil die there or not.

A good Christian philosopher who can raise his mind to a point (and keep it there,) whence a full century, with all its cradles and its graves, can be clearly overlooked, cannot be supposed to see, "with equal eye," any disagreeable subject immediately before him. It may or may not be there; the thing may be afflicting and pitiable, or otherwise; but however it be, one fact he deems certain, that it will be all the same in the next century, or the century after.

A child may be falling under horses' feet, or a mother may be floating down a stream; but why, upon this principle, risk a kick or a wet jacket? Lost or saved, it will ultimately be the same thing. The house over the way may be on fire, but as it cannot cross the road, the roasting of the inmates is of trifling consequence, and will be of none at all in due season. Why encounter peril and get scorched in the coat-skirts, to avert a calamity, or to promote an escape, when the two things will be as one by and by? Why hasten, with the reprieve in one's pocket, to save the pardoned culprit from being hanged? A sharp push, to be sure, will do it—another minute is enough—but a hundred years hence, where will be the difference to him between guilt and innocence, a grave in Newgate or in Westminster Abbey?

Cold-blooded indifference—apathy that makes a stagnant pool of the heart's life-stream—selfishness that knows not how truly to enjoy even what it miserably and stupidly calls its own—never yet had so comfortable a creed. But the tendency of the false and often fatal principle is, not to stop there. He who blindly adopts it as an established philosophical reason why he should take but little interest in the affairs of the world, and as little trouble to advance the welfare of his neighbour, often insensibly turns it, a two-edged implement, against himself.

It is the insidious enemy of all exertion, all enterprise, all moral excellence, all intellectual distinction. The poet who sends forth his lines, wanting any charm of clearness or consistency or strength that studious and patient labour can give, while comforting himself with the notion that his sonnet will be all the same a hundred years hence, may make up his little mind that it will be a profound secret to all the world at the period spoken of. In like manner, to take another example in the poet's opposite—the statesman who winks at a wrong when done in his own behalf, who mistakes a bench of partisans for a powerful people, and confounds the session in which he struggles with the century whose spirit he should understand, may learn that the expedient and the just are not essentially the same, even after the lapse of a hundred years, and that it is possible for one man to be much talked of and little thought of.

The selfish man's excuse for indifference in the affairs of mankind becomes the justification of a vicious laziness in the transaction of his own. The business which otherwise he would set about to-night is deferred until the morning; the work of to-morrow is of course postponed until next week; and the duty of the next week is delayed indefinitely. The debate whether a necessary task, easily performed, shall be done now, or on Tuesday next, is a dangerous error; but when the postponement is made on the great principle of the sluggard's philosophy, that it will be all the same a hundred years hence, the

fault becomes a fatal one, and the consequences are generally irremediable.

It might interest the thoughtful reader, to search his memory or his books for examples—furnished abundantly in national and individual history—of the error of this calculation,—that apparently trivial matters, however settled, must always be the same after a long interval of time. It would be easy to bring down many great birds that came from small eggs. If, when the infant Buonaparte was cutting his teeth, a Corsican nurse had given him by mistake a wrong syrup, she might sagely have exclaimed that it would be all the same a hundred years hence—yet the little tooth-cutter lived to work some differences in his day. And when Newton's gardener swept away the famous apple, he could have conscientiously declared that whether it fell prematurely, or remained to swell the forthcoming pie of the philosopher, was an affair of no possible moment to people in the next century—yet the accident was by no means unimportant, even in the minor sense of speculation and curiosity.

But to such inquiries there would be no end. They are not necessary to the proof of the gross and mischievous folly of the reasoner, who would justify an omission of his own, on the score of its non-importance to posterity. That folly is shewn in the fact, that it may be unimportant a century hence, but vitally important the next day—that it may not be practically hurtful to our grandchildren, and yet immediately injurious to ourselves. The maxim is too often the suggestion of those busy Fiends (our wild passions and selfish vices) who palter with us in a double sense—keeping the letter, but not the spirit, of promise—and rendering what is inconsequential in the grave a matter of grave potency while our temporal interests are in existence.

GLIMPSES OF THE WORLD OF FASHION.*

Ushered in undescribed, with no title but the name of its hero—without a word of explanation, to assign it to some particular class of composition, whether novel or romance, tale of actual life, or vision of impossibilities—"Meredith," by the Countess of Blessington, is in reality two stories. The book divides in the middle, and the two parts are connected but by a very slight, yet potent and natural thread of interest. The first half partakes of a far higher quality of writing than the last; although there are thousands of readers, thirsting evermore for new stories of romance and passion, who will be of a different way of thinking.

All that is said and done in the first volume took place while Meredith, who is the writer of his own memoirs, was but a mere infant. Yet he describes the characters, the courtship, and the married life of his sensual and profligate father, and his high-wrought, holy-minded mother—paints in exact and elaborate detail the people who figure about them—reveals their inmost thoughts and emotions—reports their private whisperings and glances—shews them up, in fact,

* Meredith. by the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols.

in the very secrecy of their machinations and intrigues; greatly, it must be confessed to our astonishment, at his superhuman powers of observation and remembrance; until we learn that he has derived all his information relative to these early days, in long after life, from a faithful servant of the family;—though any one disposed to be hypercritical might still wonder how that faithful old female contrived, not merely to overhear the closest conversation, in the house and out of the house, to note the faces of her master's guests when she could not be present, and to read their letters which she never saw, but even to penetrate into their souls and discover all that was passing within!

This little oversight, so to be detected by the indefatigable hunters after objections, is at all events no drawback to the interest of the narrative of the fortunes of the Elder Merediths and their contemporaries, who compose a set of most noticeable persons, delineated with that skill and tact in the portraiture of worldly character, with that deep knowledge of the frivolous mysteries of high-life manners and prejudices, and we will add, with that courage to expose and denounce in their worst hideousness the hateful selfishness and sickening depravity of which fashion is sometimes the beauteous mask—by which the best of Lady Blessington's previous tales have been very strikingly characterized.

We unaffectedly admire both the intimacy with the subject and the resolution to deal justly with it, which appear in these chapters. In literary excellence and in moral tendency, they equally do honour to the pen to which we owe them.

On one point indeed we are inclined to raise a moral objection. We do not like to see the gallant, the sensitive, the high-minded Meredith becoming the voluntary chronicler of such deeds as those of which his miserable father was guilty. What a terrible picture of selfishness and depravity we have in the character and career of this father, Spencer Meredith—this hot lover and worse than icy husband—this tyrant over wife and child, bound and chained as he is by the whims of a mistress, who, as the wife of his friend, he introduces under his own roof amidst a set of fashionable delinquents; only not the *most* despicable of mankind, because he is of the party.

Once or twice we were made half sensible of a little exaggeration in the degree of brutality and insult displayed, so soon after marriage, by Spencer Meredith to the object of his rapturous passion, whose beauty charms every eye but his own, and whose pure and warm affections flourish in the chilling shade of neglect and scorn; but it would perhaps be rash to say that even this strong repulsive picture is overcoloured; and we forgive the son who is here made its painter, in consideration of the beauty of that which indeed it would be impossible to exaggerate—the simple truth of character delineated in Mrs. Meredith, who is a sort of Amelia in high-life, hardly less real, and not a whit less exalted. This character is beautifully drawn; and, with the affecting death-bed of the penitent husband, reconciles us to the tragic horror of a succession of scenes wherein human nature figures but as a glittering serpent.

One of the characters, a Mr. Mellingcourt, a *millionaire* all meanness, a candidate for admission into the highest circle without applying a golden key, is powerfully painted. There is something exquisitely ludicrous, and yet the truth is too sad to be laughed at, in the system by which he seeks and obtains respect, *merely* on the score of his riches

—not in the slightest degree by the use of them. It is fearful to reflect on the fact here shewn, the moral here inculcated, that it is quite enough to *have* wealth, without the smallest regard to spending it rightly, to win the adulation of the world, even of those who boast of belonging to the porcelain order of its clay. Mellingcourt gives no dinner to a human sycophant, the whole season through—but everybody has the best of dinners for him, because he can never be in want of one. He lends spare cash to nobody, and gives not a farthing away, but he possesses countless thousands to give or lend if he likes, and is therefore anything but contemptible in the eyes of mankind. He is incomparably stupid, mean, and vulgar—but he is rich, and that is enough. When, at a table of lords and ladies, he spoke slightingly of a fortune of fifty thousand or so, and hinted at his own ability to buy it up fifty times over without entirely selling out of the funds—strange to say, the feeling his vulgarity engendered was one, not of scorn, but of increased *respect*. How rich he must be! All interest, if not all sense of virtue, was in that reflection. And a most instructive expositor of many melancholy secrets discoverable in the great world of fashion appears in the person of Lord William Mortimer. Connected with Lord William is a short reflective passage, which we must copy.

"Lord William Mortimer, like too many other younger branches of the aristocracy, was cursed with a taste for expense, which his scanty provision as a *cadet de famille* was not calculated to support. Few are those who commiserate this ill-judged and ill-used class of society. Its members, born in feudal dwellings, adorned with all the ensigns of grandeur, and nursed in the very lap of luxury, with eyes accustomed to behold on every side the gauds of hereditary splendour, and with palates habituated only to the choicest viands and exotic delicacies of a princely table, are little fitted for the hardships they must undergo. Behold them while yet in their minorities, ere reason has assumed her empire over their minds, cast on the world either as soldiers, sailors, *attachés d'ambassades*, or embryo parsons, with barely the means of supporting a frugal existence—to defray even the cost of which demands a system of rigid economy seldom appertaining to youth, and least of all to youth nurtured in the hotbed of luxury. Fancy a Lord Augustus, or a Lord William Henry, with a high-sounding, historical, and aristocratic name attached to it, compelled, after having quitted the magnificent paternal mansion, to lodge in some small and miserable house, in a narrow street, and—O degradation!—perhaps over a mean shop! Instead of being waited on, as hitherto, by half a score of pampered menials, arrayed in laced liveries, and with powdered heads, exhaling the fragrance of a perfumer's shop, look on him, attended by a single servant of uncouth aspect, and smelling of the stable. See him eating off delf * * * * For me, I cannot dwell on their hapless destinies without the deepest sympathy; and how they can appear in the world with smiling faces, while enduring such privations, has ever been to me a matter of the most extreme surprise. But 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' 'and shorn indeed to the quick' are those high-born and much-enduring youths."

Lord William, amongst other things, is a master in the art of match-making—a whimsical instance is afforded; but we must pass on, to salute a more finished, but not more respectable member of the order, in Lord Lymington.

"The whole stock of affection generally implanted in the human heart to be called into action by its fellow-beings, was entirely bestowed by Lord Lymington on self, and it may be doubted whether all the ties of nature formed by man in the relative positions of son, husband, father, brother, and friend, ever exceeded, if they equalled, the sum expended by this individual on himself. This undue expenditure brought with it its own punishment, for the whole powers of his mind being directed to but one focus—the study to avoid suffering any of the bodily or mental ills to which all of poor human kind are subject, not unfrequently occasioned even greater annoyances than those he sought to evade. Lord Lymington had read that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and mistaking the true sense

of the philosophic poet who wrote the line, applied that which was meant for mankind generally to his own individual case. So bland were his manners, and so even seemed his temper, that he was, on a first acquaintance, sure to captivate the good will of those with whom he came in contact. Nor did they discover how much too favourably they had judged him, until, on a greater intimacy, encouraged by his urbanity, they ventured to appeal to his sympathy when labouring under some of the trials from which none are exempt. Too quickly, then, they found that he listened to the relation of their afflictions with an indifference which not even his habitual good breeding could conceal; and that he ever after carefully avoided their society."

This noble lord is guardian to the youthful Meredith; and at the first meeting, takes the hand of his ward—but drops it instantly, for he finds it hot, and is alarmed at the bare possibility of fever! He is delighted with Meredith Park, but observing the vivid green of the lawn, fears the damp, and discovers that the youth has a pale face. "The father and mother, too, died here!" is his considerate reflection, in the youth's presence; and he would doubtless have ordered his horses on the spot, but that luncheon had been ordered first. He had given many injunctions that the *côtelettes à la minute* should be particularly tender; and he desired his attending physician, while these were preparing, to mix a camphor julep for him. "Be sure to bring down the thermometer," added the peer, "in order that there may be no mistake about the temperature of the room I am to sit in. You had better, also, prepare a digestive pill, lest I may suffer from the tough meat one is always sure to encounter in the country."

This is a specimen of the *malade imaginaire* in which there is no touch of caricature—but the creature should be seen at full length, in undiminished, unextenuated selfishness, to do him justice.

Lord Lymington, however, died one summer day, an unlamented victim to his selfishness, the miserable dupe of a rascally valet, and the deceiver of everybody not utterly worthless who had confidently reckoned on being remembered in his will. To whomsoever he intended to cheat into his service, to trick out of their attentions and assiduities, he would say—

"You will find, my good friend, that I have not forgotten you in my will."

If the game were worth a little extra trouble, he would go so far as to produce the document, and put his finger upon the passage bequeathing a rich handful of his untold hoards. How the lucky looker-on would rub his hands, mentally, as the coming legacy flashed on his vision! He felt the money already in his pockets, there or thereabouts. It was his, of course, past all doubt or mistake—the day after to-morrow, or the morning after that. The gold was told down —and only waited to be taken up.

And on his noble benefactor he accordingly attended, as in duty bound, summer and winter, night and noon-time—proclaiming his many invisible virtues—trumpeting his innumerable unknown and undiscoverable talents—watching for opportunities of tending his few real wants and his multitudinous whims and affectations—and evincing his own gratitude and respect in every conceivable shape of servitude and toadyism.

Oh! ye immortal gods! as the great Roman cried. What, then, would be his sensations of indignation and astonishment, when, on the death of the noble lord, it was discovered that this munificent benefactor had, on the very day after he had displayed the golden-lettered

passage of his last will and testament to the legacy-hunting gaze of his affectionate sycophant, added a cool codicil to the document, annulling the legacy, and appending as a reason for the change, some biting libel upon the poor devil thus pitilessly cut off?

Such was the practice of cunning Lord Lymington. Even ladies, when they heard his will read, found themselves flattered and worshipped in a thumping legacy, for which they invoked blessings upon his memory—only to mutter swarms of pretty little spiteful execrations between their teeth, when they heard read aloud the cruel codicil, which, by striking off the bequest, seemed to allege against them some secret and shameful offence against the illustrious, the munificent-minded deceased!

There may be Lord Lymingtons still left alive and above ground, some with, some without coronets; and the moral we derive from Lady Blessington's picture of the peer is, that all toadying and sycophantic waiters for dead men's shoes, should never fondly fancy that they have seen a will, unless they have seen every one of the codicils.

The remainder of Meredith's narrative is, as we have hinted, a romantic and moving love-story, in which he plays the appropriate hero to a heroine who is perfectly irresistible. The tale is full of vicissitude, sentiment, and passion. It is terrifying in some places, and affecting in more; there is profound mystery, and unexpected discovery; vice of a black-jet dye, and virtue which, though diamond-like in its lustre and durability, is neither too lasting nor too bright to be human—that is, womanly—for man can rarely claim it in the same degree.

THE WOFUL VOICE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THERE came a voice from a distant land, with a sad lamenting tone—
It told of war, and chains, and death, power lost, and glory gone;
A voice of pain, despair, and woe, a wild and mournful cry—
"Oh, England! mother! weep for us, a bitter death we die!

"Weary and wounded, faint and few, we fight, and fight in vain;
We die, and leave our bones to strew this desert's icy plain,
And to *thee* the memory of our blood, and our distant tomb to be
An altar and a fitting shrine for a vengeance worthy thee."

And England heard that woful voice, and bow'd her queenly head,
And there went a wail round her sacred shores, a mourning for the dead;
For many a happy heart was chill'd, and many a hope laid low,
And many a warm affection sleeps with them beneath the snow.

And England wept—well may she weep—yet doth she weep in vain;
Not all her tears, her blood, her wealth, can bring back life again,
Or change that note of utter grief, or hush that voice of shame,
Which tells of chains and bitter death, defeat, and tarnish'd fame.

There came a voice from a distant land, a wild and mournful cry—
"Oh, England! mother! weep for us, a bitter death we die!
And we leave to thee our desert tomb, a fitting shrine to be
For a vengeance meet for such fate as ours, a vengeance worthy thee!

"Oh, England! mourn thy fallen sons; oh! gallant hearts and brave,
Mourn hearts as gallant and as true—mourn, for ye could not save;
And let their distant, desert tomb, a deathless altar be
To vengeance worthy wrongs like theirs, to vengeance worthy ye!"

Our Library Table.

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

Marmaduke Wyvil; or, the Maid's Revenge. By Henry William Herbert, Esq., author of "Oliver Cromwell." 3 *vols. Colburn.*—"There are a hundred faults in this tale," says the introduction to the "Vicar of Wakefield;" we cannot so safely add to this remark, which is applicable to the story before us, the qualification that follows—"and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties;" but of this we are sure, that hundreds of tears will be shed upon it to blot them out.

The writer makes his first appearance in his own character, his second on the literary stage; and he deserves a cordial welcome. He has great powers, and considerable proficiency in the rare art—the art of rightly using his powers; but he has something to learn, too, respecting the management of them, (possibly he is not very old yet,) or he would not waste them in surcharged description, in needless partialities for the painful, in eloquent elaborations substituted for simple touches, these substitutions being rendered necessary by the mistake of choosing a design that depends for effect less upon any merit or novelty of its own than upon the brilliant and powerful execution of it.

The work is woven out of the usual mixed materials, the historical and the fictitious; and the interest of it consists solely in the repetition of the old story, the conduct of a devoted and deserted maiden, who takes revenge upon her infamous lover by sacrificing herself and heaping obligations upon him. Yet with what vigour and freshness is the old tale told!

Rich and rare Alice Selby! bright and true as anything that English beauty, whether in books or in flesh and blood, has to boast of! We may have met you before upon a score of occasions, but never did your spells work more powerfully upon the soul. You may not now be created for the first time, but you will not soon be forgotten.

It was so long ago as the day following the great battle at Worcester, when the crowning mercy was vouchsafed to Cromwell, that the lovely and noble Alice was gazing, without one poisoned arrow in her pure and generous heart, upon the landscape stretching around her father's old hall, Woolverton. Hotly pursued by the Protector's soldiers, a Royalist dashed within view; he was young, handsome—her sympathies, moreover, and those of her fond father, were with the cause he had fought for, but all this was nothing—it was enough that he was in peril; every drop of her kind blood was on fire to save him, and at the risk of every thing precious to her, (her own life not being thought of,) she did save him. Alice became the guardian angel of the gallant cavalier, Marmaduke Wyvil. At great sacrifice and cost, with the utmost anxiety and amidst imminent danger, he was snatched from the grasp of death, and buried (but alive) in a secret chamber which defied discovery. There she ministered to his wants, and cheered his despondency; and there the gratitude of the ardent cavalier soon took a yet tenderer shape, and spoke in the tones of love. But even before it so spake, her own heart was moulded by an instinctive sympathy to hear; it had unconsciously throbbed for Wyvil. A suspicion that she loved the glorious-featured being she had saved darted across the innocent mind of Alice. She shrunk from visiting him in his drear and silent seclusion. She resented the suspicion—it was bold, unmaidenly effrontery to love, herself unloved; and she prayed to be freed from such imaginations, and resolved to drive out the thought (bitter-sweet, perhaps, as it was) for ever. But, says the eloquent narrator—"Such thoughts are most insidious and subtle guests; and once admitted into the sanctuary of the human mind, can scarcely be ejected thence, but will creep forward—onward and forward still! till they have reached the shrine and altar of that wondrous temple, disguised, perhaps, and hidden under some specious mask, but still

unchanged and vigorously active; and at the last shake off this counterfeited semblance, and kindle the whole place with the full blaze of confessed and overmastering passion." Alice ere she had well found out her own love, discovered Wyvil's. Wyvil was a warm—almost a wild—a truly passionate love-maker. They embraced, as though they were to be but one being evermore; and when, by the most hazardous paths and through accumulated difficulties, Wyvil escaped into France, so present was he to her far-seeing soul, that she hardly felt they were separated. In France, Wyvil was in greater peril that in England. There was a tyrant in his own breast more potent than the pitiless Protector. A dangerous and subtle element of his nature was there roused into action. His besetting weakness was vanity—the vanity of being first in all things—vanity which he would fain have dignified by the title of that ambition for which casual observers might mistake it. An act of generous bravery had given him a claim upon the interest of the loveliest English lady attendant upon the fortunes of her exiled monarch at the court of Louis. We leave him for a moment exposed to the fascination of her smile, and return to a picture of Alice under the trials of absence.

Alice had from infancy enjoyed the regards and the solicitude of a spotless and high-spirited relative, her cousin, Henry Chaloner, a colonel in Cromwell's service, the paragon of roundheads, the personification of all that was lofty, chivalrous, and sincere, in the republican cause. From Chaloner, charged with the apprehension of Marmaduke, had Alice concealed her lover; from her he could not so easily conceal his more than cousinly love. Rescuing her from the gripe of ruffians by whom she was beset, the bursting though strongly controlled heart of Chaloner gave forth the expression of its passion, and prayed for a return. Alas! there was gratitude, esteem, reverence, even, but these only, for him. All the rest—all that was most exquisite and inexpressible—was for Marmaduke, from whom she awaited, week by week, and month by month, tidings of truth and love—of truth, which only at distant intervals she would allow herself to doubt—of love which, if it should ever fail, must involve the failure of life also. And at last we learn that there were not so many radiant smiles on her bright face—"There was not such a mirthful and continuous sunshine as had been wont to beam from all her sparkling features; there was not such a bounding and elastic joy as used to manifest itself in every motion of her light fairy frame." Yet she was the very soul of patience—of womanly heroism even.

At length the absent lover wrote—the letter was intercepted—its contents proved that he had been concealed at Woolverton, and its venerable owner, with his devoted daughter, were banished from England, driven from their loved home, amidst the tears of friends and dependents, as a punishment for saving, in his vital need, the brave, the generous, the faithful Marmaduke.

Forth they went to seek an asylum with a relation at the French court. Forth went Alice, comforted in her deep affliction with the thought that in banishment she should be nearer to Marmaduke. The sweet hope turned to bitter despair. We left him exposed to a fascination which his vain, fickle, selfish, passionate temperament was without the power to resist. In Paris, the hunted wretch, whose life had been heroically saved by her on whom the penalty of expatriation for the deed had now fallen, was the admired of all admirers. She heard of him as the universal captivator; she saw him even the worshipping attendant upon beauty, herself unseen;—until at last her own pure, and at first disbelieving ears, convinced her, not merely of his criminal infidelity in plighting vows to another, but of his indescribable baseness, ingratitude, and infamy, in denying the existence of the passion he had professed for her. And this was her reward—*hers*. But revenge was offered her, in the attentions—the admiration of a whole court dazzled by her beauty, and charmed by a modesty so wonderfully rare, especially in that place and period. Marmaduke hears—and then sees. He beholds Alice—Alice the admired of the courtly multitude—*his* Alice! Deeper and deeper had his vain nature sunk in the worldly and the despicable; but now, it was aroused, not by a feeling of shame, but by a new instinct of selfishness. He had the effrontery to walk up to her, in one of the pauses of the dance, exclaiming, "And has

not Mistress Selby one glance of recognition, one word of welcome, for an old friend?"

Throughout the night the sense of betrayal and desertion had intruded like a ghastly phantom in the midst of revelry and mirth; but now—

"She turned her head round quickly, and, not now pale and haggard from long and close confinement, as when he plighted her his faith, but full of health and vigour, and high manly beauty, sumptuously attired, and seemingly in the highest spirits, Marmaduke stood before her. Her cheek, indeed her brow—nay, more, her neck and bosom, and all the smooth expanse of her fair shoulders, were suffused for a moment with a deep crimson blush; but her clear eye retained its natural calmness, and her melodious voice did not falter, as she extended her hand to him frankly, and replied in French, to the words which he had spoken in their own language, in order that de Bellefonds, who was standing by her side, might not conceive himself excluded. 'Indeed, I have,' she said; 'I am sincerely glad to see you, and Monsieur de Bellefonds here can tell you that I asked after you from him, and expressed my joy at your well doing.'

"'Well—you will dance with me,' he added, 'will you not? for I have very much to say to you, and more to ask. I can't guess what brought you hither; come, they are standing up even now.'

"'I would with pleasure,' she replied, 'and I will, if you wish it, by and by; but for this time I am engaged to the count here!'

"He looked at her steadfastly for a moment, and then said in English in a low voice, 'You are changed, Alice—you are changed. You have been flirting here with kings and dukes and barons, until you think a British gentleman beneath your notice.'

"She gave him one look—*one!* fraught with the whole of her deep mind,—so mild, so tender, and yet at the same time so ineffably reproachful, that his eye sunk beneath it. '*Allons!*' she said, '*monsieur le comte*, the dancers are arranged in their places,' and with the words, she gave him her gloved hand, and passed onward.

"'Beautiful creature!' muttered Wyvil to himself; 'more beautiful tenfold!' and then he followed quickly after them, and said in French, as he overtook them, 'The next dance, then—the next dance, Mistress Alice will be mine.'

"'Certainly, if you wish it,' she replied, and then the instruments burst forth with a loud symphony, and all the graceful forms started at once into quick motion."

The scene continued in the same spirit, the power with which womanly feeling was suppressed suggesting an image of that terrible one of Ford's, in the "Broken Heart." The effect was shewn in the after reflections of the bewildered and double-dealing betrayer.

"'This girl,' so ran his anxious meditation, 'this artless and unsophisticated girl! what can it mean? I do not understand. By Heaven! no regular town beauty accustomed for long years to all the homage, all the gay flattery of courts, could carry it more easily. So calm—so self-possessed—so graceful! Can she have heard? Can she suspect? No!—no! it is not possible; there would have been wrath, indignation, jealousy! No!—no! she could not so have met me—could not have so conversed with me, and that too touching Isabella, had she dreamed only that she was her rival, her successful rival! and yet in what—in what is there comparison or rivalry? In what? In nothing. She must—she shall be mine!' And with the thought he sprang up from his chair, and began once more to stride with heavy and irregular steps to and fro the saloon, till he stopped once again and said aloud, 'And what then—what with Isabella? Her fiery, Spanish temper, when she shall find herself deserted!—there will be no restraint, no curb upon its fury!—no corslet that could ward off her sharp vengeance! And it was but to-day—this cursed day!—doubly cursed to-day! that I committed myself to her, beyond all retractation! And if I could retract, would Alice hear me? There was no love in her cool eye, no consciousness either of injury endured, or of remaining tenderness, or of premeditated wrong. All calm, as if we had been ever friends, more than friends never! Oh! I am hedged about with toils on every side, beset, betrayed; thousands of devils! ruined—ay, ruined beyond hope! My estates forfeited—ay, and the very hope of their restoration gone—sold to the pestilent Jews—lost! lost! beyond redemption!"

What followed? Influenced by mingled passions and abject wants, by vanity, by re-awakened passion, by the necessity of repairing his ruined fortunes, he threw himself at the feet of the Forsaken, renewed his false vows, and—when a word of truth, one word, might perchance have saved him—denied by solemn oaths the utterance of those new vows, of that denial of his

first profession of passion, which his indignant and outraged victim had herself heard. The soul of Alice sickened at his infamy and meanness—she despised him, and she told him so—but (what is impossible to love in woman?) she loved him still with all her heart.

Alice, rendered an orphan by this cruel betrayal, was now herself dying. She sought her great revenge in her last moments. Bestowing on the despicable Wyvil the wealth which could alone procure him the hand of the bright beauty for whom he had deserted her, Alice hoped to secure his reformation and happiness. He did not scruple to accept it; but standing at the altar, the witness of his marriage with her lovely and innocent rival, her emotions betrayed her; and the agonized bride discovered the heartlessness of the alliance she had so nearly formed. Wyvil was cast off in scorn when he seemed most secure; and ending his life miserably and in frenzy, only escaped a meeting from which, brave as he was, his soul shrunk, with the injured avenger of the wrongs of Alice.

Amidst great admiration of the power with which this common story is wrought up into splendid romance, we turn to a few points of objection. Many readers, hurried on by the passionate earnestness of the narrative, will not pause to heed the exaggerated description and redundant epithet which are frequently observable. Several of the conflicts and death-struggles are open to a protest on the score of taste, however attractive they may be to the majority of romance-readers; but the following, of a less ghastly character, will more conveniently shew what is meant:—

"The gorgeous light of an unclouded afternoon at Midsummer, was clothing the rich woods and grassy lawns in a resplendent robe of golden glory—the air was all alive and vocal with the hum of ten thousand glittering insects—the gardens were one glow of roses, with myriads of bright butterflies fluttering round their perfumed petals—the streams were rippling with a soft melody like woman's laughter—earth, water, air were redolent of mirth and beauty; and as the slow and ponderous carriage, which conveyed the old man and his daughter from the place of their birth, rolled as it were reluctantly over the smoothly gravelled road, it seemed to Alice as if the grinding wheels were crushing out the joys, the hopes, the very life of her young heart," &c.

Among the common-place tricks of art, may be noticed the practice (a popular one, we admit) of re-introducing a character at a given point, with an elaborate description of his person and costume; so that, in some interesting situation, we are led to expect an entirely new comer, and it turns out to be an old acquaintance. These are small vices, it is true, but they are the less worth persisting in by such a writer as Mr. Herbert is.

A more important defect in the construction of his present work, is the uniformity observed in giving each of his principal characters a claim upon some other on the score of saving life! Alice has saved that of Marmaduke, who forsakes her—hence his ingratitude is heightened; Chaloner, who is rejected by Alice, has saved hers—hence, his claim to the love denied him seems to be advanced; Wyvil has saved Isabella—hence a tie is established in that quarter for similar uses. The characters compose a little Humane Society. Nevertheless, we confidently say, that in no society where humanity exists, can there be an atom of insensibility to the bold delineations of passion, and the forcible lessons of principle—the pictures of virtue, villany, and suffering—to be found in Marmaduke Wyvil.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE EAST.

Claims of the Christian Aborigines of the Turkish or Osmanli Empire. By W. F. Ainsworth, F.G.S., &c. Cunningham and Mortimer.—The extent of the information, and the interest of the claims advocated in these pages are singularly disproportioned to the small size and low price of the work. The subject—the claims of the Christian aborigines of the Turkish empire upon civilized nations—falls properly into the literary care of Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, who, it may be remembered, had in charge the late expedition to the Chaldean Christians, from the Christian Knowledge Society. His object is to promote

the interests, both spiritual and temporal, of a prostrate and often wronged and suffering people; and it appears that he purposes to devote some monthly effort, in a separate publication, to that philanthropic, though we fear not readily attainable purpose. His present view of the subject includes three divisions, and he severally treats of the claims of the aborigines, the existing condition and prospects of the Osmanli empire, and the aspect and position of the missionary enterprise in Western Asia. It may be proper to remind the reader, as the first step to awaken his interest, that the only right possessed by the Osmanli Turks to the rich and great countries (for the most part, Christian formerly) over which they rule, is that of conquest. They rose to power within the country, but they are not the aborigines of it. Mr. Ainsworth shews, we think, by bringing extensive reading and close argument to his aid, that there are many considerations affecting the welfare of these people which deserve to be entertained; and he forcibly advances the suggestion which was once laid before parliament, of the necessity of giving protection to our Protestant brethren in the East. The French have long since taken under their protection the Roman Catholics of Turkey. But of course nothing in the way of permanent security and advancement could be effected, but by all sects and classes of Christians in the East making common cause, and exhibiting in practice the brotherhood which should be the bond of their faith. Our zealous advocate perceives in the establishment of Protestant sees in the Mediterranean and at Jerusalem, a circumstance which tends strongly to increase confidence in the proximate regeneration of the East. That he himself has enthusiasm, as well as confidence, is seen in a passage of considerable power, which we here subjoin:—

"As it has been said that there are stars so distant, that though their light has been travelling towards us ever since the creation, it has never yet reached us, so there are meanings in God's dispensations, a light in events long past, which, through our imperfection of moral vision, or the thick medium through which we have to judge, may not yet have broken upon us, and may not, indeed, till far in the bosom of eternity. The meaning of the brazen serpent in the wilderness was not seen till the Son of Man was lifted up on the cross; the purpose of David's education as a shepherd was not read till the publication of the Book of Psalms. There was a meaning in that three years' drought and famine in the time of Elijah, in the reign of Ahab, in the land of Judea, not known even to the church of God till the general epistle of James, after the crucifixion of our Saviour. An event like that of Bunyan's imprisonment for thirteen years had a meaning that could not be seen by that generation, indeed is but beginning to be known now, after the translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into more than twenty languages. An event in a still greater cycle of dispensations, like the banishment of the puritans to America, had a meaning which we are now only beginning to comprehend. And lastly, circumstances like those which threw the key of the Mediterranean into the possession of a Protestant power, did the same with Malta—the bridge between the Oriental and the Occidental world—and, finally, opened one of the antique gates of Christendom to the same nation, can only be understood when those future events have begun to march by in succession, for which those previous steps of God's providence are so evidently taken."

SLEEPING AND DREAMING.

Mens Corporis, a Treatise on the Operations of the Mind in Sleep. By Fountain Hastings Elwin, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Parker.—The best thing, perhaps, ever said about sleep was uttered by Sancho, when he called down blessings on the man who first invented it. "It wraps one all over like a cloak," is said with a sense of the exact truth, and a rich experience of comfort and coziness, exalting the commonplace into something poetical.

The poets, it must be admitted, however, in their way, have beaten Sancho as much in other high qualities, as he may have excelled them in homeliness, when apostrophizing "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" and then above all, there are, as sleep's attendants, the dreams which are the poet's realities, the world of his own creation, from which he is ever loath to wake to the substantiality of a flinty couch, a thorny path, a hard-hearted gene-

ration, and perhaps, ultimately, a cold marble monument—provided he is lucky, and no dean-and-chapter interfere to prevent its erection.

And truly it may well happen, that the encomiums which, from Shakspeare down to the very latest sonnetteer, our poets have lavished upon sleep—that the dreams wherein, with eyes sealed up, they have beheld forms and colours of such exquisite and enduring beauty—should have abounded in that quarter at all times, seeing that civilized nations have so long been prone to keep their poetical functionaries scant of food; and that, according to the treatise before us, in such scantiness is the treasure of poetry to be very frequently found. To speak rather in the key of the physician than the metaphysician, when the stomach is quite empty the head overflows.

"Those," says Mr. Elwin, in this learned and thoughtful work—"those who have undergone great pain and suffering from starvation are said to describe their dreams as being peculiarly beautiful. Some persons have submitted to deprivation of food for the express purpose of inducing dreams of a poetic nature, and have, by their own statements, been rewarded by an abundance of dreams peculiarly brilliant and enchanting, infinitely more so than at any other time. It is singular that dreaming should be possible during the severest pains of hunger, and still more so that under such circumstances they should be of any other kind than distressing."

It is fortunate, however, as well as singular; and since starvation and imaginative beauty are so intimately allied, standing indeed almost in the relationship of cause and effect, it would be not exactly undesirable, that some of the rich and worldly starvers of the sons of literature should be themselves converted, by this very natural and easy process of hunger, into poets. There would be poetical justice in it, at all events. Cut off the supplies at Lovegrove's, stop the ever-flowing tide of good things at the door of the London Tavern, and what cantos of prime new town-made verse would pour in upon our publishers, whilst every "poet's corner" of the press would daily, nightly, and weekly run over in rhyme.

Most cordially do we hope that Mr. Elwin, to whom we are here indebted for much curious information relative to sleeping and dreaming, has not found it at all necessary to deny himself corporal comforts in order to qualify himself for an investigation of the *Mens Corporis*. We trust, in the most grateful spirit, that the intellectual quality of his subject was not of such a nature as wholly to preclude mutton, or to render plain foggy air the sole delicacy of the season. We will rather suppose that there may be something after all in the old theory which Dryden expounds, by the lips (so to speak) of Dame Partlet, with such characteristic force and clearness:—

> "This yellow gall that in the stomach floats
> Engenders all these visionary thoughts;
> When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
> Of flames, and all the family of red;
> Red dragons and red beasts in sleep we view,
> For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
> From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
> And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
> Choler adust congeals our blood with fear;
> Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
> In sanguine, airy dreams, aloft we bound;
> With rheums oppress'd, we sink in rivers drown'd.
> More I could say, but thus conclude my theme—
> The dominating humour makes the dream."

Many persons never dream at all—they will find enough in this work to make them strongly desirous of the possession of the faculty. It would be like losing one of the essential senses to be without it—a faculty only less precious than that of waking again. Those who can and do dream, will discern, both in a literary and philosophical sense, much to interest them in the opinions which Mr. Elwin has here, from remote as well as from more familiar sources, drawn together, and in the sagacity and knowledge with which he has supported his own. His aim includes an inquiry into the nature of mind, and the sensative and insensative states, the mental action in each of these conditions, the period

of transition, the construction of mind, the moral power and free will, with an examination of various opinions concerning the nature of mind and instinct. Through the discussions into which these various sections lead him, it would be vain to follow our guide, however intelligent; but there is sufficient in his matter to reward the philosophic inquirer. There is an obscurity, we confess, not unallied to the doziness of the subject, pervading some of his reasonings and speculations; but the work, nevertheless, is manifestly the performance of a zealous student, trained to habits of patient investigation, and gifted with much natural acuteness.

Experience renders the following passage one of universal interest:—

"We are sometimes alarmed in our dreams by supposed danger, and are conscious of making an exertion to save ourselves, but yet without success. At the moment of the anticipated danger, the terror is often so great as to awake us. For instance, it is no uncommon occurrence to dream of being pursued by wild beasts: we distinctly see their approach, and endeavour to escape by running away, or by climbing to some secure place: but every effort to move seems to be in vain; we are unable to exert ourselves. Usually no cause appears to prevent our escape; no object is seen to restrain the urgent attempts to save ourselves by flight from the pursuing animals; but yet every limb is paralyzed—every effort is in vain. The cause of this peculiar state of mental action may be thus explained. The remembrance, and consequently the apparent reality, in sleep, of our ideas of touch, are not so vivid as those of vision. We see distinctly the objects of our terror, but the memory does not bring before the mind the idea of the sensation of touch, and consequently we cannot imagine the sensation of running or climbing, which would ensue upon that remembrance. The clearness with which the memory reproduces before the mind the ideas of past time, formed by the sensation of vision, causes those ideas of imagined vision to be peculiarly powerful; the contrary is the case with the sense of touch; thus the imagined sense of touch will be less clear and distinct than the imagined sense of vision; and when compared with it, as in the supposed scene, will, for that reason, produce confusion in the mind of the dreamer. In the waking state, the mind is accustomed to the usual and invariable distinctness of the different sensations; and no confusion arises in the mind, because each sense operates uniformly and without any apparent variation. In sleep, the remarkable clearness of visual imagination increased by the vividness and intensity of the mental action peculiar to that state, renders the scenes presented to the mind's eye of the dreamer to be apparently as real as if they were viewed in open day. But it is not so with the sense of touch. Thus one sense is in its action as if perfect; the other scarcely acts, or but imperfectly. The usual antecedent to vision, the object seen, excites sensation; the usual antecedent to touch, the ground which is trodden, or the weapon which is handled, causes no sensation. The dreamer is in the same condition as if during the waking state he has lost the sense of touch, but retains that of vision."

STRUGGLES IN CIRCASSIA.

The Circassian Chief; a Romance of Russia, by William H. G. Kingston, Esq. 3 *vols. R. Bentley.*—Russian subjects, introduced into English literature, have generally an unpopular air; and the inconsiderate but prejudiced reader is apt to turn from a romance laid in that almost illimitable land, as from a topic rather chilling than exciting. But of course it very frequently happens that the objection is of the most superficial order; and in some especial instances, it has been the triumph of Russian history or legend to furnish scenes as attractive, and stories as popular and memorable, as those of sunnier and more auspicious climes.

The work before us, however, might more properly, perhaps, have been styled a Circassian romance; for whatever in its personages and pictures may be most calculated to allure and to fix the attention of all who take up the work, to interest temporarily or permanently to instruct, undoubtedly is associated more with Circassian than with Russian life and scenery. This, however, is of little consequence—so long as the interest and the instruction aforesaid are secured—and on this point we undertake to answer confidently in the Chief's behalf.

This work is of a highly romantic character, yet there are some reasons why it might almost be regarded as a veritable chapter of modern history. Conspiracies similar to that which forms a striking portion of the contents will be found in nearly every work relating to Russia; events such as compose the exciting and glorious incidents of the contest here depicted, are of actual occurrence; while the characters are, for the most part, real personages, who were, and, perhaps, still are, playing their parts on the stage of life; and we are told to number among them not only Arslan Gherrii, the heroic, Hadji Guz Bey, the sagacious and the brave, but besides others who here figure honourably among the Circassians, Selem, the undaunted, the accomplished, and the enlightened—a noble character, nobly sustained through many trials and prodigious enterprises.

The course of the events here related does not admit of our following it closely; nor should we be just to the characters—many of which have much in common, or partake at least, of general characteristics—by drawing them apart from the narrative, and exhibiting them separately. But so much of the story as relates to the fortunes of the leading persons may be told in a few words.

Selem, a noble Circassian youth, who, with his mother, had been carried off by a Russian baron, of brutal temper and disposition, is brought up as the nobleman's son, and heir to his wealth, when the youth discovers his relationship to the "strange lady," the victim of his reputed father's cruelty, just as she is sinking under it. From boyhood, every thought and feeling of his had been in violent opposition to those prevalent among the Russian nobility—all his hopes, all his aspirations, had pointed to great enterprises, by which public liberty might be gained, and enlightenment be diffused among the obscured and trampled many. The various elements of his character now work together to this end; and escaping from numerous snares and dangers, through difficulties that only serve to increase the ardour of his resolves, he determines to swell the now-awakened cry of Circassian independence, and to sacrifice every advantage of a courtlier life to the hope of raising up his oppressed and injured country. He discovers, in the pursuit of this intention, his father and sister, and cements a generous friendship with a noble Polish youth, his fellow-student and warrior, by seeing him united to the matchless maid.

The fortunes of another youthful pair, of a far more melancholy and tragic dye, add to the interest of the great patriotic struggle, which Selem now virtually leads, and which in a succession of battle-scenes and heroic enterprises is pictured in a life-like form. But is Selem fighting alone, with no bride save his country! None. He is attended through many scenes of toil and of excitement, by a devoted page, a youth beautiful and brave, who would risk life hourly, and lose it (if that might be) as often, to ward the lightest blow from the honoured head of the Circassian. The page in turn has his attendant, devoted in like manner to him; nor is it until by a shower of Russian musketry the page and his follower are laid dead side by side, that their story is known—that the beautiful and intrepid page is Azila, a famous gipsy girl, though of noble birth, who, borne up by love alone, has followed the steps of Selem; while, animated by a passion warm and enduring even as hers, a gipsy youth, wandering like herself from the far districts of the Zingani people, for her sake perished in the selfsame fiery shower.

"Selem sprang to the ground, endeavouring to stanch the blood which flowed from many wounds in the breast of his page. He tore open his vest; his heart turned sick with horror and grief as he discovered a woman's form. He leant over it with deep grief. The veil which so long had obscured them was torn from his eyes. He knew the features of Azila. In a moment he read the history of her deep unswerving love, constant to the last through trials, hardships, and neglect. He felt her heart, to discover if it yet beat. He tried to persuade himself that her yet warm breath fanned his cheeks; but it was in vain. A faint smile still lingered on her features; but no throb answered to his touch. The dark blood flowed slowly from the wounds; her heroic, her loving, spirit had fled; Azila was dead! None of the chiefs, not even Selem's father, approached him. They had witnessed the scene, and read the sad story at a glance. Long did he bend, in deep agony,

over that inanimate form. He was aroused by the Russian deserter. 'Think you not, young chief, that I, too, have cause for grief? Remember you not how I loved that fair and noble girl? Do you not know me?' 'Yes, yes, I know you now, my friend,' answered Selem, recognising in the stranger the gipsy chief who had aided his escape from Russia, the reputed father of Azila. 'You have, indeed, deep cause to grieve for your daughter.' 'Except that she sprung from my race, she is not my daughter, though I loved her more than one. See, two of my race I have lost to-day most cruelly murdered;' and he pointed to the body of Javis, which he had also brought off on the horse of one of the slain troopers. 'She, too, murdered by her own father, though he knew it not till too late, when madness seized his brain; and yon poor youth, he also deserves our pity, for I know his deep, yet hopeless, love for Azila, for whose sake he followed you.' 'What say you, my old friend?' said Selem, rising from the ground whereon he had been kneeling. 'By what strange fortune came you to learn so horrid a tale? and what wonderful chance conducted you hither at this moment?' 'It may seem extraordinary that I am here; and yet such was the decree of fate, when first we met beneath my tent in Russia. You were the unconscious instrument of bringing me hither; and yet, from the remotest period of time, this event was destined. The latest cause was this: it was discovered that I had aided in your escape from Russia, when I and all my tribe, who could be found, were seized and condemned to serve in the ranks of the Russian army of the Caucasus. Azila's history, I alone, with the dwarf Ladislau, have known from her birth. He was another cause of these events. As you remember well, the Baron always made him his butt, treating him with contumely, little thinking what deep feelings of hatred and revenge rankled in the bosom of the diminutive being. A lovely girl of our race, whose sweet voice enraptured the proudest nobles of Moscow, won the haughty Baron's heart; and, dazzled by his rank and wealth, she consented, at an unhappy moment, to exchange her liberty to become the slavish wife of a tyrannical master. She soon pined for her freedom, regretting the miserable lot she had madly chosen; and, as her husband's admiration of her charms wore away, he treated her with cruelty and neglect. Yet jealous feelings, at the same time, possessed the tyrant's breast; and he began to look with an eye of suspicion on an innocent daughter she had just borne him. The broken-hearted wife of the Baron died; and Ladislau, to revenge himself on his tyrant, brought away his child, and delivered her to me, making me swear never to reveal her history till his death, and that I heard of ere I left Russia. To rescue her from a life of thraldom and neglect, I determined to keep her as my own daughter, bringing her up with all the accomplishments I could well find means to bestow. She became all I could wish in mind and person, wreathing herself round my heart as much as any child of my own could do; and when she once visited my tents, she seemed so to enjoy the wild freedom of our lives, that I could not again part from her, intending, however, on Ladislau's death, to make her father recognise her, and restore her to her proper rank and fortune. When you came to my tents, knowing that you were not her brother, I hoped in some way, through your means, to accomplish my purpose; little thinking how deep was the love which had sprung up in the sweet girl's bosom for you.'"

The heart of Selem feeling its loss, feels now how it could have repaid such a love; and moved by tenderer feelings than he had ever yet known, he swears to devote all the purposes of his soul with a yet steadier and holier zeal to the cause of his beloved country. For this alone he lives now, and this object to the close of the struggle he undauntedly pursues.

But rejoicing in Circassian success, and cordially joining in the philanthropic wish that Circassia may not share the fate of Poland; sympathizing with the admiration won by the deeds of the young chief, and sighing for the heroic lost ones whose memory is embalmed herein, we yet feel above all moved and affected by the fate of the admirable Azila—beautiful in mind, rich in endowments, brave in innocence, lovely in all outward shews—and we close the book, convinced that the writer is more than the lively and sparkling narrator of a noble struggle for independence; more than the bold and easy painter of manners and customs not familiar to the majority; more than the describer of general character and the retailer of romantic events, dark crimes, and chivalrous aspirations;—he has added another exquisite example to the list of masterly delineations of feminine fortitude, constancy, and devotion.

THE RHINE.

The Rhine, from the French of Victor Hugo. By D. M. Aird. A flood of war and a flood of peace—having upon its ranges of hills oak-trees on one side, and vine-trees on the other—signifying strength and joy! Such are the terms in which Hugo pictures the Rhine. It flows, says he, from Constance to Rotterdam—from the country of eagles to the village of herrings—from the city of popes, of councils, and of emperors, to the counter of the merchant and the citizen—from the great Alps themselves, to that immense body of water which we term Ocean!

Let us look once more in his descriptive mirror. For Homer the Rhine existed not; for Virgil it was only a frozen stream, *frigora Rheni;* for Shakspeare it was the "beautiful Rhine;" for us it is, and will be, till the day when it shall become the grand question of Europe, a picturesque river, the resort of the unemployed of Ems, of Baden, and of Spa. And yet again we must turn to his chronicle of its glories. The Rhine has had four distinct phases,—first, the antediluvian epoch, volcanoes; second, the ancient historical epoch, in which Cæsar shone; third, the marvellous epoch, in which Charlemagne triumphed; fourth, the modern historical epoch, when Germany wrestled with France, when Napoleon held sway.

In all these, at least in the three post-diluvian epochs, there is an abundance of every kind of high interest to kindle the memory, to excite the research, and to inspire the faculties of such a writer as Victor Hugo, and well we remember the curiosity which was directed to the subject when it was first connected with his name. But that part of it which was called "the conclusion," hung like a heavy cloud upon the work; French prejudice was too much for English literary enthusiasm; and amongst us, where its author has been ever so eminently applauded, he found in this case but a mixed audience.

Happily, Mr. Aird was among the scholars and men of judgment, who discerned the merit of the work through its heavy and intolerable defect, and found out its capability of giving delight, notwithstanding its tendency to offend. He has consequently devoted his efforts to the good work of preserving to us in an English form all that was worthy of preservation in any; and we now have in a neat, compact, and prettily illustrated volume, a series of letters descriptive of an excursion up the Rhine, in which a man of original genius, a mighty master of the picturesque, and a reveller among the lore whereon the wisest of poets and philosophers most delight to feed, seeks every moment for fresh subjects to paint, and fresh themes to descant upon right eloquently. Mr. Aird has, consequently, rendered us all a service. Every lover of Victor Hugo's writing will thank him for what he has done; and every tourist, to whom this pattern of guide-books will prove invaluable, will gratefully give him a blessing.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCES IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.—This work is "edited by a late Colonial Magistrate;" the authorship of it is concealed. It does not require the stamp of any authority, however respectable, to give authenticity to its general statements, or graphic force to its various and truth-coloured pictures. The editor, terminating a rather fierce assault upon our home-system of government generally, and the poor-laws in particular, testifies to the accuracy of the descriptions he introduces; and the reader soon finds himself in a position to do the same thing were it needful. "Tales," however, is scarcely the word to prepare us for the account of actual life, however marvellous, which is here given; nor is "the Colonies," a term less likely to mislead. The great scene here is Van Diemen's Land in all its diversities, and the tales consist merely in a narrative of what is manifestly personal experience. In place of a critical

account of the work, we must offer a recommendation to the reader—it is, that he will procure the volumes, and peruse for himself. He will be largely rewarded, both in amusement and information. He will meet at the very outset with a settler worth knowing, if it were only for the advantage of meeting in his company a farming man from Shropshire, one Mr. Crab, who, cutting a figure that defies both pen and pencil (having been stripped and dressed up again, not re-dressed, by the bush-rangers), pours out all his honest old soul in abuse of Van Diemen, and every thing Van Diemenish. We can offer but scant specimens of the prodigiously natural and pleasant humour of this personage; but the following, which relates to the land, may carry a moral into agricultural quarters, while it conveys amusement into all. We should premise that the date is about 1816—even Crab would talk differently at the present day.

"'What system of farming,' said I, 'do they follow most in this country?' 'System? Bless you, you don't suppose they follow any system here. The way they go on is quite disgusting to me; they know no more of farming than a Londoner. They don't know how to grow anything.' 'No wheat?' 'Yes, they do grow wheat—such as it is.' 'Barley?' 'Yes; barley.' 'Oats?' 'Not seen much oats; however, I believe they can grow.' 'Potatoes?' 'Oh—plenty of potatoes.' 'Vegetables?—cabbages, peas, beans, and such like?' 'Yes; I can't say but they can grow 'em; but they're too large to please me, and I'm sure they grow too quick; besides, it stands to reason that things can't grow properly with the soil just disturbed as it's done here. A man in my country would be ashamed to call it digging. And then to see what they call a field of wheat! I call it a field of stumps! And where there's no stumps they don't do much better. They just put the plough once through it, and there lies the sod turned up with the grass growing on it; and then a weaver chap, or a London pickpocket, comes with the seed in a bag, and oh, my eyes, how I laughed! he flings it about as if he was feeding the chickens; and then another chap comes with a large branch of a tree, drawn by a couple of oxen, and he sweeps the grain about, and that they call harrowing! and when that's done they just leave it.' 'And what becomes of it?' 'Oh, first the cockatoos get a good bellyful, and then the parrots and magpies have a peck at it. But it comes up at last.' 'Well, that's something.' 'Yes—maybe—but it oughtn't to come up done in that slovenly way. It's a shame to waste good seed so. And then when they *do* get a bit of land a little—no, not in order—but out of disorder, how they do work it, dear me! What do you think a sort of cockney chap said to me at Pitt-water, for I've been over there? Says I to him, 'Friend,' says I, 'how often do you let your land lie fallow in these parts?' 'Fallow,' says he, 'What's that?' 'You're a pretty chap to be a farmer,' said I, 'not to know what lying fallow means. Why lying fallow means letting the land rest a bit to recover itself for another crop.' 'Oh,' says he, 'our land in this place never lies 'fallow,' as you call it; we just put the same crop in every year. There—that field has grown wheat for eleven years.' 'What! have you had the cruelty,' said I, 'to put wheat on that bit of land for eleven years?' 'To be sure I have,' said he, 'and shall grow wheat on it for eleven years longer, if I live.' Master, you might have knocked me down with a feather; I never before heard anything so horrid. I felt sure at once, that no good was to be done in a country where creatures harrow with branches of trees, and treat their land so cruelly. But it was worse than that when I came to look more into it. I know you wont believe it; they'll never believe it of me when I get back to Shropshire. This very bit of land, that I've told you of, that the creature grew corn on for eleven year without stopping, never had—no—not so much as a handful of manure the whole eleven year. What do you think of that? Would any Christian farmer in England treat his land so? Why, it's against nature!' I now began to understand the sort of man I had to deal with; one of those obstinate sons of the soil who cannot be made to understand that it is possible to carry on farming in any other way than the way which they have been accustomed to; and whose prejudices against innovation are so strong, that they will not believe in the truth of what they see with their own eyes, and wring everything from its true bearing to the backing up of their own notions."

Whether to the emigrant or the stay-at-home, the freshness, vigour, and novelty of these colonial revelations will provide a rich store of interest, instruction, and pleasure. The work is animated throughout—full of adventure and story, capitally told.

Dick Hibblethwaite interrupting the fight between Lord Randy and Sir Theobald Chillingworth

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER 1843

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER AND THE MYSTERY.—JOHN MANESTY DEPARTS FOR THE WEST INDIES.—A CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE NEPHEW AND THE CLERK.

As usual, quietness reigned in the apparently immovable household of Pool Lane. The uncle pursued the unvarying tenour of his way. The nephew's suit with Mary Stanley appeared to have made no other progress than that of a more frequent dispatch of bouquets from Wolsterholme. I am sorry that I cannot afford my fair readers a more earnest love tale; but I beg them to consider that it is ruled in all the books that the course of true love never doth run smooth, and that the most matter-of-fact writers of anything pretending to romance will not be able to find material for their trade, unless there be something to ruffle the waters on which the bark of the story is wafted. In this case there was nothing. "I loved her and I was beloved," might have been the motto of their ring; but having said that, all is said. What they hoped, it would be hard to tell; but there is always in such case an angel in prospect, who, down swooping from the sky, is at some time, not fixed by the authorities, to set everything to rights.

It seemed, in fact, as if nothing could have disturbed the repose of that tranquil establishment. Fortune had decreed otherwise. One morning, when the London letters were delivered, amongst them came a missive, uncouth of form, and all but hieroglyphical of superscription. Manesty hastily opened it; and after the most hurried glance at its contents, flung it down again upon the table.

"Dead!" said he—"dead!—what a fool!"

"Of whom are you speaking, uncle?" asked Hugh, astonished at such unusual emotion. "Who is dead?"

"Dead!" said the uncle. "Yes! he is dead"—as he read the letter again, dwelling upon every character as if it deserved the perusal of a life. "It is no——, it is nobody, nephew, of whom you know anything. We all must die. Let us hope that he died in the Lord. He was an old friend of mine."

He left his unfinished breakfast, and remained shut up in his private closet for more than three hours alone. When he emerged upon 'Change, nobody could have discerned any alteration in his manner, or conjectured that anything had occurred to derange him. The eye of his nephew had, however, perceived that something had broken in upon the calm current of his usual equanimity, and he referred in the first place to the books, to find if they contained the name of any correspondent, whose death might affect the firm or grieve his uncle. He found none.

Foiled in this quest, he went to consult Robin Shuckleborough, who, for more than thirty years, had been head clerk of the house, and who knew all the secrets of the establishment, and most of those of them who belonged to it.

"Master Hugh," said Robin, "I knew your uncle before you were born, and he is not a man who likes his affairs to be pried into. But I do think that there is something in that estate of Wolsterholme that I could never fathom the bottom of. However, it is no business of mine; and mark you, Master Hugh, let it be no business of yours. I suppose somebody is dead of the Wolsterholmes, and that is the news he heard. He hated them mortally, and was raging enough about it, quiet as he looks now; but that was all before your time, Mr. Hugh. I recollect your grandfather, in whose mouth you would not think butter would melt—he was so mild and easy—mad as a baited bull at Preston Cross, when Miss Hannah—don't be angry, Mr. Hugh—went over to Wolsterholme House. She was a pretty girl, then, and, indeed, she was not much more than a girl to the end of her life, poor lady; and your uncle was sent after her, and farther beyond than Yorkshire, for your grandfather sent him to follow her to the plantations, to bring her back—but what was the use? The young people were determined on the match, and they had it. A troubled man was your uncle when he brought you back, and nobody beside—and he took to business. Hard and stern has he stuck to it ever since. We know, Mr. Hugh, who was that pet sister, and there is no use of saying who is that pet sister's son.

"My mother's life and death," said Hugh, hastily, "were, I believe, unfortunate—but of that I do not wish to speak. Whose death do you think has thus so visibly disturbed my uncle?"

"In plain truth, then," said Robin, "I know not. No name is in the books, the instant hanging of the owner of which could for a moment disconcert us. But passing from the dead, is no one alive who plays some discomposing part over the mind of some younger person connected with the firm?"

Hugh was two-and-twenty, and at two-and-twenty people will blush. So Hugh did.

"Never mind," said the old man, "it is all safe with me; but I could guess something when Dick-o'Joe's-o'Sammy's-o'Jock's was sent special upon Spanker, down to Runcorn, with a large bundle of the latest fiddlededees of ladies' rattletraps hot from London; and when Jem o'Jenny's was packed off at a rate to break his neck on the governor's own white-legged nag to Wolsterholme, to ride fifty miles, and bring back some rubbishing roses, better than which could have been bought in St. John's market for half-a-dozen pence; and when——"

"Nonsense!" said Hugh, half angry, half smiling—"Nonsense, Robin—you are an old fool!"

"At all events," said Robin, "I am not a young one. And when," continued he, taking up the thread of his interrupted discourse—"and when the plum-coloured satin suit, which came down from Joseph Fletchings and Co., of Lombard Street, London, consigned, not to our house, but to that of a common carrier in Lime Street, Joe Buggins, and a notorious rogue he is, to say nothing of the one-and-twopence extra it cost, which would have been saved if sent in the regular way to Pool Lane, besides the risk of the goods; and I thought——"

"And I thought," said Hugh, laughing, "that you need not have made any inquiries about it. But what can have so manifestly annoyed my uncle?" muttered he, as he returned to his desk.

A few hours sufficed to explain. On the next morning, contrary

to the established custom, he was summoned before breakfast into his uncle's presence. Some vague and indefinite thoughts that this summons might be in some hostile way connected with Mary Stanley, filled him with dread, which was most agreeably dispelled when he found that his uncle's business related to Brooklyn Royal.

"This West India property," said Manesty, "thrown upon me by chance, and accepted sorely against my will, has involved me, every hour since I was connected with it, in fresh and fresh annoyance. Here, I find, that my unlucky partner has so managed matters, that nothing but utter ruin is to follow, unless I go in person to remedy the fruits of his absurd and unbusinesslike arrangements. Speaking to him, even if he would give himself the trouble of attending to me, is useless, as he is scarcely ever sober. Every one with whom he has dealt appears to be a bankrupt or a swindler. You know how his accounts stand in our books; and things are even worse with him than, for his worthy father's sake, I have let you know: what they are, then, in the islands, you may guess. There is, in short, no chance but my personal appearance and exertions to set this crooked matter straight. It is more annoying than you may conjecture. Here am I, Hugh, for one-and-twenty years living in Liverpool, and never during that time one-and-twenty days at a stretch absent from it, and I confess that the idea of a West Indian voyage is anything but comfortable. I must do it, however, or look upon this unfortunate estate as lost. I start to-morrow evening for London."

"To-morrow, uncle!" said Hugh—"so soon?"

"Yes," replied Manesty, "to-morrow. I am afraid it may interfere with a certain fishing excursion; but that may wait. Now," added he, with great seriousness of manner, which an attempt at a smile had for a moment interrupted—"now, Hugh, my dear nephew, I can confide everything to your zeal, talent, and integrity. You will find full instructions in my letter-book, and you may implicitly rely on Robert Shuckleborough, who knows intimately all the mechanical parts of our business. There are some private papers of mine, should anything unforeseen occur"—(he dwelt upon these words with peculiar emphasis, and, after a short pause, repeated them)—"should anything unforeseen occur, which will be found in my old oak cabinet in the garden-room at Wolsterholme. I shall go over there before I depart for London, arrange the papers in order, and leave with you the key."

"Is not this, uncle, a sudden call?"

"A call, my nephew," replied Manesty, "for a longer journey may be made upon us more suddenly. Would that I could as readily and easily prepare for that journey as for this!"

A silence followed on the part of both—it was broken by the uncle.

"Hugh," said he, "on your personal honour and mercantile abilities I can surely depend. From one besetting sin of our north country youth I know you will wholly refrain, and I hope that disgrace of any kind will never be mixed up with your name. I am not at heart as harsh as I seem to the world. I shall not, I trust, be unreasonable in your eyes. Let me, then, only say this—I am sure that every lady with whom you are acquainted is worthy of honour and respect, but there is no need of haste in selecting any among them as a partner for life. I shall be some months absent; you will give me your word

as—what you called yourself a few days ago—a gentleman, that nothing of that kind is decided in my absence."

The young man gave the expected assent with a tear in his eye, but with more softness in his heart towards his rugged kinsman than he had ever felt before. The preparations for departure were made in the same businesslike style as everything else, and when in about ten days afterwards the Bonny Jane bent her bows from Gravesend, on her way towards Kingston, she bore upon her deck the unexpected freight of the portly form of Solid John Manesty.

"So he *has* gone!" said Robin Shuckleborough. "Manesty and Co. has sailed for Antigua—Manesty and Co. walking no more about Liverpool with his broad-brimmed hat, and snuff-coloured breeches! I was at 'Change to-day, and it looked quite lonesome without Manesty and Co. At the stand, by the corner of the old window, where Manesty and Co. stood, nobody went up. I should not wonder if somebody went down. I mention no names, but many a bill is displaced when John Manesty's desk is shut. God grant that he has got safe to London—it is a dangerous journey—and got safely out of it, too—for it is a perilous place! It was the spoiling of Dick Hibblethwaite. Mr. Hugh, ten years ago, he was as good and as mild as yourself, and now what is he? Broken down to nothing. You would not take his bill at seven and a half;—to think of that, of a bill with the name of Richard Hibblethwaite written across it coming to that!"

"I don't think," said Hugh, "that my uncle is under any danger, from the temptations of London or the perils of the way."

"Nor I," said the clerk; "but this I do know, that when the cat's away, the mice will play—and that, as I see your plum-coloured coat on your back and your bay mare at the door, the sooner you are off the better, and I'll make up the books."

The youthful merchant bit his lip, and, with a slight chagrin, seemed determined to convince Robin that he was mistaken in his suspicions, by returning to the desk and resuming his occupations. But the impatience of his stamping horse, the brightness of the sun—the—the something else beside, altered his determination; and to prevent the interposition of another change of mind, he bounded hastily upon his steed, and in a few minutes lost sight of Liverpool, on his galloping journey towards the Dee.

"Well," said the head clerk, "I think I may shut shop, too. The old bird is flown after merchandise, which is one species of roguery—the young bird is hawking after love, which is another species of roguery. There is no roguery in my going to smoke a pipe with old Will Hicklethorp: he and I have smoked together for more than five-and-thirty years, and neither of us can recollect that either he or I was in love. I wish, after all, that Solid John was back again. I am too old for young masters, though Hugh is a good and kind lad indeed. But," continued he, "he will never be able to handle the firm like our present commander. He's the man, Will, for doing business; and sorely will Liverpool miss him the day he goes."

These last sentences were addressed to his old friend Hicklethorp, who, having a great talent for silence, made no reply or observation in return. Robin having duly hummed—

> "Tobacco is an Indian weed,
> Springs up at morn, cut down at eve—
> Think of this when you smoke tobacco,"—

toddled off from his strong-smelling room of revelry in Juvenal Street, to dream over the events, the whiffs, and the glasses of the day, in his residence, located in one of those queer quarters which have since been metamorphosed into the name of Toxteth Park.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISSERTATION ON COCKING—WITH A COCK-FIGHT UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES—LANCASHIRE GENTLEMEN AT FEAST AND TOURNEY.

"The mains are fought and past,
And the pit is empty now;
Some cocks have crow'd their last,
And some more proudly crow!
In the shock
Of the world, the same we see,
Where'er our wand'rings be—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock!"

Such were the sounds that rang from the Bird and Baby of Preston, at about noon of a fine July day, some eighty years ago. Loud was the chorus, and boisterous the laughing which attended this somewhat quaint expression of cocking morality. The company to whom it was sung, filled bar, parlour, tap, outhouse, gallery, porch,—all the house in fact,—for it was a meeting assembled to determine the last great Preston match of North Lancashire against South. All the cockers of the north were there; at six in the morning the cocks were in the pit; and by eleven, all was decided. Undoubted pluck had been shewn in byes and mains on the part of the cocks, and much money had changed hands on the part of their backers. We might easily occupy the time of our readers by detailing the conversation during the eventful moment of the contest, but it would afford very little variety beyond the usual growling of losers and exultation of winners, whatever the game may be, both expressed in the most intelligible and emphatic language, blended with admiration of the gameness or contempt of the dunghill-hood displayed by the various black lackles, and ginger piles "engaged in feathery fight," and mixed up with comments on the ability, dexterity, and honesty, or the want of those qualifications, displayed by feeders and setters, delivered in a style which was more distinguished for candour than politeness. Milton declines entering on the details of the wars of the Heptarchy, on the ground that they are no better worth describing than the skirmishes of kites and crows. Fortified by so great an authority, we too decline chronicling the skirmishes of other pugnacious fowl, trained to war by the sturdy and unsaxonized descendants of the Offas and Pendas in their ancient realm under the dynasty of Hanover. Be it observed, that we are not pronouncing a magisterial opinion in disparagement of this venerable diversion. "If the rust of time can hallow any sport, that (cocking) which we are now entering on is in full possession of this precious bedeckment." It is indeed so old, that we hardly know from whence to derive its origin. Asia has, however, the credit of first fostering it; and it seems to have been cultivated by the natives among their earliest games. The first records of China note it: in Persia it was early encouraged, in conjunction with hawking and

quail-fighting; nor was it to be wondered, that as man became belligegerent, he would, in order to extend his conquests, commence his education by observing the offensive and the defensive operations of animals, thereby the better to regulate his own. When Themistocles was engaged in warfare with the Persians, he was struck with admiration at the bravery and perseverance displayed in the battle between the cocks of that people, which was such as to occasion him to exclaim to his admiring army: "Behold, these do not fight for their household gods—for the monuments of their ancestors—not for glory—not for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not give way unto the other. This so encouraged the Grecians, that they fought gallantly," [Johnson did not suspect how etymologically precise was the word on which he stumbled] "and obtained the victory over the Persians, upon which cock-fighting was by a particular law ordained to be annually practised by the Athenians. The inhabitants of Delos were great lovers of the sport; and Tanagra, a city of Bœotia, the island of Rhodes, Chalcis in Eubœa, and the country of Media, were famous for their generous and magnanimous race of chickens; and it does appear that they had some peculiar method of preparing the birds for battle. Cock-fighting was an institution partly political in Athens, and was continued there for the purpose of improving the seeds of valour in the minds of their youths; but it was afterwards perverted and abused, both there and in other parts of Greece, to a common pastime and amusement, without any moral, political, or religious intention, as it is now followed and practised amongst us."

We must not pass off all this learning upon our readers as our own; we have taken it from Johnson's Sporting Dictionary—a grand repertory of everything that a sportsman can desire—or rather, if we must deal upon the square, at second-hand from Delabarre Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, one of the most beautiful, exact, copious, and interesting books in the language. Let, then, the admirers of cocking shelter themselves under the authority of Themistocles, whose panegyric on the wars of cocks might, with much propriety, be transferred to the wars of nations, who seldom engage in them for any real advantage to themselves, "but only because one will not give way to the other,"—of the Medes and the Persians, the Delians and Tanagrians, and the various dwellers in the several isles and cities, empires and continents, above recounted. They may console themselves, also, with the countenance of Henry the Eighth and James the First, of good Queen Bess (against whom "no true sportsman at least will let a dog bark") and Roger Ascham, and others enumerated in the Encyclopædia; and we can, moreover, relieve them from the apprehension entertained by Mr. Blaine, that their "moral, political, and religious" order has fallen under the grave displeasure of the author of "Don Juan." "It has been supposed," says Mr. Blaine, "from the often quoted words of Lord Byron—

> "It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
> That cocking ———"

that he disapproved of this sport, and that, with his accustomed causticity, he therefore disparaged it." The cocking here mentioned is of a very different kind: it is a cocking where an unfeathered biped is

principal, not backer; and where the leaden bullet, not the silver spur, is set to work. To acquire a taste for this amusement, Lord Byron informs us that the ear must become "more Irish and less nice;" and, if all tales be true, his lordship's organs of hearing never acquired such a portion of Hibernianism or nicety, as not to feel a most particular reluctance to be brought within earshot of that "sharp quick jar."

Returning from our digression, we have only to record that, the battle being over, the genial spirit of Lancashire prevailed, and winners and losers sat down together, the one, to enjoy their triumph; the others, to console their defeat, over a most substantial dinner served at eleven o'clock. Start not, good reader, in the reign of the fair Victoria; for as the regular dinner-time in the country was, in those days, twelve o'clock, an hour's anticipation was nothing more serious than the necessity of an early visit to the opera, which compels you to dine at six instead of seven. The company was mixed—groom sate with noble, squire with knight—for gaming of all kinds speedily levels distinctions; but it contained a large proportion of the aristocratic. Preceding governments had looked upon meetings, under any pretence, of the northern gentry, with dislike and apprehension; but when fear of the Pretender had vanished, this feeling began to pass away. Still, however, if anything of a political kind was suspected, their assemblages were discountenanced; and the only *réunions* on which they ventured were those connected with the sports of the field, and even these were considered by the more zealous partisans of the house of Hanover, to be well worthy of vigilant attention, as being nothing more than pretexts for bringing together the yet unshaken traitors, waiting their time for the triumph of Jacobitism. Such was not the case in the cocking-match with which we are now engaged; if any Jacobites were present, they confined their manifestation of feeling amid their own select sets to the mysterious toast-drinking, and the significant nods, shrugs, and winks, which formed the main support accorded to the "cause" by its partisans from the day that Charles Edward fled from Culloden, to its final extinction by a natural death, symptoms of the rapid approach of which were strongly visible about the time of our story.

The singer of the song, whom we have unceremoniously interrupted, was Sir Theobald Chillingworth, of Chillingworth in the Wold, a baronet of an ancient Catholic family, who had, like many of his creed, recently taken the oaths to George III.; a step which deeply grieved and much scandalized his former friends, but excused by Sir Theobald on the ground of expediency. He took the oaths, he said, to put his estates out of jeopardy; and in order, we presume, to shew how prudent was his regard for the preservation of his property, he instantly went upon the turf. The time had passed when his manors ran any danger from the state or the law; it is needless to say that the reverse was the case among his new associates. In short, he got rid of some fifty thousand pounds in the first three years; but he still kept up his stud, maintaining with many a round oath that as his grandfather had left him so many slow old aunts to provide for, he thought it only fair to keep some fast young horses for himself. By pursuing this course, he quickly reduced a property of fifteen thousand a-year to something like fifteen hundred; but as the annuitant old ladies died off faster than he expected, he was now, in the tenth year

of his turfism, still able to keep afloat. He had that morning lost, what was called a cool hundred, upon cocks which he had declared to be invincible, especially as he had been let into the secret. If he could have heard the laughing conversation of the breeders on whom he depended, and who were then drinking in the porch, which proved, amid many knowing winks, that the birds had been sold to him for the express purpose of losing this match, by trainers, who had indeed let himself and his friends into the secret, but unfortunately—on the wrong side! "It is to be regretted," says Mr. Blaine, "that even in this sport, as it was formerly in race-horse training, all was conducted under a veil of mystery, so it yet remains with the feeding and training of cocks to fight. . . . . Each feeder, trainer, and setter, has his secrets, but whether they be 'secrets worth knowing' is not quite so clear." The makers of cock-matches have their mystery, indeed; it, however, does not lie in the feeding and training department, being only a branch of that great mystical science, which long rendered the pit and the ring arenas of theft and swindling, and has at last marked them down as nuisances to be abated, and which is at present at work to produce the same catastrophe for the turf.

Perhaps this cool hundred, to say nothing of the half-gallon of beer he had swallowed in the course of the morning, may account for the sentimentality of his song, which, however, in spite of its "pale cast of thought," was delivered by Sir Theobald in a voice that drowned the Babel-like clamour of dissertation upon handling, feeding, physicking, sweating, sparring, weighing, cutting out, training, trimming, bagging, spurring, setting, and so forth, ringing noisily through the parlour.

"The mains are fought and past,
And the pit is empty now;
Some cocks have crow'd their last,
And some more proudly crow!
In the shock
Of the world, the same we see,
Where'er our wanderings be—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock!

"When once we're stricken down,
And the spur is in the throat,
We're surely overcrown
By the world's insulting note,
Fierce in mock!
However game we be,
In our days of strength and glee—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock!

"Then, when eyes and feathers right,
And spurs are sharp and prime,
In condition for the fight,
And sure to come to time
As a clock,
Let us crow out fresh and free,
And not think of what may be—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock!"

"I'll be shot," said he, as he concluded, "if I don't give up cocking! It's no fun to be done as I have been this morning."

"Give up cocking!" said a tall, thin, pale-faced young fellow, with

somewhat of a small, soft voice, sounding more of London than of Lancashire—" never! Toby my boy. Once booked, booked for life! Didn't you know the last Earl of Bardolph? he is now about seventeen years dead——"

" That was in the year when I fought Broughton," interrupted a gentleman, whose name, we regret to say, we cannot collect from any tradition or record of the time, but who was known among his companions by the cognomen of 'Broken-nosed Bob.' The accident which gave him claim to the appellation occurred in a pugilistic turn-up with the celebrated Broughton, the—so were gentlemen of his profession then called—bruiser, for which he gave Broughton the sum of five guineas, a ruffled shirt, and a gold-laced hat—receiving, in exchange, a dislocation of the shoulder, a sorely damaged nose, and what was, perhaps, a full recompence for all, an opportunity of telling, or attempting to tell, the story for the remainder of his life.

" Well," continued Lord Randy, not heeding the interruption—" the old buck was my grand-uncle, and the family were duly stricken in grief at his departure. We all took leave of him in due form; for my part, I went through the ceremony with great pleasure, having no more pleasing reminiscence of my grim-looking relation, than his occasional bambooing me with a long cane, with which he used to walk, if I ever crossed his path in the garden."

" I say, my lord," said a gentleman, whose leading propensities may be guessed, by his being known in his own set as Swipey Sam—" I say, my lord," said he, stirring a bowl of punch which he had just brewed—" I say, my lord, didn't he leave you the Oxendale property?"

" He did, Sam," replied Lord Randy; " the Lord rest his soul for it! as Sir Toby would say; and it has gone the gentlemanly road of all property—over the table at White's! I mortgaged it to my father, and I call that a right good hedge!"

There followed a roar of laughter, at the expense of the Earl of Silverstick, the stiff father of the loose Lord Randy, who, wishing to keep the family estates together, saw no better method than purchasing, through an agent, all the maternal property inherited by his son, as fast as Randy got rid of it. It is perfectly unnecessary to say that as the earl took care to entail each estate as he purchased it, the agent and the young lord perfectly understood each other. " However," continued Lord Randy, " the old fellow was heartily liked by all his servants and dependents."

" Here's his health!" said Sam.

" And Joe, the groom—who, by the bye, is the very man that keeps this house, and was then a younker—asked and obtained permission to see the old earl, as he lay upon his dying bed. The scene was, no doubt, pathetic in the extreme. Joe considered my uncle, in the language of the stable, as the way of getting on the road he was about to go. My uncle, who, of course, had reared Joe from his childhood, gave him the best advice to continue in the career in which he had been trained—the results of which you may see in Joe's nose, at this minute."

" He is not a bad fellow, though he has done me out of a dozen pieces this morning,—here's his health!" said Sam.

" Isn't this all true, Joe," said Lord Randy to the landlord, who had just entered with a fresh cargo of fluids.

"Ay, my lord," said Joe; "I think I see the old earl now, lying upon the damask bed, with the rich green curtains hanging over him, and your lordship's mother's family arms worked in gold over the bed head, and a table by his side, with a prayer-book, a posset-cup, the Racing Calendar, and a tankard of ale, though, poor old fellow, (saving your lordship's presence,)"—and here Joe snivelled, and wiped away a tear,—"he couldn't drink it."

"A bad case," remarked Sam; "I could almost cry myself. *Non fuit qualis*"—and he took a glass of punch.

"And his poor old face, God bless it! worn down like the edge of a hatchet, and his eye half-awake, half-asleep, and his long grey hair tossed over the pillow, for he was too much of a man to wear a night-cap; and says he, 'Who's there?' I says, 'I, my lord—it is I,' says I. 'And who the devil are you?' said he; for he had always a pleasant way of speaking. 'It is Joe, the groom,' said I, 'my lord,' so he woke up a bit, and he said, 'Joe,' says he, 'I am booked; bet any odds against me, and you are sure. Every race must have an end, Joe;' and he strove to drink out of the tankard, but could not lift it. My heart bleeds to think of it this moment. So there were three or four nurse-tenders, and valy-di-shams, and other such low raggabrash about the room, for he had taken leave, as you know, my lord, of his relations, and would let none of them come any more near him; he turned these cattle out at once with a word, and away the lazy vermin went. 'Now, Joe,' says he, 'this is a dead beat, and there's an end: I'm past the post.' So I looked astonished like, and did not know what to say. 'But,' says I, 'don't give up, my lord; there's a great deal in second wind. You may be in for the cup yet. I wish I could do aught for your lordship.' So the old lord he once more brightened up, and says he to me, 'Joe,' says he, 'could you smuggle a few cocks into this room, without the knowledge of Lady Silverstick?'—that's your lordship's mother, his niece. 'Couldn't I,' says I; so I slipped down, and brought up in a couple of bags, by the backstairs—your lordship knows them well—they were the beautifullest cocks you ever seed, Sir Toby;—and I brought 'em into the room, as dark as night—nobody twigged me. So his lordship strove to rise in his bed. 'It is no go, Joe,' says he; 'but prop me up with the pillows, and parade the poultry.' Well, it would warm the heart of a Christian, to see the poor old lord how glad he was when he saw the cocks—Wasn't they prime! I believe you, they were, for I had picked the best out for his lordship. 'Joe,' says he, 'cocking is nothing without betting. Put your hand under my pillow, and you will find the twenty-five guineas that is meant for the doctor—have you any money, Joe?' 'I have fivepence-ha'penny, in ha'pence, my lord,' says I. 'Quite enough,' says his lordship. 'Now, Joe, I back the ginger-pill' (and a good judge of a cock he was, almost as good as yourself, Sir Theobald) 'against any cock in the bag; my guinea always against your halfpenny.' So to it we went; one match he won, one match I won—one match I lost, one match he lost; and what with one bet and another, his lordship got my fivepence-ha'penny out of me."

"That was a cross, Joe," said Lord Randy.

"Honour bright, my lord, it was not," replied Joe, quickly; "for I was reared by my lord, himself, and I could not, when I once was in

it, and the cocks did their work. So, when his last cock was crowing over mine, says he, 'Joe, you're done—cleared out!' and he took a fit of laughing—poor old master! it was the last laugh he had in this world! His jaw began to drop, and I got frightened, and I called in the valy-di-shams. Lord love you! how they stared when they saw the cocks dead, and the old lord dying. They ran up to him, but he took no notice of them, but beckoned as well as he could for me; he took my coppers with his left hand, and scraped them into his bed from the table,—as why shouldn't he? for they was fairly won—and shoved over the green silk purse, with his five-and-twenty guineas in it, to me. The guineas, my lord, are long since gone; but the purse hangs on the wall opposite my bed-head, that I may see it when I wake every morning. I would not give that old purse for the best breed of cocks in Lancashire, and that's the best breed in the world."

"You are a trump, Joe," said Sam, visibly affected;—"here's your health!"

"And then he cast his eye upon the cocks, and the bird he had last backed gave one great, loud crow, and the old man's head sunk on the pillow, and he died."

"A noble end for your ancestor, Lord Randy," said Sir Theobald, half sneeringly. "How does your lordship intend to die—dice-box in hand, I suppose?"

"The less we talk of people's ends in this company, Toby, the better," replied Lord Randy; "an accident happened to a friend of yours in Carlisle, some sixteen years ago."

"I thought, my lord," said Sir Toby, angrily, "that subject was forbidden amongst us. My father suffered but the fate of many gallant men, in a cause which I would call wrong, or at least misguided."

"I know well what your father would call you," said Lord Randy, "and that is, 'a Hanover Rat.'"

"What my father would call me," said Sir Theobald, "I know not, but I do know there is no man here that would dare call me so."

"Pooh, pooh!" interrupted Sam—

> "'Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis,
> Pugnare thracum est.'"

Which some thirty years after the date of this quarrel was thus translated by Professor Porson:—

> "Pistols and balls for six!—What sport!
> How different from, fresh lights and port!"

"Toss off your glasses," continued Sam. "Here, I give you a toast. Here's 'the King!'"

"By all means," said Randy, "I was at his coronation. Here's 'the King! but not your King, Toby!'"

"If you say that again, Lord Randy," said Sir Theobald, in high dudgeon, "I'll knock you down!"

"That puts me in mind," says Broken-nosed Bob, "of the day I fought Broughton, when ——"

"Do you say so?" said Lord Randy. "Are you quite in earnest?"

"Quite!" returned Sir Theobald.

"Then," said Lord Randy, rising, glass in hand, but still in an

attitude of defence, "just for the sake of seeing how you will set about doing that, Toby, my friend, I give 'the King, and not your King, Sir Theobald Chillingworth!' "

Down went the contents of the glass, and in a moment after down went the viscount. Sir Theobald was as good as his word.

Though his lordship's appearance, compared with that of the heavy Lancashire squires about him, was what, if they had known the word, they would call effeminate, he was up in an instant, and ready for the contest. The delight of the polished company was intense.

"A ring, a ring!" shouted Sam; "and here's the health of the best man!"

"On the day that I fought Broughton," said Broken-nosed Bob, pushing into the circle; but the rest of his remark was lost, for hits were rapidly interchanged, and in the rally, Sir Theobald went down.

"Come," said he, on getting up again, "as we are in for it, let us settle how we are to fight. In the good old manner of Lancashire, or the newfangled fashion which has come from London?"

"Any way you like," replied Lord Randy.

"Up and down," said Sir Theobald, "rough and tumble, in-lock and out-lock, cross-buttock and ——"

"Any way you like, I say, and do your damn'dest, I am ready for you."

Such were the manners of the sporting classes of Lancashire, of all ranks, within the memory of man. The viscount or the baronet, in London or in Paris, would, without reluctance, have drawn the small-sword or cocked the pistol to avenge a blow; in their own native shire, they considered it more manly to clench the dispute by the arms which nature gave them; and the public opinion of the circle by which they were surrounded, infinitely awarded the preference to the direct personal conflict, as the surest test of proving which was the better *man*. It is no part of our province to decide whether the pistol or the fist is the more rational instrument to assert a claim to the title of *gentleman*.

The combatants went to work in earnest. We confess ourselves incompetent to describe, in proper scientific phraseology, this pugilistic encounter throughout its further progress, or detail the incidents which gave such unfeigned delight to the spectators; still more do we regret that we cannot express that delight in the ancient dialect used by the gentlemen themselves. But we know enough of the *lingua Lancastriensis* to render us scrupulous of attempting an imitation, which we are conscious would be a failure. It is a good, solid, dialective variation of the Anglo-Saxon, which should not be spoiled by the mimicry of an intruder. Hear it in Oldham or Ashton-under-Lyne, the chief and yet uncivilized capitals of this fast-shrinking tongue; or read it in the works of honest Joe Collier, who has, under the name of Tim Bobbin, imperishably recorded the adventures of Tummas and the kindness of Meary. In not more, but less vernacular English, we shall proceed to tell our tale.

"Goodness me!" said Joe the landlord, rushing in—"here's a to-do. My lord! my lord!—Sir Toby! Sir Toby!—Mr. Robert!—Sam!—everybody! Is this a thing—no, no!"

"No interruption, Joe," said Broken-nosed Bob, who was holding

the bottle for Sir Theobald; "on the day I fought Broughton, I would not have——"

"Good God! My lord! Sir Theobald!—Sir Theobald! my lord! Will nobody part? I wish I could see the face of Gallows Dick!"

"Wished in good time, Joe!" said a smart young fellow, in top-boots, round frock, and laced cocked-hat, who came riding into the yard upon a bright chesnut mare, small in her proportions, but evidently of first-rate blood, bone, and sinew. "Wished in good time, Joe! for here's the man whom you invoke by that complimentary title. What's the row? What! Tickletoby, my baronet—what! my long viscount, is this the way you settle your bets with one another at the Bird and Babby? Will you, lout, take the mare?—softly, there—softly, Jessy! Now then, gentlemen!" and he jumped into the ring.

Both combatants, on seeing the well-known slight and agile figure of this half-jockey, half-gentleman, made a pause, taking advantage of which, he proceeded to rattle out—

"A bowl of punch and a couple of buckets of water! Work has been done, I see—let it be enough for the day. What's the fight about—a wench, a horse, or a main of cocks?"

"They are fighting about their grandfathers," said Sam; "*genus et proavos et quod non fecimus ipsi.* Had not we better, Dick, adjourn to the tap, and look after *quod facere possumus?*"

"Randy, Randy!—Toby, Toby! stuff—stuff. My good fellows, mere nonsense; listen to me. My lord, your father is on the road; I spanked by the old gentleman about twelve miles off, at ———, an hour ago; and as he was tooling it at the rate of five miles an hour, it will not be long before he is up. So wash the filthy witness from thy face, as I heard Garrick say last week in some play or other. And, Sir Toby, the high sheriff told me that Grab, the bum-bailiff, would be after you at this cocking match to-day, which was one of the reasons why Sir Launcelot himself did not wish to come; and you know if you are once pinned now, it's all up with the bets on the Leger."

Something in the eloquence of this light-weight orator seemed to touch the parties. After a few sulky seconds,—for neither had hit sparingly,—the bowl having made its appearance, the mist cleared away, and the conversation resumed its usual hearty and clamorous tone.

"A song, Dick Hibblethwaite;" said Sam, who had by tacit consent assumed the presidency of the board. "Here's your health, Dick; I've known you now for many a day, and I never heard of your refusing a glass, or being backward in a stave. Sing anything you like—*indoctum sed dulce bibenti.*"

"May I die of thirst," said the gentleman thus called upon, "if I sing a song or answer a health unless I am properly proposed in a speech" — a resolution highly approved of by the company, and, with unanimous vociferation, Sam was instantly proclaimed public orator.

Samuel Orton was second son of Sir Samuel Orton, of Ortonfells, who, after the preliminary passages of education, had entered a gentleman commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, and there proceeding through those mysterious avenues that lead to the seven sciences, emerged, in

due course of time, a master of arts. He had taken some honours in his progress, and had imbibed a considerable quantity of learning, and a still more considerable quantity of punch. His collegiate date was about the time that Gibbon says the monks of Maudlin were immersed in Tory politics and ale, and when Gray gives somewhat the same account of their Whig rivals of Peterhouse. In both these exciting stimulants, as dealt forth on the banks of the Isis, did Sam deeply dip; and if he never wrote the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," nor the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," yet many a decline and fall had it been his lot to experience in his proper person, and many a maudlin tear had he shed over departed flagons in a country pot-house. Sam, in short, had been destined for the fat living of Everton-cum-Toffy; but as the incumbent, whose succession had been purchased when he was seventy, had most unreasonably persisted in living on beyond ninety, Sam, though somewhat passed thirty, had not as yet taken orders. He had, therefore, nothing to do but to cool his everlasting thirst with whatever fluid (except water) was at hand; and being of one of the best families in the palatinate, with sufficient money in his pockets to pay his way, endowed with perfect good nature, and gifted with the faculty of decided compliance with the frailties and foibles of every individual whom he chanced to meet, it was no wonder that he became a general favourite among the careless and the gay. He once had been a tolerably good scholar, and "the scent of the roses would hang round him still;" for, even in the midst of his tipsiness, bits and scraps of classicality tumbling forth would still denote the *artium magister*.

"Men of Athens," said he, rising, with punch-ladle in hand, which he waved liked a sceptre over the Lancashire squirearchy, "first, I invoke the gods and goddesses all and sundry; next, do I pray you to hear me patiently concerning this Hibblethwaitides, a native of the island of Liverpool. Born was he of parents who bestowed not upon him the gifts of the Muses, but those of Plutus, a nobler deity."

"Far nobler!" said Lord Randy.

"I drink your health, my Lord," said Sam, suiting the action to the word. "Forests and woods and chases they had none to give—battlements of stone none were his—tracts of moorland to him fell not any—and he therefore," said Sam, taking another glass, and looking round slily on the company—"he therefore never lost them. Member of an ancient commercial firm, Hibblethwaite Richard, as they put it in the Directory first, and then, partner of the house of Hibblethwaite, Manesty, and Co., cut the concern, leaving to the middle member the disgust and disgrace of inquiring into the price of corn and cotton! from which time, he, no longer Hibblethwaite Richard, but Dick Hibblethwaite, or Gallows Dick, hath joined us, and become a gentleman. One blemish, however, not to laud him as a faultless character, which the world never saw, my lords and gentlemen, he retained; the habit of paying bills, and looking generally in vain for payment in others—I therefore have great pleasure in announcing to him, that he has lost this morning fifty-four pounds to my friend, Broken-nosed Bob, and of drinking his very good health. Richard Hibblethwaite, Sir, this respectable company drinks your very good health—*Potaturi te salutant!*"

Apollonia Hursts annoying remark to Lady Rachel Lawrance.

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MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT V.

"Perfide! sed duris set genuit te cantibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanæque admorunt ubera tigres."

VIRGIL.

Perfidious wretch! hard as thy name imports,—
Thy father was a lump of schist or quartz;
Thy mother, sir, a tigress of Bengal,—
Go! seek her in the Zoological!—

(*Translation for the Country Gentlemen.*)

"I AM sadly afraid, my dear Emma, we have no chance of ever realizing your favourite wish; and seeing your friend, Miss Montresor, Mrs. Howardson of Greyoke!" observed Mauley, one evening, to his wife, as they enjoyed their sociable *tête-à-tête* over the tea-table in Russell Square.

"And why not? The old lady assured me *she* had never made, and *should* never make, an objection to his marrying a gentleman's daughter to whom he was attached," replied Mrs. Mauley; "and though Gertrude is no longer a girl, my dear Mauley, still less is Mr. Howardson a boy. In the sun, his hair is completely grey, and he is as fussy as an old bachelor."—

"And an old bachelor he is likely to remain!—Would you believe it?—Before I left Lady Rachel's last night, who should walk in but Howardson!"—

"His mother assured me they were no more to each other than common acquaintance. But, if I remember, you fancied even *that* degree of intimacy broken off?"—

"Simply because I did not imagine it possible my friend, old Hurst, would be blockhead enough to let his daughter spend the winter with her godmother, unless assured of the fact.—Certain it is that, so often as I have been there this winter, to confer with Apollonia on business, as her trustee, last night was the first time I ever beheld Howardson in the house!"

"Probably, because he is only just arrived in town."

"That did not strike me.—My dear Emma!—you would have made a capital lawyer!—Still, I must say, I think it an unfortunate school for Miss Hurst.—On Mrs. Howardson's account, who is so charming and exemplary a woman, and still more on Gatty Montresor's, whose happiness is, I am convinced, bound up in his, I truly regret that Howardson's *liaison* with

Lady Rachel should have been renewed. But as regards Apollonia Hurst, the mischief is greater still. I have a great mind to write to her father on the subject."

"Better let it alone!—Though her late mother's will constituted you her trustee, your power extends only to her fortune.—Remember how angry Mr. Hurst used to be when you tried to prevail on him to bring her home from her convent before her education was completed!"—

"Far better if he had followed my advice!—Of the things it most beseems her to know, Apol. is ignorant as a child."

"Still, you had better not suggest to him the impropriety of leaving her with his cousin, Lady Rachel Lawrance.—You will make enemies of four persons, and do good to none."

"I am afraid you are right, my dear Emma. But let us pray that none of our dear children may ever be similarly circumstanced! How terrible the hazards of happiness awaiting a girl of that age, when lovely and simple as Apol.! Look at poor Gatty Montresor!—What a wreck!—What a noble creature lost to happiness and society,—and all from having chanced to afford a few months' pastime to a fellow who did not know his own mind!"—

"I must own," observed Mrs. Mauley, (though half-afraid of uttering such treason against the man who, twenty years before, had dragged her husband out of a fish-pond,) "I must own, dearest, I have no great opinion of your friend Mr. Howardson. From boy to man, what has he ever thought, said, or done, except with a view to his own comfort and convenience, in defiance of that beautiful precept of Pascal, that "*L'humilité Chrétienne anéantit le* MOI *humain; et la civilité humaine le cache et le supprime.*"

"It is the fault of the age, my dear Emma!" sighed her husband,—"a fault redeemed, however, in this instance, by great qualities—by high accomplishments."—

"*Not* redeemed—*aggravated!*"—cried Mrs. Mauley, with emphasis. "That Mr. Howardson has an intelligent and cultivated mind, which might be applied to purposes and achievements noble as your own, serves, in my opinion, only to enhance the delinquency of his egoïsm. To whom much is given, from him, much shall be required. Mr. Howardson is doubly accountable;—and to *me* there is something frightful in the course he is pursuing.—At *his* age——"

"Don't talk about his age to *me*, love, as though it were the term of life!" cried Mauley, laughing. "Remember, we are contemporaries!"—

"It is thence I estimate the criminality of his selfishness. By measuring his useless, vain, and sensual existence against all you have accomplished for your own honour and credit and the happiness of others, I learn to regard Mr. Howardson as a mere caterpillar, whose existence is only notable by its ravages

on some beautiful flower, and the quantity of green leaves it is able to consume."

"Dearest Emma! I never before heard you so bitter!"—

"Because I hold this man accountable for the lost happiness of poor Gatty Montresor; and foresee the comfort of his thrice-excellent mother and of poor pretty little Apol. to be in equal peril."—

"God forbid, my dear!—At all events, be it our care to watch well over that of Apollonia Hurst!"—

But, alas! the watchfulness which is to extend from Russell Square to that of Belgrave, is apt to relax by the way;—and as the Scotch proverb hath it,—"It is a far cry to Lochawe!"—

Meanwhile, if Howardson's appearance in Lady Rachel's drawing-room proved vexatious to Mauley, the presence of Mauley himself was a thousand times more annoying to Howardson.—Through this spy in the enemy's camp, tidings of his re-establishment there might reach his mother; and how was so kindly-hearted a woman as the lady of Greyoke, to conjecture that such an intimacy boded no danger to her son?—that he regarded the handsomest woman and prettiest girl in England only as component parts of his agreeable day, just as he regarded his claret, his valet-de-chambre, or his Brougham?—

For at the age to which Howardson had attained,—Love is not a ruling passion.—Providence has so constituted our natures, that boys and old men are alone susceptible of headlong attachments.—The middle-aged man is organized to devote his heart and soul, if married, to his offspring,—if single, to his country.—At twenty or at sixty,—epochs when his services are unrequisite to the service of either,—woman reigns supreme. Parental love (an instinct bestowed to secure the conservation of the human species) subsides into a secondary affection when our children no longer need our care; and we become once more free to love with intensity, as before the existence of that imperative and absorbing tie.—

Howardson, who, thanks to his treachery to poor Gatty Montresor, had no children to provide for, conceiving that

Sparta had many a worthier son than he,

to take care of her turnpike-roads and legislate for her pauper-colonies,—exercised the powers of mind and body destined by Providence to one or other of these duties, solely in catering for himself;—and, devoted to this warm attachment, took care to have no rival in his affections.—No fear of *his* giving way to that fit of hysterics of the heart, called the "tender passion!" Nevertheless, his nature was not secure from a certain annual reflorescence, such as brings forth tender blossoms from the stag-horned branches of the most dilapidated old crab-tree; the only difference being that, every spring, the crab-tree, or sloe-tree, or any other tree, bears the same blossoms as before, whereas the

human heart arrays itself every season with a different flower:—a fatal facility,—for if it be true that

Jucundum nihil est, nisi quod reficit varietas,

the sacred stream of human affection loses all force and dignity by branching into brooklets.—

A scarcely perceptible vibration now disturbed his feelings,—like the slight shock of an earthquake, sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of a building, not to topple it into ruins.—The dawn of a dawn of feeling was faintly streaking his heart,—being the utmost amount of affection to which such a heart as Howardson's is liable.—Some people throw off the scarlatina or a typhus fever more easily than others, either from the vigour, or weakness, of their constitutions; and the cholera, which kills one man as with a cannon-shot, passes over his next-bed neighbour like a slight ailment.—In his youth, Howardson had gone through his love-fits favourably.—His heart was not pitted, or his convalescence lingering.—Was it a sign, therefore, of advance in years, or advance in grace, that the symptoms were now becoming contrary?—In the present instance, he seemed to have taken the disorder in an unfavourable manner; for taken it he certainly had, or he would not have suddenly become so peevish and perverse with poor Apol., so carefully deferential towards Lady Rachel Lawrance.—He was beginning to lead the poor girl,—the pretty heiress,—the *quasi* nun,—the life of a martyr!—

Nothing so difficult to determine as the exact demarcations of youth, middle age, and old age;—words which people pronounce as decisively as though the years of our lives affixed definite periods to our stages of existence, like mile-stones to a journey; or as though youth and middle age were distinct as Arabia Felix and Arabia Petræa. But the age of one man is the youth of another, and *vice versâ;* just as the June of one year is colder than the March of a former; and October, at times, as sunny as June. It is, in fact, as impossible to fix the winter and summer solstice of human nature to a day, as at any given point to admeasure the cubic inches of water contained in the flowing Thames; or decide that the atmosphere, at such or such a point of elevation, contains so many parts of azote.—All must be conjectural.—

It was, perhaps, to increase, or, possibly, to throw a veil over the perplexities of the case, that some facetious personage imagined the saucy indefiniteness of the "certain age;" the great inventor of which mysterious epoch, ought further to have assigned a name to the vague self-mistrust arising in the heart of man on the junction between that cruel period of his life and the smiles of some bright-eyed being,—some butterfly emerging from its chrysalis and requiring summer for its pastimes,—some fair and gentle woman, new to the adulations of the world.—For

how are we properly to qualify the peevishness,—the restlessness,—the discontent,—the caprice,—the injustice,—indicative of poor Howardson's state of feeling, after a few weeks' familiar intimacy with Apol. ?—

Mirrored in the reflections of her bright blue eyes, did he first clearly discern the silvery tufts and complex packets of crowsfeet deposited with him by the gout; and it was only on finding her listen with rapt attention to his words, that he became conscious of the evaporation of all grace from his ideas, all spirit from his phraseology.—The languor of time was upon his nature.—He found himself incapable of discerning in a flower the fragrance which *she* discerned. When she talked of the brightness of the sky, Howardson looked forth and found nothing but dimness. For, alas! the grey hair and crowsfeet were within, as without; and his soul was bald with a baldness that set Macassar oil at defiance. — Hence, the petulance of his mortification. Hence, his utter disagreeableness;—unmistakable symptoms, to experienced eyes, of the clinging consciousness of a certain age.

Whenever he was at his crossest, meanwhile, poor Apol., grieved to see her dear godmother's charming neighbour a victim to what she regarded as indifferent health, redoubled her efforts to please and amuse him.—In cold weather, she used to stir up a blazing fire;—in sunny, to draw down the blinds;—or on the damp, silent afternoons, stagnant as a London Sunday, would read aloud to him—(not, indeed, with the varied intonation of Lady Rachel, but the quiet monotony of a murmured prayer)—some passage she had marked in the last book she had perused, to ask interpretation from his greater wisdom.—Or if the streets became too noisy for reading, or Howardson, excited by the dinner-party he had left, was in vein of converse, she would sit with her eyes fixed in mute admiration on his face, listening to him as to the preaching of an apostle.—

One day, however, at the close of one of these silent ecstasies, when the object of her admiration—(smoothed over by her silent flattery, like an athlet anointed for the combat, into unusual elasticity of spirit)—had exceeded his usual measure of languid eloquence, Apol. suddenly exclaimed aloud to Lady Rachel,—"What would I give that poor papa were more like Mr. Howardson!—It was just so,—so rational,—so instructive,—so impressive,—that, in my convent, I used to dream of my father!"—

At that moment, Howardson took occasion to stoop for the removal of a speck of dust from his varnished boot. Nevertheless, the quick ear of Lady Rachel Lawrance probably detected the muttered execration by which the movement was accompanied,—(an execration bitterly accoupling her right honourable name with that of a fit of the gout;)—for in her next *tête-à-tête* with her sarcastic neighbour, she began to talk, in an unconcerned manner, of Miss Hurst.—

"If Apol. were not of so serene and unimpressionable a

disposition," said she, "I should sometimes feel anxious about her prospects. In high catholic families, marriage is almost as conventional an arrangement as among foreigners; and hers was pre-arranged with her cousin (to secure the union of their estates), from the time she was five years old. It was on that account Mr. Hurst kept her so long in her convent. He fancied, when he withdrew her from the Ursulines, that her marriage was on the eve of accomplishment. But when the lawyers took the settlements in hand, after her arrival at the Isle of Wight, they discovered there was no means of assuring her fine fortune hereafter to her husband and children, if the deeds were signed before the attainment of her majority. She has, consequently, three years to wait; for Lady Honeyfield (old Hurst's sister, and as cold and interested a person as himself) would not hear of her son's risking his future ten thousand a-year against an uncertainty."—

"*Lady Honeyfield?*" murmured Howardson, but so inarticulately, that there was no occasion to notice the interruption.

"And though I have little doubt," persisted Lady Rachel, "that, had she become a wife immediately on quitting Flanders, her inexperienced heart would have accommodated itself without inquiry, and from a sense of duty, to her destinies, I feel much less happy at the idea of her uniting herself with a man so much older than herself, as Sir John Honeyfield,—(a man double her age,—a man she will contemplate as a father!)—now that she has seen something of the world; and is able to contrast his impaired looks and careworn temper with those of young men like Lord Tarbolton, and others whose vivacity has charmed her unpractised feelings."

Instead of being sufficiently self-possessed to observe—"then *why*, knowing her engagement, did you expose your young friend to the danger of Lord Tarbolton's attractions?"—her indignant auditor was unable to repress a despairing exclamation of—"Jack Honeyfield!"—

Much as he had always detested the noisy, sensual, illiterate sporting baronet, never had he regarded him with such abhorrent contempt as on learning that the virgin of the Ursulines was to be sacrificed to such a monster! A momentary desire to wield the club of Hercules for its extermination, arose in his heart.—But what a triumph for the impertinent world, were *his* listless arm to upraise itself,—*his* undemonstrative countenance to shew itself convulsed by angry feelings!—No!—it should never be said that, after all his high and palmy days of supremacy, he had succumbed to the alligator on attaining a certain age!

Very measured, accordingly, was his reply to Lady Rachel, that Miss Hurst would probably accommodate herself to circumstances, as others of her sex had done before her;—and that many were the consolations of a matron who, to eighty thousand

pounds of her own, is able to conjoin a landed estate of ten thousand a year, even when the premises are burthened with so ponderous an incumbrance as a Jack Honeyfield.

Justly surmising, moreover, the malicious intentions of his fair neighbour in conveying to him the intelligence of Apol.'s engagement, and the concluding fling at the sober years of a man known to be his contemporary, he added that—"reared as Miss Hurst had been in decent seclusion, and modest and feminine as was her disposition, he had little doubt that, in married life, she would pass with dignity, and unreproached, through trials of which women of higher accomplishments were unhappily often the victim." After the discharge of which Parthian dart, he uttered a few fluent words about the beauty of the weather, and hurried off to White's.—

As he drove leisurely along the crowded streets, the acrid thoughts fermenting in that selfish bosom which had flattered itself of being able to regulate its emotions, as the temperature of a hot-house or hot-bath is regulated, by a thermometer of Fahrenheit or Réaumur, were not a little aggravated by the reflection that to this said Jack Honeyfield,—this illiterate jockey,—this less than nothing of a man,—he was indebted for two of the greatest thwartings of his life;—a first misunderstanding with his mother,—and a last *démêlé* with his heart.—But for his dislike of personal trouble, vengeance would have been indeed sweet!—To convert poor Apol.'s filial deference towards him into a sentiment fatal to the happiness of the future Lady Honeyfield, and consequently to that of her husband, was a temptation he had some difficulty in overcoming.—

Was it or was it not, unconsciously to himself, that, from that day, his deportment towards Miss Hurst partook of the oscillating nature of his feelings?—One moment, he treated her with the insinuating and deferential tenderness due to the future wife of the man he detested as bitterly as was compatible with the lukewarm nature of his calling;—the next, he was abrupt, sarcastic, almost brutal;—and poor Apol. was perpetually divided between repentance of some unconscious offence against the only man on earth she wished to please, and gratitude for the pardon she fancied he had conceded to her in consideration of his friendship for her godmother.

On such occasions, her young heart overflowed with thankfulness; and whenever the evening of an unavowed quarrel and unspoken reconciliation ended with music, a deep and thrilling pathos, sweeter than the studied graces of all the *prime donne* in Europe, mingled with the usual *cantilena* monotony of her singing,—like the sweetness crushed out of the wounded stem of some herb of grace, unkindly bruised and trampled on!—

Lady Rachel, seriously uneasy for the sake of her protégée, (or for her own,) began to contemplate the eligibility of sending her home to the Isle of Wight, at hazard of offending the morose

kinsman who had proved an unflinching friend in her conjugal tribulations. But she had not courage to deprive her house of its fairest ornament, with the certainty that, after the day of Apol.'s departure, Howardson would never cross its threshold. It required more strength of feeling than fashionable life had left her, to appreciate the greatness of her duty as regarded that motherless child.

Sur ces entrefaites, it occurred to her that perhaps the advice of Mauley might be advantageous. But he had been careful to insinuate such formal reserve into the acquaintance subsisting between her and his wife, that it was difficult to invite them to her house.

It required, on the other hand, a prodigious exercise of scheming to accomplish her object of getting Apollonia to spend a day with her friend in Russell Square.

Two months had elapsed since Apol. fulfilled that duty; and her last visit had left a delightful impression on their minds of the sweetness of her temper, her accessibility to simple pleasures, her sportfulness with their handsome children, her good-will towards her fellow-creatures, her humility before God.—It was a real pleasure, therefore, to Mauley and his wife when she proposed to come among them.

But was their present listless, nervous guest, the once bright and joyous Apol.-blossom?—She scarcely seemed to recognise the children,—she scarcely seemed to know that Emma was talking to her.—Her person was there,—her mind elsewhere. Her glances were vague,—her words incoherent,—her voice tremulous.—She appeared to be secretly counting the hours to return to a more congenial circle.

The wise and good Mrs. Mauley was deeply grieved;—not vexed, not piqued, not mortified;—but grieved as a woman who is a mother grieves over the failings of a woman who is a child. —One only remedy suggested itself. She spoke openly, firmly, and courageously, of Howardson.

"At Lady Rachel Lawrance's," said she, "you must have frequent opportunities of seeing a man who, but that he once preserved the life of my husband, I should hate and despise?"—

Apol. looked wistfully into Mrs. Mauley's face; for the name of Howardson did not suggest itself in answer to such an apostrophe. How was it possible that *any one* should hate or despise *him!*—

"I mean Mr. Howardson of Greyoke!" resumed her hostess, steadily,—"with whose mother we were staying last autumn at his beautiful seat;—an excellent mother,—with whom *you*, my dear Miss Hurst, would, I fear, have little sympathy, as the most bigoted of high churchwomen."

"I should find sympathy for anything or anybody belonging to a person so delightful as Mr. Howardson," faltered Apol.-blossom.

"Find it then, I entreat you," resumed Mrs. Mauley, "for a dear friend of mine, once bound to him by ties of the fondest affection.—Gertrude Montresor was young and lovely as yourself, and of a station in society equal to his own, when he left no effort unattempted to possess himself of her affections.—I *then* thought,—all her friends thought,—that it was at the instigation of warm affection. I have now reason to believe it was merely because he saw her sought in marriage by several of the first men of her county; and considered it indispensable to his dawning fame as a Lovelace, to carry her off from such competitors."

"You do not think, then, that he really loved her?"—demanded Apol., eagerly.—

"He had all the *appearance* of being passionately attached; and *her* affection was as fervent and sincere as ever warmed the heart of woman!—For a whole year was their engagement kept secret, till the attainment of his majority would entitle him, in spite of all opposition, to make her his wife.—Her family were bent on marrying her to Lord Rainhurst, who was deeply attached to poor Gatty. But she would not hear of it. She disdained *him*,—she disdained all the world for Mr. Howardson; and if it never occurred to her as strange that he should make a mystery of their engagement, thereby exposing her to the importunity of others, it was because she accepted, without inquiry or surprise, every opinion and decision of him to whom she had entrusted the care of her happiness. They corresponded, of course; and judge of her happiness as the day approached which was to entitle *him* to the possession of his fortune, and *her* to the possession of his hand!"—

"Happiness—happiness, indeed!" faltered Apollonia.

"On that long-looked-for day of joy, she received a letter from him urging her to accept the hand of Lord Rainhurst, for that,—for family reasons—their union was impossible!"—

"His mother, then, interposed?"—

"His mother had no power of interposing;—and I have since found, not even the inclination. — But in the interim, Mr. Howardson had been associating at college with a set of fashionable *roués*, who persuaded him that an early marriage is fatal as an apoplexy to a man of the world."—

"What cruelty,—what treachery!"—cried Apol., with the deepest sympathy.

"Treachery, indeed,—because cruelty which could be perpetrated with impunity. The Montresors have no son, and their estate goes to a distant cousin; so that, in the old age of Sir Henry, the poor girl was defenceless. Nor was Mr. Howardson less aware that not a syllable of complaint against him would ever escape *her* lips; that, if accused, *she* would defend him,—as she has ever done,—as she does to this moment. —It is only because I, her playmate and companion and the affianced wife of the companion of Mr. Howardson, saw and

knew all this, that I am able to appreciate the character of one of the most heartless men of the day."—

Apollonia answered no longer:—and though they were sitting together in the dusk, so that neither obtained a view of the other's face, Emma Mauley rightly conjectured that tears were falling from her eyes, like that still small rain of spring, which sinks silently into the grass.

"Despising him from the bottom of my soul as one who for the gratification of his selfish vanity has broken one of the gentlest of human hearts," observed Mrs. Mauley, "I was grieved to find from my husband that Mr. Howardson had obtained an influence in the house of a relative of his ward. In society, meanwhile, his heartless egotism is thoroughly appreciated. He is perfectly understood to be one of those clever worldlings whom it is dangerous to have as an enemy, but still more fatal to have as a friend. All this, however, does not restore to my poor dear Gertrude the wasted hopes of youth,—the loss of health and happiness."—

Though not a syllable further passed between the young girl and her admonitress, (her husband happening at that moment to enter the room,) it did not surprise Mrs. Mauley to learn that, a few days afterwards, there arrived a travelling carriage, and Mr. Hurst's old housekeeper, to fetch away his daughter into the country, on pretence that the old gentleman was indisposed.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Mauley was formally apprized that his ward had determined on returning to her convent, till the accomplishment of her majority.

"Apol. is once more safe with the Superioress of the Ursulines," wrote her father. My infirm health prevents my conducing to her amusement; and the poor girl does not much relish London life. I found her greatly altered in appearance and temper on her return to town, and was easily persuaded that change of air and resumption of her early habits would afford the surest restorative.—Lady Honeyfield concurs with our views; and it is settled among us, that till the period arrives for the celebration of her marriage, she shall abide in Flanders."—

"An admirable arrangement!" was Mauley's only observation,—little surmising the influence exercised by his wife's revelations in dictating the only alternative by which Lady Rachel Lawrance and her circle could be kept at bay, without unkindness or offence;—for, even to secure her own happiness, Apollonia would not have hazarded the infliction of a pang on her godmother.

Still less did he conjecture, while rejoicing to know that gentle child re-established in the security of the cloister, that she carried with her into that tranquil retreat the germ of a moral disease, contracted during her brief contact with society;—that, like a bird which flutters back for shelter to its nest, with drooping

wing that conceals a fatal wound, all was over in this world for Apollonia.—Another broken heart to be laid to the charge of the man of the world!—Another victim to Modern Chivalry! —Another triumph over the alligator!—

FLIGHT VI.

" —— Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?"

JUVENAL.

The man to soft humanity a stranger,
Is but a dog,—like Æsop's in the manger.
(*Translation.*)

FROM the day of Apollonia's departure, Howardson never set foot again in the house of Lady Rachel Lawrance! Justly appreciating the gentle but cheerful nature of Apol-blossom, and conceiving it impossible that such a step as her re-immurement in a convent should proceed from her own inclinations, he attributed to the jealous envious manœuvres of one who, in truth, grieved for the loss of her young friend far more sincerely than himself, a step solely the result of an energetic and generous sense of womanly duty.

How was he to surmise that Gertrude Montresor, rather than Lady Rachel Lawrance, was the cause of the sudden determination of the future Lady Honeyfield!—

For several days, his displeasure at Apollonia's assertion of independence was much such as that of George III. at a similar impertinence on the part of America. So thoroughly was he out of sorts, that the waiters at White's were amazed to hear him declare the tenderest of spring chickens tough and tasteless. His appetite deserted him, and he refused three invitations to dinner.

But for any lasting impression to affect so worldly a nature, is as impossible as to perpetuate a trace on the surface of the ocean; which, after engulphing a fine line-of-battle ship, or graceful frigate, mutters a few faint gurgles to shew where it went down, and then exposes to the laughing sky the same blue smiling surface as before. At the end of a week, Apollonia Hurst was forgotten. New friends crowded the drawing-room in Halkin Street; and Lady Rachel, who had been Pythonized by a fit of enthusiasm into getting up a bazaar for the benefit of some district in the Highlands, devastated by an inundation, had not leisure for assigning motives for the strangeness of her departure. Had she surmised that Howardson's estrangement was a final measure, she might have regarded the loss of Apol. more seriously;—but considering his absence merely as a symptom of the intermittent nature of his regard, to

which she was now pretty well accustomed, she looked forward with certainty to a change of weather.

Could these two creatures of conventional life be expected to conceive the anguish of spirit with which poor Apollonia was prostrating herself at the foot of the altar, in her dreary retreat,—praying to GOD to remove the plague-spot from her heart, and render it whole and happy as when, only a year before, she knelt among the daughters of HEAVEN?—Could they be expected to imagine the aching hollowness of a bosom compelled to cast forth from its sanctuary of sanctuaries the idol therein secretly enshrined, yet unable at once to replace the dethroned god by a truer divinity?—Could they be expected to picture to themselves the humility with which she implored of the Throne of Grace to release her from life, or from the influence which, as with the force of demoniacal possession, had gained ascendancy over her soul?—Could they be expected to foresee the ineffaceability of feelings which the wise and tender counsel of a mother might perhaps have obliterated; but which the harsh schooling of a director—armed with the caustics of vigil,—fasting,—and penance,—served rather to imprint more deeply in her breast?—Many were the venerable women in that holy sisterhood, who, in the whole amount of their threescore years and ten, had not experienced as much agony of soul or indulged in as bitter self-reviling, as the innocent girl of eighteen, who felt as if, in her brief contact with the world, her nature had been tormented and defeatured by the flames of Gehenna!—*Her* sorrow was not as the milder grief of Gatty Montresor,—soothed in a happy home,—cheered by an affectionate mother, surrounded by the bright and gracious prospects of nature.—Before her eyes lay not a single pleasant object to alleviate the darkness of her spirit. Nothing—nothing was before her but the bars of her convent!—

While poor little Apol-blossom was thus paying the penalty of past happiness, Howardson underwent as much discomposure as could overleap the sevenfold walls of brass wherewith he had encompassed his existence. Professed egoïsts are careful never to attach their happiness to the society of an individual sufficiently for his loss to occasion a gap in their routine of life; and it was only through an unusually indiscreet partiality for the company of Apol-blossom, that Howardson had been betrayed into assigning so much of his valuable time to Lady Rachel, as for their rupture to leave him with two or three hours per diem unoccupied on his hands. Not that it is difficult for a man, in the enjoyment of *his* advantages of fortune and person, to secure agreeable occupation for his leisure. But it behoved him so to bestow his confidence, as to be secure against further disappointment. The substitutes, male or female, he was about to introduce into the drama of his life, must not be of sufficient ability to obtain undue influence, or conjecture the origin of their introduction. Still less did he choose to be

harassed by the company of fools;—right well aware of the difficulty experienced by a thorough-bred horse in accommodating its pace to that of a herd of asses.

But, alas! in the world inhabited by Howardson of Greyoke, asses predominate;—well-bred, well-fed, well-groomed asses,—and often, spirited as the wild ass of the desert, but still, asses! —The higher we ascend to the lofty places of the land, the more rarefied the atmosphere,—the scantier the herbage; and the inanity of worldly society may be sufficiently inferred from the aptitude of all *têtes à couronne* to welcome to their courts the arrival of any adroit charlatan endowed with powers of agreeability.—A pleasant fellow, anything short of a pickpocket, (and sometimes the full complement thereof,) is sure to succeed among the listless coteries which love to lie languidly extended, while mountebanks and jugglers tumble for their entertainment.

Society does little or nothing for the amusement of society.—Society keeps for its diversion a dozen companies of players, lyrical or dramatic,—hordes of painters and engravers,—novelists and poets, — mimics, ventriloquists, ropedancers, popular preachers, to say nothing of Lords Ellenborough and Brougham. —Society cannot live without its daily and weekly papers, — its monthly and three-monthly periodicals, — its trashery of annuals; — all of which are spun and woven by an army of intelligent martyrs, who invent and execute their literary feats (as we are doing at this present writing) for the diversion of the *ennui* of an overgrown despot, lolling like Ali Pacha on a divan, with a *chibouque* in its mouth, and its bowstring and mutes waiting at the door,—which calls itself the World, and is too insolently and stupidly luxurious to minister to its own diversion.—It can't and it wont!—

Not but that, occasionally, great spirits start up in its dominions,—even as Bœotia had now and then its philosopher.—Nay, the criticality of the positions into which it is enabled to thrust its sons, engender at least the semblance of greatness. —If you place a coward on the top of a wall, he must sit steady, or tumble and break his head. The command of a great army may create a great general; and it is only the woolsack that condensates a clever lawyer into a lord chancellor.

But let those who stand in need of recreation to cheer a fit of hypochondriacism or spur the lagging pace of Time, declare whether association with the fine world ever did more than add heavily to their depression?—Alas! its Cupids and Mercuries, like those of a Dutch flower-garden, are all of lead;—its arrows of wit being tipped with gold, are blunt at the point. Its choir of minstrels, instead of being versed in joyful rebecs, can tune their harps, like the bear-leader in the "Vicar of Wakefield," only to the genteelest tunes, or dolorous strains of "Willow-willow!"

When Howardson, in utter listlessness of spirit, looked around him for some pleasant associate on whom to bestow the tedious-

ness of his *ennui*, he found the men of brains undergoing, one and all, their sentence on the treadmill of politics;—and during the intervals of their work in the House, no extracting a thought or word from them that did not savour of the jobbing we dignify by the name of Power!—Over the other sex, solicitudes of dress and equipage exercised similar ascendancy.—None had sympathy to squander on a weaker brother. Pledged like himself to ego-totalism, they stood in the world, detached, though crowded,—like so many grave-stones in a churchyard!—

"How different from *her!*" mused Howardson, on finding himself deserted by a bevy of beauties, hurrying from a dinner at Tarbolton House to a brilliant ball-room, caring no more for his cheerlessness than though he were one of the sofa cushions. "How different from Apol.'s congenial and compassionate nature! —It would have sufficed to deter her from flying in pursuit of pleasure, that even a dog or bird she left behind was in a state of suffering!—But *she* was a *woman*,—woman to the heart's core, —intrinsically and above all, a woman!—Whereas Lady Helena yonder and her showy friends have no more heart in their composition than so many china shepherdesses stuck up for ornaments on one's chimney-piece."

It did not occur to Howardson to compare *their* love of pleasure with *his* love of ease—and balance the amount of selfishness; persisting only in his decision, that if to secure the society of these triflers it were indispensable to wear down his spirits with the crush of ball-rooms, and harass his nerves by the noise with which the *beau monde* tries to overpower the music of a concert, he preferred seeking amusement at easier cost. "At *his* age he was not going to give in to the alligator."

Blind to the fact that every step we make from childhood towards five-and-thirty is a step of progress, and every step we make from five-and-thirty to our appointed threescore and ten, a step of decadence, Howardson fancied himself still ascending and ascending, like a silly squirrel in a cage; and that he had risen higher and saw further than his fellow creatures, because the wheel of Fortune, on which his flyship took his stand, was cutting its way triumphantly through the dust of the world.—

That the bevy of beauties by whom he was deserted found him slow and tiresome,—the type of an obsolete set,—a man of yesterday, was a thing undreamed of in his philosophy. Yet even had he guessed it, he would have scorned to vindicate himself by admitting that his oppression of spirits arose from the influence of one of the fairest of their sex!—

Men of the world, so proud of their animosities, and prepared to shoot, at a moment's notice, the man they hate,—parade an antipathy as a virtue, yet recoil from all imputation of the weakness of love.—Howardson would sooner have robbed a church than have it suspected that his nights were often rendered restless by the haunting of a lovely figure, apparelled in the sober vest-

ments of an Ursuline, but lavishly endowed with that exquisite gift of grace which is the eloquence of beauty.—Had he been candid with his fair friends, he might have begotten sympathy. —As it was, they thought him a bore!—

This very carelessness, while it enraged him, was a merit in his eyes. — They appeared more advanced in Epicurean philosophy than himself. While a tender fibre still vibrated in *his* heart, *they* had attained utter indifference!—For Howardson argued that if indifferent to *him*, they must be callous to everybody and everything;—and so fascinated was he by this striking aspect of the alligator's triply-guarded jaws, as to be in considerable danger.

For once, however, he was preserved by Divine interposition. While idling through his season in town, living the life of those the business of whose day is digestion, (too happy if the interval can be diversified by a new *mot* at White's,—a striking exhibition,—or a saunter on an easy back,) he was roused from his slumbers one morning about noon, with intelligence that he was master of GREYOKE!—

The news was startling, and so long as he was shut up in his room, afflicting.—But, choosing to resist the law of custom and remain a hero to his *valet de chambre*, on ringing for Hemmings to announce their departure for the country, he coolly desired that the express in waiting might be paid, and mourning ordered for the family.

Had the death of his excellent mother been preceded by illness, had he been in attendance upon her and an eye-witness of her pious practices and holy resignation, a salutary influence might have been exercised over his nature. But this mercy was denied him. Mrs. Howardson had expired, as peaceably as she had lived, from the rupture of a vessel in the heart while sleeping in her chair; and those who knew how thoroughly her house was in order, saw in this dispensation only the crowning reward of a life of virtue.

She had therefore sunk away unperceived. The event we do not witness or anticipate, though startling for a moment, is soonest forgotten; and the few hours of preparation which Howardson allowed himself (on pretence of setting out in the cool of the evening, but in reality to gather courage for the melancholy scene to which he was repairing) being sufficiently distracted by emotion to produce a second and severe fit of the gout, the physician, sent for by Hemmings without his knowledge, protested he could not answer for the result of the journey. There was consequently a fair excuse to the world for requesting that Mauley, whom he knew to have been named co-executor of his mother's will, would represent him at the funeral.

The world, nay, even Mauley himself, regarded this sudden illness as supposititious—a mere corollary of his system of sparing himself all painful excitement. But on the return of the

executor from Greyoke, after the mournful ceremony, his first visit to Halkin Street convinced him he was mistaken. The grey tufts on either side the sallow face of Howardson, and the packet of crows' feet at the corner of each eye, were increased in the interim by more than double.

Nevertheless, he spoke cheerfully. Mauley had no right to infer, or at all events to assert, that he was what is called "terribly cut up" by his mother's death.—If a stream had indeed started from the rock, it flowed in secret.—He began to talk of business as though he had been bred in Lincoln's Inn;—begged to be spared, as far as Mauley could be professionally persuaded to take the trouble off his hands, all cares of executorship; and on hearing that, thanks to the admirable regularity of the deceased, they would amount only to a few signatures, desired that the legacies left to the members of her establishment might be doubled. When, however, a compliment to his liberality was extorted from the lips of Mauley, Howardson instantly checked it by exclaiming—"A mere act of policy, my dear fellow, to palliate my resolution to get rid of such a superannuated set from my house!"—

"But you surely mean to reside at Greyoke?" demanded Mauley, with a graver face.

"Certainly—certainly. Where could I find a better country house!"—

"And you will perceive," added the co-executor, "that a last wish to that effect is expressed in the will of its lamented owner."

This was enough to place the good intentions of Howardson among the other paving-stones of a region, the causeways of which are said to be so purveyed.

"I shall certainly visit Greyoke for the shooting season," observed the new proprietor, who had previously intended to spend a tranquil summer among scenes still fragrant with the incense of his mother's virtues.

To another charge in his mother's will, however, he evinced greater submission. In pursuance of a desire she knew to have been entertained by his father, she wished him to lose no time in getting into parliament, and spare no pains in the prosecution of his claim to the barony of Buckhurst; bequeathing five thousand pounds of the thirty she had laid by for him out of her income, for the advancement of this specific purpose.

"If you could manage a seat for me without much trouble," said Howardson to the executor, (of whom the interests of ministers were likely to accelerate the zeal,) "I should not hesitate."—And within a month from the expression of the wish, Howardson of Greyoke added the senatorial initials M. and P. to his "Esq."

"At all events," mused the new member, as he returned to town, after participating in one of those jobs of boroughmongery

which no Reform Bill devised by human wisdom for the better regulation of human corruption will ever extirpate from the manufacture of parliaments,—"at all events, this *corvée*, great as it is, secures me from the still greater one of a sojourn at Greyoke.—I cannot, at present, muster courage for the appalling tranquillity of a country landscape. *Alone*, I dare not confront the place; and it would scarcely be decent to make my first appearance there, escorted by such a caravan as would suffice to exorcise a thousand importunate apparitions."

It was with a feeling of loathing, however, that Howardson took his seat. His previous electioneering defeat, and, still more, the promotion he had anticipated to the less harassing duties of the Upper House,—(a sleeping volcano, whose eruptions are now so rare as to have become almost a matter of tradition,)—increased his natural reluctance to exertion of any description.—Moreover, he felt ashamed of himself for being there.—It was a derogation from his social position;—it was a capitulation of what *he* called his principles.—

But once embarked in the career, his indolence accommodated itself to his duties as readily as the reason of better men,—as the thinnest stuffs are easiest modelled to a fold. To spare himself the trouble of resistance or excuse, he became as constant an attendant as the most hard-working and exemplary of members.

One night, when the tissue of his reveries did not happen to be of a sufficiently consistent nature to secure him against the worry of hearing the feeble policy of ministers still more feebly defended, and the evil intentions of the opposition still more miserably enounced, it suddenly occurred to him that, as the period of transportation of convicts is sometimes abridged in consideration of the merit of their conduct in the penal colonies, his term of commonalty might be curtailed by the mercy of ministers, in gratitude for more active service than the "nay," which is no more than nay, or the "yea," which is only yea.—And lo! he suddenly rose upon a country booby who had been pelting the administration with clods which, in his county, passed for arguments; and, applying the finely-edged turf-cutter of wit to those fibrous missiles, reduced the rustic to his proper level—the earth.—

This outburst, which surprised himself almost as much as his party, sprung, (if the truth must be told,) like Asmodeus, out of a bottle; and the plaudits of the House and the daily papers tended to prove that the claret of White's, like its company, is *prémière qualité*.—Like some ruffian of the lower orders who wakes in a station house, and is assured that, overnight, he murdered his wife after swallowing a pint of cream of the valley, the honourable member (like Byron, after the publication of "Childe Harold") woke next morning and "found himself famous!"—

Children are often praised into good behaviour;—Howardson was praised into becoming a politician. The redundant gratitude of ministers made it incumbent on him to deserve his laurels; and as he had spoken in the first instance under the excitement of a drunken feverish energy, which brought out his powers of mind as varnish does the colours of a picture, it became indispensable on subsequent occasions to speak *up to himself*.—He had accidentally conquered the ear of the House. To keep it, required the exercise of foresight and discretion:—direful responsibility!—

At the close of the session, Howardson had distinguished himself by no less than three *chef d'œuvres* of eloquence;—of each of which he was able to say to himself, as Richard Brinsley to his friends of his Begum oration, "It *was* a deuced fine speech, and that's the truth on't!"—Those of Howardson might be truly said to be *deuced* fine;—emanations from the Pan-demoniacal spirit of landed proprietorship battening over its corn-bin, like Harpagon over his strong box.

The efforts of the egoïst were fated to be repaid in kind. His hopes, liked the weird sisters, had "paltered with him in a double sense;" and so far from finding his services repaid as he expected, he saw that he had only inspired the administration with a sense of their value in the Lower House!—Comparing his eloquence with that of Balaam's ass, which served to convey reproof to its master, he became thenceforward as mute as a fish; till the councils of the state (judging that, for the support of government, the abilities of Lord Buckhurst were better than no support at all) enabled the gazette to convert Frederick Howardson, Esq., into Baron Buckhurst of Greyoke,—trusting thereby to accomplish the miracle of making the dumb speak.

It almost reconciled him to his inauguration among his ancestral oaks, to have obtained precedence over the stuccoed portico!

THE FAR AWAY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

COME, fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Bid the sparkling rubies shine;
Let each comrade's ringing glass,
Give token that the toast doth pass,
And all, with solemn accent, say,
"To the health of those so far away."

Let no shout of boisterous glee,
Nor chant of careless revelry,
Nor mirthful jest, nor laughter rude,
On such a serious theme intrude;
Sadly and gravely let us say,
"To the health of those so far away."

Lo! our brothers, far they rove—
Far away from home and love;
In every clime beneath the sun,
Wanders some beloved one;
Would that these with us to-day
Might drink "to the health of the far away!"

Spare not, friends, the foaming wine,
Drink—deeply drink, to this pledge of mine;
Let each comrade's ringing glass,
Give token that the toast doth pass,
And all, with solemn accent, say,
"To the health of those so far away."

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE SEVENTH, AND LAST.

Sir Gerald remained in town one day longer, much as he longed to be again with Agnes, to tell her that his family name was (he hoped) unstained, and not unworthy of her acceptance. He wished to make such dispositions as would prevent her knowing, at least at present, that her fortune had been appropriated by his cousin. At some future period, when, as he fondly hoped, their interests might have become one, she should know all; but till then, he could not bear that gratitude should be mingled with her love. He wrote to Mr. Hamilton, in some measure to prepare him for the report he had to make of Harry's marriage, and left it to Agnes to confirm the statement.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, he found himself again entering his own park. At the castle, a note awaited him from Mr. Hamilton, begging to see him as soon as he arrived; and, with as little delay as possible, he proceeded on foot to Fairlands. Agnes had strolled into the grounds, and on seeing Sir Gerald approaching, she immediately hastened to join him. She related that her grandfather's anger was so great, on finding that Harry had deceived him, that he had not for some time appeared to consider whether or not her peace might not be still more fatally wounded by the discovery. He had at length called her to him, and said, "My poor child, you must try to forget such a scoundrel;" upon which she had assured him, that she had long felt Harry's attentions to her were those of a brother, and that having returned his regard in the same feeling, she hoped to be allowed a sister's privilege in pleading for him. "Plead for him!" interrupted Mr. Hamilton—"never let me hear you do so. He is an ungrateful scoundrel, I tell you. I wonder what his cousin, Sir Gerald, who was always finding excuses for his follies in former years, will be able to advance in extenuation of this. Married a portionless girl! —that means a pauper—well, I wish him joy of it!—But it shall not be with my credit that he provides for this family of paupers; for, of course, all her relations will expect to live on the rich city merchant. I shall go forthwith to London, and dissolve our partnership, and then where will be his wealth? He has not paid the sum he was nominally to bring into the firm,—I say nominally, for I knew he had it not; but I liked him, and I thought he wanted to marry you, and that would have set all square between us."

While pursuing this train of remarks, Mr. Hamilton sank into his usual evening's nap; and Agnes had proceeded to take her customary walk, in which she had been joined by Sir Gerald. Their conversation was long, and in some respects painful, for Sir Gerald had a tale of early sorrow and disappointment to confide; and though Agnes begged him to defer the relation of anything that would distress him, he said, "No, Agnes; it is due to you that I should at once explain the past. Had I spoken to you of it a year ago, when nothing but the report of your being Harry's affianced bride prevented my doing

so, it would have been with a view of beseeching you to accept a widowed heart; but the torture I have endured in believing another preferred—the fierce and unavailing struggle I have had to conquer my love for you—and the unknown, and till now undreamt-of joy, at finding that you are free, convince me that till now my heart was never filled. What I felt for Evelyn was sweet and affectionate—but it was not the overwhelming passion that now engrosses my whole soul."

What a relief did Agnes experience, as she heard him pronounce the name of "Evelyn!" It was by that name Mrs. Stanley had called her cousin, whose death she had spoken of; and though nothing had seemed real in Agnes' vague and undefined suspicions of Mrs. Stanley, she had always heard her speak of Sir Gerald with an uneasy feeling. Now all seemed explained;—the one word "Evelyn," dispelled the mist which had dimmed her thoughts of both. But before Sir Gerald could enter on his tale, a servant approached to summon Miss Hamilton to her grandfather; and on recognising her companion, he observed—"It is to dispatch a note to the castle, Sir Gerald, to ascertain if you had returned, for which Miss Hamilton's presence is required."

"I will follow you, then, immediately," said Sir Gerald, as Agnes hastened into the house. She did not find her grandfather's mind much calmed by his slumbers; in fact, he told her he had been dreaming that the young scoundrel had robbed as well as deceived him, and Agnes was delighted to see Sir Gerald enter, and to leave them together.

Mr. Hamilton's mind was so thoroughly commonplace, all his feelings were so matter-of-fact, that Sir Gerald knew the sooner he came to the leading feature which caused his auditor's anger and distress, the better they should understand each other, and the sooner Harry's name would be freed from the epithets he could not hear applied to him without impatience, when he remembered, that however guilty his cousin had been, it was Mr. Hamilton's interference and obstinate determination which had caused him to embark in a mode of life at variance with every thought and feeling of his young mind; and but for the thought of Agnes, the present interview would most likely have concluded his intercourse with Mr. Hamilton. But the recollection of his being her grandfather, restrained his words; and, as shortly as he could, he explained that his cousin was fully sensible of his fault, in not having openly avowed his marriage—"a marriage," added Sir Gerald, "which he was perfectly in a situation to make, as his receipts from the firm were fully adequate to the support of an establishment."

"Oh! you think so, do you?" interrupted Mr. Hamilton. "But suppose he had no right to those receipts beyond my pleasure—suppose he never fulfilled the terms of the contract which was to make him a partner—what becomes of the receipts then?—what is to provide for the portionless wife then! Do you suppose, Sir Gerald, that I shall allow the partnership to exist an hour after I can reach London?"

"It no longer exists," replied Sir Gerald. "My cousin's directions to me, before he left England, were, to take immediate steps for its dissolution, which I have accordingly done."

Mr. Hamilton appeared much surprised—perhaps he was as much hurt as surprised;—the blow he meant to deal so mercilessly (for, it

must be remembered, he was ignorant of any act of delinquency beyond the clandestine marriage) was arrested. His conduct to Harry Danvers had never known any medium: pleased and flattered by his adoption of the views he had placed before him, in direct opposition to his cousin's anxious and disinterested entreaties, he looked on him as a creation of his own; and Harry's great popularity, and the high favour in which he stood with all classes, were considered by the merchant as so many reflections of his own perspicacity and sound judgment, in the choice he had partly flattered and partly piqued him into accepting. As he advanced in years, he looked forward to Harry's quickness and decision as a prop and a resting-place. He was not proof against the extreme seduction of his manner; and ere he had been long a nominal partner in the house, Mr. Hamilton became a secondary person in his own firm. Harry's will and Harry's influence became even here as omnipotent as they had long been considered in the world of fashion. While in the full blaze of power, Mr. Hamilton had been his ardent worshipper; now, he had fallen from his high meridian, and Mr. Hamilton would fain have played the tyrant. This was no longer in his power; Sir Gerald's arrangements had left his cousin free from all dependence but on him.

Convinced that in Mr. Hamilton's present frame of mind it would be unwise to urge his suit or give utterance to his wishes regarding Agnes, Sir Gerald took his leave without even waiting for her return to the drawing-room; and finding how liable to interruption his conversation with her would always be, he sat down, at once determined to write the tale he wished her to be in possession of.

Ere Agnes had left her room in the morning, the following manuscript was put into her hands; and, relieved from every mistrustful feeling by the name of Evelyn having been pronounced, she was able calmly to enter on its perusal:—

"It is necessary for my peace," wrote Sir Gerald, "that the whole of my life should be known to you, before I venture to ask your grandfather's permission to address you. You must then decide whether you think me still worthy to be trusted with a treasure so dear to me, that I cannot allow you to be ignorant of a circumstance which, with some women, might militate against my hopes. Agnes! much as I love you, much as I glory in the hope that I am not indifferent to you, I would not owe your affection to any concealment. I must be loved for what I am, or—but I will not unnerve myself for the task before me by frightful fears.

"At an early age, almost immediately on leaving college, I went abroad, in company with Mr. Stanley. We made what is called the grand tour; and were about to return home, when some friends at Florence urged our going with them to Naples for a few weeks, and all coming home together. Stanley wished to get back to England; but, ever the kindest and least selfish being I have ever known, he gave way to my evident wish to join the party. Soon after our arrival in Naples, we became much interested in the appearance of two ladies who were pointed out to us as our countrywomen. They were residing in an Italian palazzo belonging to the elder one, who also bore an Italian title: their surpassing beauty first attracted our attention; and there was a mournful expression of subdued but not forgotten sorrow in the countenance of the Marchesa de Piombo, that rivetted

my attention wherever we met, while the more lively countenance of Miss Vavasour created an equal sympathy in Stanley's feelings.

"We soon discovered that the marchesa was a widow, and that both before and since her marriage, she and her cousin had never been separated. They were frequently accompanied by the marchesa's infant son; and a service which Stanley was at hand to render to this child, (who, you will easily guess, was no other than poor Giulio,) obtained for us an acquaintance with the mother, which we had been informed would not be granted to any strangers, her whole life being centered in her orphan boy, and her seclusion rarely broken in upon except by some member of his father's family. By degrees, our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Stanley became the accepted lover of Mary Vavasour; but she would not fix any period for their union: 'It must depend,' she said, 'on her cousin's health and spirits.' For some time I was so occupied in forming plans for the happiness of my friend, that I did not ask myself what were my own feelings respecting the marchesa; but when Miss Vavasour pressed on Stanley the propriety of his returning home to take possession of the living he now holds, and which had become vacant about that time, as it might perhaps be many years ere their engagement could be fulfilled, I found my own reluctance to leave Naples as great as his. Miss Vavasour remarked to Stanley, 'that a great change had taken place in the marchesa's state, and that, should it continue, her scruples at leaving her would be removed;' and I could not help fancying this change had, in some measure, been effected by my constant endeavour to draw her from her grief. In the early part of our intimacy, she would often be for days together in her own apartment, accessible only to her cousin and her child; but latterly, she had been constantly in the reception-rooms of the palazzo, and had an evident pleasure in my society. Stanley and Mary Vavasour were so occupied with each other, that, as a matter of course, in our walks and drives, the marchesa was left to my companionship; and this constant intercourse led to an avowal of attachment from me, which met with no repulse from her, but seemed to cause so much distress to her cousin, that I was at a loss to comprehend her conduct.

"Stanley, with whom I had lived on the terms of a brother, adopted Miss Vavasour's opinion, and used every argument to deter me from this marriage. The jealousy of the Italian family—the certainty that they would separate Evelyn from her child, and not allow it to leave the land of its birth—the habits of Italian life, so at variance with our English customs—the idolatry which Evelyn herself appeared to feel for all that belonged to that country,—were brought forward to prevent a union, which Miss Vavasour knew but too well would, in all probability, be one of misery. About this time, Evelyn was again for days shut up in her room; Miss Vavasour, as on former occasions, her sole companion; even her child was this time kept from her presence; and this privation was bitterly complained of by the affectionate boy. Hurt and wounded by the reserved or equivocal answers given by Miss Vavasour to my anxious inquiries, and the child's earnest prayers for admittance to his mother's apartments, I determined to enter them in search of her attendants, when I was arrested by the voice of Evelyn, raised to an unnatural pitch, in angry

dispute; her expressions were fearful to listen to; and though every word seemed to torture my soul, I was spell-bound to the spot. Miss Vavasour suddenly opened the door of the ante-chamber, and, on perceiving me, seemed for a moment doubtful whether to come forward or retreat; but after a pause, she closed the door, and approached close to where I was standing. Just then, Evelyn began to sing; and Miss Vavasour exclaimed, 'Poor soul! the paroxysm has passed! Oh! Sir Gerald, you now know why I would prevent your marrying my cousin. Our secret is now in your possession, and my poor Evelyn's sad state in the keeping of another!' Alas! it was too manifest!—the woman to whom my hand was pledged was a *maniac!*

"I pass over my feelings at this discovery. When I became calm enough to listen to her, Miss Vavasour acquainted me that the marchesa's marriage had been one of deep and passionate regard; that her life had seemed to hang on the smile of her husband; that within a year of their marriage, without any previous malady, while intent on admiring his wife's appearance when waiting for their carriage to convey them to a court-ball, he suddenly reeled, fell at her feet, and without sigh or groan was a corpse.

"'Evelyn's screams,' continued Miss Vavasour, 'brought me into the room,—there to behold the lifeless husband and frenzied wife! No gleam of reason was apparent for two months; at the expiration of which time, she was delivered of a seven-months' child; and the medical attendants hoped some change might take place in her malady; but it remained unaltered till Giulio had nearly attained his first year, and then it was remarked that the child's presence appeared to soothe her; and at length she would notice and play with him, though without any distinct notion of his being her child. Change of scene was advised; and we travelled for nearly three years, during which time poor Evelyn's reason became clearer, and for short intervals she would appear to be in the possession of it; but the slightest movement would arrest the feeble light, and she would relapse into frenzy. Nothing can exceed the kind consideration and sympathy shewn and felt by all her late husband's family; every precaution has been taken to prevent her misfortune from becoming generally known; and during the last four years, such an amelioration has taken place, that many, like you, have been in her society unsuspicious of the fact. But, as you may remember, at the first idea of your attachment for Evelyn, I said all, and indeed much more than you could have supposed me privileged to say, to deter you from prosecuting it. It was a difficult position for me, Sir Gerald. I saw that an interest was awakened in my cousin's mind, and I hoped it might become the stay of her tottering reason, and for some time it appeared so; but, alas! this hope has since vanished completely; and her latter paroxysms having been much more violent than for some preceding years, I am forced to believe in the medical opinion, that any violent emotion or feeling would be likely again to fix the malady, and leave it without intermission. It is only this very day,' said she, 'that I have been speaking to an uncle of Giulio's about the propriety of removing him for a time from her sight, for it is impossible to answer for the effect his sudden presence might have on her. God only knows,' continued she, weeping bitterly, 'how long I may be allowed to remain near her!'

"Miss Vavasour's fears were verified; for poor Evelyn soon became so much worse, that none but strangers were permitted to approach her; and after some months, during which her attendants became more and more convinced that her malady had become incurable, Miss Vavasour gave her hand to Stanley, and proceeded with him to take possession of his vicarage, while I obtained the sanction of the family to set out with the little Giulio on a tour. When we returned to Naples, no amelioration had taken place in his mother's state; and my own affairs requiring my presence in England, I relinquished Giulio (to whom I had become tenderly attached) to the care of his father's family, and came home a bankrupt in heart, without any prospect of relief; for while Evelyn lived, my honour seemed engaged; and yet I felt that we never could be more than we were to each other. Desolate as I considered my lot, the thought of ever making a woman who had been so unfortunately afflicted my wife, was at variance with my reason and my principles.

"The communications from Italy were constant, either to Mrs. Stanley or myself. They brought no tidings of change, till one day the former received a letter from the medical attendant, saying that the life of his patient was fast waning to a close; but that as her physical strength decreased, her mental energy seemed to revive—that she now frequently spoke of her cousin and of me, with a wish to see us, and that the realization of this desire would possibly now shed comfort on her dying hour—an hour which could not, in all human probability, be far distant. Mrs. Stanley's situation, on the eve of becoming a mother, rendered her undertaking this journey impossible; but it was a moment of sad trial to her. That you, Agnes, are by some means acquainted with the painful scene which took place between us on that occasion, I am aware; for I have by accident seen it portrayed by your pencil, at the same time that another drawing met my delighted gaze—your sweet and pious record of the date of my poor Giulio's death! Oh, Agnes! how my heart longed to thank you for your sympathy! but I could not trust myself to speak to you, while I considered you Harry's betrothed wife, on any subject which, by calling forth the tenderness of my feelings, might have laid them bare to your view, and shewn you how devotedly I had dared to love you.

"But I must return to my tale. After a rapid journey, I arrived at Naples time enough to behold Evelyn still alive, and, though weak and exhausted, in the perfect possession of her reason. Her wish to see me was chiefly induced by her newly-awakened anxiety for her child. She wished me to become his personal guardian, and to rear him in my own religious faith. 'Such,' she said, 'had been the condition of her marriage with his father, and such,' added she, 'would have been my care had God seen fit.' His father's family, aware of this fact, and feeling their incapacity to undertake the task, willingly conceded to her dying wishes their legal claim to the guardianship of the orphan, who was heir to the family estates; and, as though her soul had but lingered on earth to receive this promise, she expired without a struggle on hearing it given.

"As soon as the legal forms respecting Giulio's property could be got through, I returned with my adopted child to Rashleigh. And

now, Agnes, all that has been hidden from the world in my past life is before you, and on your decision the happiness of the future rests. I will not attempt to hurry you, for I feel sure that when suspense is over in your own mind, you will not allow it to torture mine."

During the perusal of this long letter, Agnes had sympathized deeply in the various feelings it portrayed. There was nothing she could have wished altered, except, indeed, the fact that Sir Gerald had loved before he knew her. Again and again she read over the part in which he described his feelings for Evelyn, and at every perusal the unpleasant idea became fainter, till at length she persuaded herself that the sentiment was not, could not have been the same, as that which now filled both their hearts. And Agnes was right; for in Sir Gerald's early attachment there had been far more of pity than of love.

On descending to the breakfast-room, she found her grandfather already seated there; and as he imprinted the kiss of affection on her brow, she dutifully bent to him as she inquired after his health. He said, "I was hasty last night, and fear I may have offended Sir Gerald, so I have sent to ask him to come over here to breakfast. The fact is, I am cruelly disappointed in Harry ; I had hoped to see you two comfortably settled in a home of your own, for when I am gone, who will take care of you, my poor child?"

At this moment, Sir Gerald was announced; Mr. Hamilton shook him cordially by the hand. His eyes sought Agnes, and in her speaking countenance he beheld with delight the assurance that his confidence had not been unfavourably received. There was a bright and sunny smile, as she put out her hand, that banished all doubt of her affection from his mind.

As soon as breakfast was concluded, Agnes arose to go, and as Sir Gerald opened the door for her, he whispered, " May I speak to your grandfather at once, my beloved?" A slight pressure of the hand assured him that he might do so, and Mr. Hamilton himself led the way to it, by speaking of the anxiety Harry's conduct had left on his mind respecting his grand-daughter's establishment. " Every one," said he, " has been kept aloof by her supposed engagement to your cousin, and at my age, and with my growing infirmities, her future fate is become a subject of serious moment to me."

After some few expressions of the attachment he had long felt for Agnes, Sir Gerald asked, with all the timidity of one who feels that his happiness depends much on the answer he is to receive, " if his former guardian would fear to trust him with his grand-daughter's happiness?"

Mr. Hamilton was so completely taken by surprise, that, at first, he could not speak. He could not but perceive the advantages of such a proposal—but he was one of those people who scarcely believe any result, however good, to be so, if brought about by different means from those they had themselves imagined; and though he gave his consent, and congratulated them both, there was something not quite in harmony with his wishes. He could not but feel his child's happiness would be safe as the wife of Sir Gerald, but he had wished to see her united to Harry. This little feeling of dissatisfaction, however, was gradually dispelled by the noble and generous sentiments which shone

forth, as Sir Gerald's character became more and more intimately known to him; and when he gave his dutiful and affectionate Agnes to Sir Gerald Danvers, at the altar of their parish church, where the ceremony was performed by Mr. Stanley, he acknowledged to himself, that had his own project been fulfilled, he should not have felt so convinced that her peace was secured.

Harry Danvers remained abroad some years, and then, feeling himself to be trusted, he besought his cousin's influence to obtain for him a situation in the diplomatic line. He was shortly after appointed consul at ——, where the natural fascination of his manner, and the strict but courteous discharge of his duties, rendered him a favourite with every one. He continued to reside abroad till his family were grown up, and then a marriage took place between his eldest son and Sir Gerald's daughter — thus strengthening the bonds of affection between the cousins.

THE FARM-HOUSE.

A LEGEND OF 1792.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

> "Why, then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner
> Hast thou been talking with that Witch, the Night?"—OTWAY.

SILENCE and seclusion are often the nurses of wisdom: they prompt meditation, induce study, and aid inquiry. But they exert this beneficial influence only on strong and healthy minds: upon the weak, they prey like demons, either nourishing unhallowed thoughts, begetting strange delusions, or yielding their victim to the torture of some wild monomania. The incidents we are about to relate will prove the truth of this latter position.

Finely situated, though lonely, was the farm-house of Leonard Haselhurst, in Wiltshire. If the domestic comforts of a pleasant home, monied competence, fertile lands, a good wife, and healthy children, could make a man happy, Haselhurst might have revelled in absolute content; and so he did, for several years after he had inherited the property realized by his father. But, alas! this *worldly* fortune was not his only inheritance: he had derived from nature a mind of morbid sensitiveness; and, in the year of which we write, the gloomy and disastrous state of Europe, when the French Revolution had nearly reached its climax of horror, sank into his soul and depressed his faculties. Leonard was a loyal and religious man; and he trembled to think, as was but too probable, that the democratical mania would destroy the political and ecclesiastical institutions of this country. Riots had broken out in different parts of England, particularly at Birmingham and Manchester; Jacobin clubs were held in London and the provinces; doctrines of equality were openly asserted; societies were formed for the express purpose of corresponding with the levellers of Paris; tumultuous and seditious meetings disturbed the peace of our land, and symptoms of anarchy were everywhere visible. All this distressed Haselhurst beyond measure. Nevertheless, had he

been blessed by neighbours in whose society the current of his thoughts might have received a new direction, he would possibly have escaped from under the shadow of those heavy clouds of imagination that hung over him like a pall.

And yet nothing could be more cheerful than Leonard's household —nothing prettier than his residence — nothing snugger than his homestead—nothing more abundant than his barns and ricks and poultry-yard—nothing more health-inspiring than the breezy tract of country by which his farm was surrounded. But all was solitary; and solitude was a curse (though he did not distinctly apprehend it) to Farmer Haselhurst. The situation of his dwelling-place was on one of those broad and undulating downs which stretch over part of the county of Wilts, and which give, especially to the vicinities of Salisbury and Marlborough, so lonesome a character. In a certain direction, the extent of the green plain spreading itself around Leonard's habitation, could not be traced. Nothing interfered with the sweep of the eye to the far horizon: no houses, no hedges, no streams, no groups of wood, no white road with moving objects. But at the back, the view, though still expansive, was determined by a swelling upland crested, for several miles with a thick grove of various trees, broken in its outline, by little inlets or glades—*estuaries* (so to speak) of open land into forest borders. This was the only change presented by earth to break the wide uniformity of prospect from Haselhurst farm; unless a variety might be obtained in summer from the motley-coloured crops, exhibiting patches of bright gold, sober brown, glowing purple, tender green, or deep emerald. The air, indeed, at times, was busy with its shifting pageant of clouds, seen to unusual advantage in that open place—glorious apparitions which invest the face of heaven with endless diversity of form and colour, presenting to the mariner, or town-dweller, or sojourner on monotonous plains, a series of rich and gorgeous pictures—*sky-scapes*—which redeem the uninteresting sameness of nearer objects.

> "Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
> A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
> A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
> A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
> With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
> And mock our eyes with air."

All this, however, had little movement and no sound; and it fed the melancholy of a hypochondriacal man: there was nothing to put life into the stagnation of sick thoughts.

But if such was the character of this far-spreading scene, the farm-house, in itself, was exceedingly picturesque and cheerful. The main part of the dwelling was covered by a ponderous roof, having two dormer windows breaking from out its red and sloping pantiles, like diminutive huts. At each side of the front, was a wing with a sharp and peaked top, being, indeed, the gables of other buildings joined to the centre, but running at right angles with it. The entrance-porch, festooned with creeping plants, intermixed with honeysuckle and monthly roses, had a room over it, and was covered by a separate roof. Of the lower apartments, flanking the porch, the windows descended to a soft lawn forming part of the garden; and the grey stone walls of the structure were enlivened by the differently-tinted foliage of trees

trained against them. The winding gravel walks, and circular patches of short, well-shaven turf, seen from this aspect of the dwelling, almost forbade the idea of its being a farm-house. But behind, the well-stocked yard, crowded with ricks of hay and other agricultural produce, attested its real character. The whole was enclosed with the rough stone wall, constructed without mortar, which is common to that part of Wilts, and its neighbouring shire of Somerset.

It was unlucky, as far as his mind was concerned, that Haselhurst should have succeeded to a handsome property. Had he been obliged to toil for the acquisition of money, as his father had done, and attend the markets personally, the ideas which now were a source of torment could not have exerted such mastery over him. To the solicitations of his wife, (who saw with pain his deepening melancholy,) that he would go to the market-towns, he turned a deaf ear. He could afford to be a "gentleman-farmer," and the disposal of his produce could be managed by deputy. Of the care and culture of his land, however, he himself undertook the superintendence; and he would frequently be abroad, without a companion, overlooking the growth of his crops and the tillage of his acres. He was diligent, moreover, in the supervision of his accounts, so that any fraud in that way was impossible. Thus, as his farm was on a large scale, as his domestic expenses were not great, and as he saw no company,—from being originally rich, he became richer, until, as a measure of precaution against the levelling and destructive spirit of the time, when he believed property in land to be peculiarly insecure, he resolved that he would bring up his sons to liberal professions, but that not one of them should become a farmer.

We have said that for several years after Leonard came into possession of his farm, he was happy and content; but he was never gay. And even then, a sagacious observer might have detected the seeds of a malady which, in its development, would be likely to assume a formidable shape. Still, the triumphant spirit of young manhood kept it down; and it was only when his children approached adolescence, that his nerves began to give way. He had three sons and one daughter, and he now felt that parental anxiety was a weighty and a fearful thing. Was it likely that all his offspring would grow up and thrive, as he had thriven? Might not one of his sons become dissipated, and so bring a blot upon his name? might not another be doomed to encounter crushing misfortunes? or, worse than all, was it not possible that they should by and by be tainted with the revolutionary opinions and infidelity with which the detestable and sanguinary anarchists of France had inoculated many Englishmen? The times were fearful; and Fate might have in store for him many evils. If his sons were thus exposed to a baneful chance, it was also possible that his only daughter might be reserved for the irremediable wretchedness of an unhappy marriage.

Thus industriously perverse was Leonard's gloomy spirit in anticipating misfortunes! But though he brooded over his fears, he was not idle in devising means by which such contingencies could best be averted; and it occurred to him that the safest method of regulating the disposition of his children, and keeping them in the right path, was to bestow upon them a good education.

With this view, he sent his eldest son, Martin, to the well-known public grammar-school at Bath, intending that the others should follow when they were old enough. From time to time, he received from

one of the tutors of the academy, such good accounts of young Haselhurst's progress in his studies, and of his many virtues, that our farmer was confirmed in his opinion that he had taken the true means to ensure the future respectability and happiness of his son. But Leonard seldom heard from the boy himself; and even the few letters he had from him were brief, and not written with the elasticity of spirit belonging to youth. The farmer, however, whose mind was pre-occupied with an idea that he had taken the wisest step for his boy, failed to perceive these symptoms.

Notwithstanding the comfort derived from a notion that his son was fitting himself to become a good member of society, Haselhurst's melancholy increased upon him. Autumn had arrived; harvest was over; and the busy hands that had enlivened the solitude of the farm, were dispersed. Silence domineered again over the whole vicinity. Meantime, accounts, more alarming than ever, were in circulation, not only as to the desperate state of neighbouring nations, but as to England itself. Tom Paine's execrable book, called "The Rights of Man," was in universal circulation. Riots increased in every part of the kingdom. The spirit of rebellion was abroad. Assassinations and massacres were common things on the Continent, and might become so among us.

Winter came on. To the loneliness of Haselhurst farm was now added the desolation of frost and snow and howling winds. But what need the inmates of that comfortable mansion care for the savage nature of the weather? Though a bleak and freezing wilderness was around them, warmth, light, and plenty were within their walls. With roaring fires, soft beds, abundant food, and generous liquors, they could defy the ceaseless, ice-blowing winds, and the long darkness of the surrounding wild. To Leonard, however, these consolations availed little; he could not shake off his forebodings.

One night, when he was seated alone with his wife, he said, "Esther, my dear, we fancy ourselves in security; but a terrible time is coming on us."

"You are deceived, Leonard," said she—"deceived by low spirits; you must rouse yourself. What have we to fear?"

"Is it possible," returned the farmer, "that you can be blind to the signs of the times? A diabolical spirit is abroad, and it will overwhelm us all. Look at the horrible events in France—the inhuman butchery of three thousand men and women in Paris last September—the approaching execution of the poor, meek Louis—the reign of terror!"

"It will not approach our shores, Leonard," responded Esther. "The faith, the loyalty, the steadfastness of our middle-classes will save us."

"How know we that?" demanded Haselhurst. "Did not that fiend, Ankerstroom, murder the King of Sweden in the spring of this year? And only last month, were not five hundred white people butchered by the black devils of St. Domingo? Are not these atrocities perpetrated in the name of Liberty and Equality? May God," continued he, rising and smiting the walls of the apartment—"may God strike those pernicious words out of human language! 'There's nothing level in our cursed natures but direct villany!' Did not the ferocious mutiny of the Bounty indicate the general rage of insubordination? But vengeance has fallen at last on some of the evil-doers. Three of

those ocean-ruffians have met their doom on the gallows; there's some comfort in that—some comfort! Blood will have blood!"

"Leonard," said his wife, quietly, and no longer attempting to argue with him, "it is very late—near midnight. You are excited—you want sleep. See, the fire is going out; let us to bed. You will be better for a night's rest."

"Rest!" echoed he—"rest, on the brink of a volcano! I can't rest. Our country is in a flame!—our possessions are in danger!—we may be beggars to-morrow, if not corpses on our own threshold! Who can sleep with such perils raging about him?"

Though she was not altogether unprepared for such an outbreak, Esther had never seen her husband so agitated as now. She was about to address some soothing words to him, when a low knock was heard at the porch-door. "What is that?" exclaimed Haselhurst, looking wildly about him. "We are beset. Call up the men! See to the children! Great God, our time is come! But we will die with arms in our hands," continued he, taking a brace of pistols from the chimney-piece. "Don't be aghast, Esther; I told you what was approaching. *I* am prepared. All *you* have to do is to wake our men, and then stay by the children."

As Leonard's wife disappeared, the knocking was repeated. Our farmer took a pistol in each hand, uttered a short ejaculation to heaven, and then walked calmly to the door. "Who is there?" demanded he. "What do you want? Speak!"

"Father!" was faintly exclaimed from without.

Haselhurst knew the voice. In an instant, amazed as he was, he drew back the bolts, opened the door, and his son Martin staggered in, and fell at his full length on the passage-floor. For a moment the farmer looked at his child in mute bewilderment. He felt his face; it was very cold; but as the youth breathed freely, Leonard concluded that he was suffering chiefly from the severity of the weather. Lifting him gently in his arms, he carried him to the parlour, laid him on the rug before the fire, and then went to the stairs to call his wife.

"Esther, Esther," exclaimed he, "come down! Here is our boy, Martin! Why he has arrived at this time of night, I know not; but nothing else is the matter. Come down!"

The mother did not need a second bidding; but rushed to the room, and beheld her son. Without uttering a word, she knelt down by him, took off his sodden shoes, chafed his feet, raised him, and supported his head against her side. "Make some warm wine and water quickly, Leonard," said she. An instant sufficed to prepare the mixture, when Esther, having ascertained that the temperature of the draught was not too hot, held it to her child's lips, and administered it by slow degrees. By this means Martin was restored to consciousness, and could now be placed in an arm chair. He looked his thanks, poor fellow! to his two parents, but did not speak.

"Ask him no questions to-night," whispered Mrs. Haselhurst to her husband; "that is, none connected with this unlooked-for arrival. Our only care must now be to recover him. We shall know all to-morrow." Then turning to her son, "Martin, my dear," said she, "shall I get some supper for you?" The boy looked hard into his mother's face—it was a beseeching look, imploring her, as plainly as words could do, not to be angry with him. He then burst into tears.

"Be comforted, my dear, dear Martin," said she, kissing him. "We are glad to see you, love; very, very glad. Speak to him, Leonard."

"May Heaven bless you, my boy!" said Haselhurst, solemnly.

"See, dear Martin," resumed his mother, "here is supper for you. You must want it, I am sure."

"I have not eaten this whole day," sobbed the boy; "and I have walked a weary distance. It was painful, mother, to struggle through so much snow."

"Well, well, we will not talk of it now, dearest," said Mrs. Haselhurst. "Eat, my child; and after your food, you shall have a warm bed. Whatever you have to say, will best be said to-morrow."

Having taken the refreshment of which he was sorely in need, Martin repaired to his chamber; and when his mother had seen that he was comfortably asleep, she returned to her husband, whom she found pacing about the parlour in great agitation.

"What can all this mean?" exclaimed he. "Has he committed some offence, and so been expelled? or have the boys emulated the madness of others, and rebelled against the authority set over them!"

"Nothing of the kind, I'll answer for it," replied Esther. "Our Martin is too good—too gentle—too obedient. All will be satisfactorily explained in the morning. Let us lie down with that conviction. Come, Leonard, come."

"The moral plague-spot is upon us—the dire frenzy of the age!" ejaculated Haselhurst, as he strode towards his room. There was no sleep, however, on that night for either of the parents. But the poor weary boy slumbered heavily, and appeared next morning at the breakfast-table with renewed strength.

His story was soon told. Martin was a thoughtful, studious, meek-spirited youth, unfitted to encounter the persecution with which boys at public schools torment all new-comers. For a time, he hoped to mitigate the brutality of his juvenile oppressors, by passive endurance. But, according to the malignity of some natures, this only made matters worse; and at length, like Cowper the poet, in a similar situation, he was so depressed, that the hours of play were to him hours of agony. He stood alone and unsupported, a mark for thoughtless tyranny. The Christmas holidays drew nigh; and for more than a week before the actual "breaking-up," the school was like a bear-garden. Because Martin was unresisting, every device was put in practice to harass and torture him; till, scared by his persecutors, the poor victim absconded; and, without money, travelled on foot from Bath to his father's house—a distance of about twenty miles. Hunger and cold, and clogging snow, kept him on the road till midnight.

In this account Haselhurst deeply sympathized; but it opened new sources of uneasiness within his breast. Martin and his two brothers resembled each other exactly. If one was not fitted to buffet with the world, neither were the others. This reflection weighed deeply upon Leonard.

"Cursed that I am!" exclaimed he to himself—"my children can never get on in this life! One of them has been tried, and has been forced, for want of a proper spirit, to run away from school—an object for the scoffs and derision of other boys. He can never go back. The name of Haselhurst will be a theme for scorn and laughter! Cursed that I am!"

Poor, moody, hypochondriacal Leonard! hadst thou talked over this matter with other men, thou wouldst have found in it no cause for alarm. But thou wert solitary, and the insubstantial phantoms of thy brain obscured thy reason.

A little before twilight on the day following Martin's return, Haselhurst strolled out upon the lonely downs, and did not rejoin his family till between nine and ten o'clock. If they had been alarmed at his unusual absence, they were more so at his appearance when he entered the house. His eyes were wild and his face haggard—he spoke incoherently to his wife and children. Mrs. Haselhurst did her best to compose him, and thought she had succeeded, for he laid his head on the back of his chair, and fell asleep.

In about half an hour, he awoke, when, staring at the picture of his wife, which hung over the mantel-piece, he suddenly ejaculated, "Who has done this?"

"Done what, Leonard?" said Esther.

"Look at the picture!" exclaimed he, starting from his chair. "The face—your face, Esther, has faded! What is that dim shape bending over it? God of heaven! 'tis a shadow of myself. Who has done it? Why are such devilish tricks played off upon me—upon me, who cannot bear them! Turn it to the wall—I will not look upon it!"*

The insanity of the poor man was now evident. He had brooded over imaginary disasters until his rational faculties were overpowered. Assistance and advice could not be procured at that late hour; and Mrs. Haselhurst, after vain attempts to convince him of his delusion, succeeded in persuading him to seek repose. When she herself retired to her chamber, she found her husband apparently asleep; therefore, hoping that his paroxysm was over, and that slumber would restore him, she offered up a prayer for his preservation from the worst of earthly afflictions, and consigned herself to the rest she so much needed.

But who shall describe her consternation on awaking in the morning? Her husband was not by her side! Almost wild with apprehension, she hastily wrapped herself in a dressing-gown, and went to the house-door. It was bolted, as she had left it the night before. She then opened the parlour-door, and encountered a blast of cold air. The window had been thrown up! Haselhurst had stealthily left the house this way.

Bewildered, frantic, fearing the worst, the poor woman—for it was now dawn—gazed around her in every direction. A terrible sight soon met her eyes. Two men of the farm were seen bearing between them a human body, of which the head was frightfully disfigured. The truth was now apparent, and Esther, uttering a piercing scream, fell senseless on the floor.

Unhappy Haselhurst! Waking from a delirious slumber, he had left his bed without disturbing his wife—had entered the parlour, taken one of his pistols, and then, opening the window, left the house. Having withdrawn himself to the extremity of the inclosure, in order that the report of the weapon should not reach the ears of his family, he then and there shot himself. His body was found by two of his men, as they were going to their early work.

* This incident of the picture is derived from Hone's "Table-Book."

AN EVENING AT DYÁR-BEKÍR.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Dyar-Bekir is a large town, and one of the strongest and most ancient fortresses on the confines of Kurdistán, Armenia, Persia, and Mesopotamia. Its present name is Arabic, and is derived from a chieftain of the name of Bekír, who migrated thither; but it has had different appellations under each successive dominant power.

The approaches to the city, from whatever point, are highly picturesque. Situated on a knoll of black basalt, which rises about five hundred feet above the river Tigris, the hill slopes down gradually to the bed of the stream, where it is crossed by a modern bridge constructed out of ancient ruins; and the interval between is occupied by successive terraces and gardens, dotted with kiosks and summer-houses, and rich with a profuse and beautiful vegetation. On the side opposite to the river, and to the northwards also, is a dreary, stony plain, scantily covered with greensward, and only here and there interrupted by the tombs of the faithful, diversifying the wilderness by their strange architectural forms. But even from this basaltic upland, the aspect of the city, though sombre, is imposing. It is surrounded by lofty walls of the same dark stone, defended at intervals by numerous square towers; the domes and minarehs of more than twenty mosques rise above this dark line, their fairy lightness further relieving the massive structure of the numerous khans, and the monastic simplicity of the Chaldean Cathedral, and other Christian churches. The dark plain, still blacker walls, and the general sombre and stern appearance of the whole city, well entitle it to its Turkish name, "Kárá Amid," the Black Amid; Amida being its Christian name under the low empire, although Constantius, having repaired and fortified it, dignified the city for a time with the designation of Constantia. It is, however, most remarkable in history as the Tigranocerta of the Romans.

I had ridden out one afternoon with Hafiz Pasha, and the usual pomp of Oriental retinue, the Seraskér having wished to shew me a quantity of magnetic iron (Iserine) which lay in the bed of the Tigris, and which had excited his attention. As, on our return, we approached the lofty gateways of the well-preserved ramparts, the pasha turned round to me, to inquire who built these noble walls? It was a curious question to put to a stranger, (as they ought to have known best,) and an unpleasant one to answer; to have said the Gawúrs, would have been displeasing to all; so a courtier compromise was effected, by stating that the walls were of ancient date, but had been repaired and strengthened by Jálál ad dín. The name of the renowned, but unfortunate Muslím sultan of Khwarizm, so long the bulwark to the greatest adversities which befel Islamism, after its first rise, in the invasion of the Tatars, under Jengiz Khán, aroused a sudden interest with the Circassian Seraskér, and the Turks immediately around him, which was not easily quieted. Further conversation was, however, interrupted by our entrance into the town, and the prancing of steeds through the streets and bazaars, too narrow to admit more than one at

a time. The pasha had also to return the salaam of the prostrate merchants, as they deposited their chibuks to make obeisance; and after we arrived at the large, but ruinous pile of building which, overlooking the depths of the Tigris below, has so long served as palace, citadel, and prison, the band played for an hour or so; visitors were received; and it was not till after dinner that the pasha sent for some of the old men of the city, and turned the conversation upon the subject of Jalál ad dín.

"Jalál ad dín Mankbarni, the great God be with him," said one of the old men, adding his distinctive appellation, "was one of four sons of Alá ad dín Muhammed Khwárism-shah ibn Takash; to him was given the kingdom of Ghuzni, and the adjoining parts of India; but he was ultimately driven to take refuge in this city, by Jengiz Khán; may the most high God curse him! And it was from hence that he applied in vain for assistance to the Khalif, and to the Malik al Aadih of Mifarikin."

"The heat of the sun makes us sit down in a bad place," interrupted the pasha. "Little thought the Commander of the Faithful that the khalifat itself was so soon to be overthrown by the same implacable hosts under the grandson Hulagú."

"A single word sometimes destroys favour," here thoughtfully observed the kalib, or pasha's secretary. "When writing to the khalif he subscribed himself, in former times, *his most humble servant Mankbarni;* but after he had taken Kalat, he subscribed himself only his *servant*, or *brother*. And a slipper is sometimes worse than a naked foot, for when writing to the princes of Mosul and of Mifarikin, he merely used the inscription, 'Help is from God alone,' not condescending to make use of his name; and he was himself styled, Khudáwand i Aalam—'Lord of the world.'"*

The Mullah, an intelligent middle-aged man, here added, slowly and reverently, "He who wears a long skirt treads upon it; the Naubat was beaten for him at the five hours of prayer, and there were twenty-seven drums of gold, and the march of Dzú 'l Karnain 'with the two horns,' (Alexander the Great,) was played twice, that is, at sunrise and at sunset."

"The wrath of the fool is in words, and the anger of the wise is in deeds," said the pasha; "pity for the Muslim that they could not agree; but caution is vain against the decree of God, I have heard that Alá ad dín, his father, died on an island in Tabaristán," (Caspian sea.)

"He fled before the Tatars," said our first informant, "and embarked upon the sea of Tabaristán, the Tatars shooting their arrows after him, and reached a solitary island, where he was taken ill. The people of Mazanderan pitched him a tent, and gave him provisions; and this sultan, who once had thirty studs of horses, felt lonely without a single steed, and said, 'I wish I had a horse which could feed around my tent;' and they brought him a bay horse, and in return for whatever was given to him, he gave his signature to the gift of countries and great wealth; and when his son, Jalál ad dín, obtained

* I have shewn, by a curious inscription copied from Sultan Khán, ("Travels," &c., vol. i., p. 194,) that in the year of the Hegira, 662, (A.D. 1264,) the Seljukiyan sultans took the title of Amira i Muminín, or Commanders of the Faithful. I rest for the titles of Jalál ad dín on the authority of An Nasawi, (M. Ibn A. Ibn Al Munshi,) his secretary, who wrote under the date of 616.

power, he confirmed all that his father had given by deeds or by seals. But death seized the sultan, and they washed his corpse, and had no winding-sheet, and its place was supplied by his shirt; and he, whose gate had been the refuge of the kings of the earth, was buried in a lone island."

"And how came Jalál ad dín to Dyar-bekír?" inquired the Seraskér.

"He fled before Jangiz Khán," continued the old man, "from Ghuzni, and thence to the Indus, where the Khan overtook him, and captured his son, a child seven or eight years old, and murdered him in cold blood. And when Jalál ad dín fled to the banks of the river Indus, he saw his mother, but not his son. And all the females of his harem cried out, 'In the name of God! In the name of God! kill us, or save us from captivity.' And he commanded, and they were drowned. This was one of the wonders of affliction, and one of the most overwhelming of misfortunes and sorrows! And Jalál ad dín and his army plunged into this great river, and about four thousand escaped to the other side naked and shoeless. And the waves threw Jalál ad dín, together with three of his private attendants, on a distant spot; and his friends sought for him for three days, and continued wandering in search of him, and straying in the desert of anxiety, till Jalál ad dín joined them. Then he went forth, and there were battles between him and the people of those countries, and Jalál ad dín conquered, and reached Lahor in India. It was after the conquest of Kalat, and various successes and reverses, that he took refuge at Amid, and it happened that one day he encamped near the bridge, and drank the whole of a night, and became intoxicated; and the sickness of drunkenness is swimming of the head and weakening of the mind; and the Tatars surrounded him and his army in the morning.

"'Tis evening, and their bed is of silk, and when morning comes their bed is the earth,

"'And he in whose hand is the lance, is like him in whose hand is the paint for the face.'

"And they who were in pursuit of him surrounded the tent of Jalál ad dín, who was sleeping intoxicated, and some of his servants entered, and took Jalál ad dín by the hand, and wakened him; and he had nothing on but a white vest; and they placed him on a horse, and he rode to Amid, but could not obtain entrance, and thence he fled by Mifarikin to the mountains inhabited by the Kurds, and they took him and plundered him, and were about to kill him, and he said to one of them, 'I am the sultan; preserve my life, and I will make thee a king.' And the Kurd took him to his wife, and then went away to the mountain, to his companions, who were there; and there came a certain Kurd, holding a short spear, and he said to the woman, 'Why do you not kill this Khwárizmian?' And she said, 'That would not be right; my husband has taken him under protection;' and the Kurd replied, 'This is the sultan, who, when at Kalat, killed a brother of mine, who was a better man than he;' and he struck the sultan with the spear, and killed him."

"Never think yourself safe from a fool when he has a sword in his hand," said the pasha; "the Kurds are all 'Izedis, (worshippers of the evil spirit,) and will never be brothers to the Muslím."

"Wallah, wallah," said the Mullah; but Saleh ed dín (Saladin), blessed be his memory, was a Kurd!"

"True," said the pasha; then turning towards me, for fear I should feel hurt by the allusion, "The length of the tongue," he continued, "shortens life; the bey stated that the walls were only repaired by Jalál ad dín, and built in more ancient times."

The opportunity thus afforded was taken advantage of, to mention that the building of the city is attributed, by the Armenian historians,* to Tigranes Haïk, who gave the city to his sister; and that it was in the time of another of their kings, also Tigranes by name; that it was besieged by the Romans, under their general, Lucullus.

The use of this name caused an interruption, and various attempts were made, amid much hilarity, to pronounce it. The Seraskér also put some questions, as to the military proceedings and arms of the Romans, which being answered, I proceeded.

"Lucullus, on entering upon his campaign against the Armenian king, crossed the Frát (Euphrates) to the north of the Maden Tágh (Taurus); for when the men wanted to stop and take a fort, the Roman pasha pointed to the mountains before them, and said, 'Yonder is the fort you are to take!' then, pushing his march, he crossed the mountains, and the Maden-chaï (Tigris),† and approaching Dyar-bekír (Tigranocerta), from which the king had fled at his approach, laid vigorous siege to the city.

Tigranes, having received succours in the mountains of Kurdistan (Gordyæa), descended from thence into the plain, and Lucullus, leaving Murena before the city, advanced to give him battle, and encamped on the plain north of the city, having the river before him, the Armenians being encamped on the east side.‡ The passage of the river was not opposed by the Armenian king, who looked upon the handful of Romans with contempt, and from the river north of the city taking a westerly bend, thought "that the Roman legions were in flight. But these redoubtable warriors having crossed the river, and ascended the opposite bank, they gained the level ground above, and resolutely attacking the Armenians, drove them before them in every direction."§

"He who is content with his own knowledge, falls," said the pasha, much interested with these details. He then inquired how such a minute account had been preserved for so long time back; I told him that the Roman historians, like the Arab writers, were often so careful and minute in their histories, that with a good local knowledge of the disposition of the territory, every movement of their troops in any celebrated engagement might be easily traced. "Did the Armenian kuran," said the pasha—(I was about to interrupt, and claim the title

* History of Armenia, by Father Chamich, translated by Avdall. Calcutta, 1827. Vol. i. p. 41.

† Sextus Rufus says that Lucullus, by the capture of Tigranocerta, obtained *Madenan*, the best region of Armenia.

‡ Father Chamich, the Armenian historian, says that the king's troops broke through the camp of the Romans, entered the city, and succeeded in rescuing many of the king's wives. But independently that the Roman historians and Lucullus' biographer, Plutarch, are silent upon such a circumstance, it is not likely that the Armenians crossed the Tigris on their return.

§ Some doubts have been thrown, by a writer in the "Classical Museum," against my identification of Tigranocerta with Dyár-bekír; but independently of the direct and indirect testimonies which I have brought to bear upon the subject (Travels, &c., vol. ii. p. 361, et seq.), positive proof of the identity is afforded by St. Martin, who says that *all* the Armenian historians admit this well-established fact.

of shah for Tigranes—for the Armenians certainly were not rayahs at that time—but I thought it an unnecessary punctiliousness)—" never make head against the Romans again?"

" Yes; he opposed him, but unsuccessfully, at the Gharzen-su (Arsanias.)"

" Where was he going, then?" said the pasha.

" To Artashát (Artaxata)," was the answer.

" What!" said the pasha, surprised—" through the long and difficult passes of the Ali Tagh (Niphates) ?"

" Oh, that was nothing to the Romans! One of their emperors—by name, Cæsar—made a march without parallel in history, from Syria to Zela, without a rest, and there, in his own words, arrived, saw, and overcame his enemy."

" And nothing of that kind has been done by modern commanders?" said the pasha, inquiringly. " Is it true," he added, " that Artashát was built by Hannibal, when taking refuge with the King of Armenia?" I said there was an oriental tradition to that effect, and it was supported by Armenian historians, but not admitted in Roman or modern histories.

The pasha now changed the conversation, by putting a question at once of leading and captivating interest to those present. " Achmet Effendi," he said, addressing the old man who had been the historian of Jalál ad dín's misfortunes, " how and when did Dyár-bekír fall under the Osmanli power?"

" It was in the reign of the glorious Selim—blessed be his memory! —that the nation called Kárá Emid inhabited this province, and was governed by Kárá-Khán, ' the Black Khan.' This nation had been long determined to throw off the yoke of that chieftain's arbitrary and tyrannical rule, and to effect this, had recourse to stratagem. They caused a letter to be brought to him, as if from the Shah of Persia, in which it was written—' Thou who art Kárá-Khán, the moment our mandate shall reach thee, know that we have resolved to send thee, with thy whole army, against the enemies who are about to invade these parts. Wherefore, with as great preparations as possible, march out of the city, within five days, and pitch thy tents in a place called Kavakilda, (the place of poplar trees,) in order to be ready, on our second notice, to go where occasion requires, or to come to us instantly.' Kárá-Khán accordingly departed from the city, with all his forces and his family, and encamped at the appointed place; at the same time, the citizens arose, and putting the few soldiers that were left behind to the sword, they shut the gates upon the khan, and then wrote a letter to Selim, mentioning what was done, and offering to surrender the city, if he would appoint as their governor Mehemet Bey, their countryman, who was then in the sultan's court.

" This proposal was very agreeable to Selim, but fearing to trust so deceitful a people, he deferred recognising them for a whole year, during all which time, the city was besieged by Kárá-Khán, and fierce skirmishes took place frequently, and the lofty, ancient walls of the city alone saved it from being sacked.

" At length Sultan Selim sent Mehemet Bey with a body of troops to the relief of the city; but when the two armies appeared in sight of one another, the ardour for fighting, if such ever existed, diminished exceedingly, and both parties remained in battle array.

" At this momentous period, there suddenly appeared a great cloud of butterflies, which, flying over the space between the armies, divided

themselves into two parties,*—the white going to the Osmanlis, and the red to the Persians. Presently the white charged the red, and after a fierce (butterfly) conflict, vanquished and routed them. The sword could hardly have effected what these insects produced in the mind of both sides. The Osmanlis, inspired with courage by the good omen, fell bravely on the Persians, and easily slew and routed an army filled with terror, and entirely dispirited by the same strange omen. Among the captives was Kárá Khán, whose head was ordered to be struck off by Mehemet Bey."

"He who draws the sword of injustice shall be killed by it," said the pasha, smiling at this account of the superstition of the Osmanlis in past ages; and I little thought at the time that I should, scarcely two years afterwards, on his being signally defeated in an engagement with the Egyptians, hear equally gross and absurd superstitions mooted and received as truths in his very presence; but misfortune invariably brings out the strong or the weak points of a man's character, according to which may be most true to his nature.

"Several of the Osmanli sultans have resided within these walls, have they not?" inquired the pasha.

"Murad, the servant of the Glorified, wintered here, after the conquest of Baghdád, and——" The old man was proceeding in his relation, when the musical voice of the Muezin was heard proclaiming even prayer from the menarch of the palace. The Mullah followed forthwith, with sundry slow, sonorous Allahs; the servants departed for the carpets for genuflexion and prostration; and I withdrew, not without promises being exacted, to be early in the morning with the pasha.

SONG.

BY BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

"A paragon of beauty—a desire;
An angel she of gladness."—T. J. Ouseley.

Come hither, come hither, and sit by me,
Under the shade of the greenwood tree;
I've a secret, dearest, to murmur to thee,
On those twin lips dewy and tender;
And thus while I sit, to thy bosom prest,
With all thy love in thy look confest,
Oh, wonder not if I feel more blest
Than kings on their thrones of splendour.

Thy voice has a music to stay the hours,
Thy smiles are as sweet as those garden bowers,
When broider'd by May with the rosiest flowers
That summer skie ever beam'd on;
And in those eyes, as the morning bright,
Is sitting a Cupid—a sunlike sprite—
Oh, never hath Bard in vision of light,
A lovelier Image dream'd on.

The books, the songs, I loved so well,
The evening walk in the leafy dell,
The midnight planets, whose radiant spell
Could cheer my solitude only,
Are changed—and no more their joys impart
When thou art away, who my Angel art,
There stands a Temple within my heart,
And thou art its idol only.

A Phantom of Beauty, more bright than May,
Flits round me like sunlight, and gilds my way—
Her smiles, her glances, wherever I stray,
Like showers of roses fall o'er me;
Come tell me, dearest, come tell me true,
The name of this Phantom that meets my view,
Or need I declare that while sitting by you
The Real of this Phantom's before me?

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* This anecdote is, I believe, related of some other battle; but Achmet Effendi is supported by Cantemir, Prince of Moldavia, in his "History of the Ottoman Empire," that the tradition is attached to the contest in question.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"Injuriæ, suspiciones—bellum, pax rursum."—*Terence.*

XXII.

Colman's negotiation with Messrs. Morris, Winston,* and Tahourdine, for the sale of one moiety of the Haymarket property, and the result of a purchase by those gentlemen, greatly disconcerted the subject of these memoirs. Again had Elliston been baffled in his views of partnership — Bath, Liverpool, the Haymarket! — thrice had he been thwarted in his besetting ambition; and he now met Colman, at the commencement of his third and last season on the Haymarket boards, with no feelings of cordiality and scarcely the sentiment of good will.

The cause of the above sale was the heavy loss on the two experimental seasons, particularly the last, in which Colman had made an effort to rival his gigantic neighbour the Opera-house, encountering the monster on its own grounds, and attempting to wield those mighty engines fitted only to the grasp of his opponent. With the courage of David, but without his judgment, Colman beheld the Goliah still unhurt; and having exhausted his resources in a vain attempt at the splendour and pageantry of *ballet*, was now compelled to take steps of a far different fashion, and put up with the more homely condition of "ordinary time" and common sense. "The Enchanted Island," which he had lately produced, was an illusion in opposite effects to those he had anticipated—that the money *went* like magic, there is no denying, for the manager expended on this ill-judged experiment no less than 1600*l.*, of which his "Enchanted Island" did not recover to him one shilling.

Elliston was likewise deprived of his position as stage-manager, that office being now given to Winston; but he still retained its emoluments, which, with his pay as actor, amounted, at the close of the season (1805), to 559*l.*

On the 18th of July, a *petite comedie*, written by Cherry, under the title of "The Village; or, The World's Epitome," was produced at this theatre. Considerable opposition attended the progress of the piece; and in the second act, Elliston, under the old impulse, stepped forward, begging earnestly that the audience would hear it to the close, which request he actually impressed on his bended knee; an appeal powerful as that of Lord Brougham himself, who no doubt had

* Mr. Winston died on the 9th of July last, at his house in Charles Street, Covent Garden. From this gentleman, the compiler of the present memoirs received the greater part of the documents, letters, &c., appertaining to the life of Elliston, and also much theatrical matter incidental to the actor's time. Mr. Winston was remarkable for his accurate information on dramatic affairs and histrionic biography connected with the last half century, which, to the lovers of the stage, rendered his society highly agreeable. He was one of the most active and serviceable friends Elliston ever possessed.

In 1835, Mr. Morris became sole proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre by purchase of all the shares.

treasured up the effect, at the concluding sentence of his celebrated speech on Reform. The petition was granted—but the "World's Epitome," unlike "the whole bill," did not pass into a law, for it was damned on the first reading, and the curtain fell amidst the yells and hootings of an indignant audience. The *froissement*, however, was not confined to the body of spectators, for a difference taking place between Mathews and Elliston, in the *coulisses*, the former accusing our hero of some neglect, Elliston responded in that peculiar language which never fails "to stir men's blood," and a blow from his irritated antagonist was the prompt rejoinder. At the commencement of the farce, Elliston, under great excitement, made a rambling appeal to the audience, but here also he appeared to get the worst of it, although he had withdrawn the play, at the sentence of the house, which had so emphatically pronounced there should be no two bites at a *Cherry*.

On the following day, a letter by Robert William appeared in the public prints.

"Haymarket Theatre, July 20, 1805.

"Sir,—Some misrepresentations having taken place respecting an occurrence at this theatre, last night, in which I was a party, I beg leave to state it correctly.

"It is true that a momentary altercation did arise between Mr. Mathews and myself, which was attended with some warmth on both sides, but it is not true that I 'was knocked down twice,' nor indeed that I was knocked down at all. Nor is it true that I was placed in any situation humiliating to the feelings of a man, or derogatory to the character of a gentleman.

"What the circumstances were, I will not intrude on the public. I only explain what they were not. It is enough for me to say that there is every probability of Mr. Mathews and myself becoming friendly with each other; and were it not so, there would be no one more willing than myself to acknowledge his zeal at all times for the interests of his profession and the welfare of the establishment to which he might belong.

"It has been alleged that I am extremely officious in addressing the audience on many occasions. If to my office, as stage-manager, the term *officious* be applied, I do plead guilty to the performance of my duty, but I do not confess to any less worthy signification of the word. I trouble the audience with observations only when I may deem it necessary, and always endeavour to do so with respect.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"R. W. Elliston."

"Having been bystanders during the difference which occurred between Mr. Elliston and Mr. Mathews, at the Haymarket Theatre, on Friday night last, we feel it incumbent on us to declare that the statement of Mr. Elliston having been knocked down on that occasion is totally void of truth, and that no circumstances took place which were in any respect dishonourable to that gentleman, or, indeed, to either of them.

"Robert Palmer,
"Charles Taylor,
"John Palmer,
"W. T. Hatton,
"F. G. Waldron, (Prompter.)"

Thus ended the affair in the theatre itself, but innumerable were the squibs let off in the public journals from the ashes of this discord. Newspaper letters on private grievances are fair game to the idle public, who beat about for amusement; and although Elliston had satisfactorily proved he had not been "knocked down by Mathews," yet he laid himself open to so many sly shots from quills in ambuscade, that it required his whole armour of equanimity to preserve him from being positively riddled.

Elliston's recent triumph in the part of *Duke Aranza*, at Drury Lane, was now succeeded by a success at the Haymarket only less brilliant from the nature of the drama in which he appeared — a musical entertainment, entitled "Three and the Deuce." This piece had been produced at the same theatre ten years previous to the present event, the principal part or parts having been written expressly for the display of Mr. Bannister's versatility of genius; an experiment, however, which did not meet with a favourable reception. Elliston, who had heretofore accomplished some triumphs not dissimilar to the present—namely, a decided success on Bannister's own ground —was by no means deterred from the trial by the records of the theatrical *decade*. The fantastic triune impersonation suited admirably his fancy, whilst emulation kept up a state of irritability which could only be allayed by playing the character without delay. The versatility of powers (if we may venture so lofty a term) necessary to success in the part of "The Singles" might very reasonably have attracted public favour to this "announcement in the bills," for Elliston was both a pleasing singer and an elegant dancer, while his *savoir faire* of the mock heroic and perception of broad farce, all conspired to the fair promise. The piece was acted for his own benefit, and the trial was another decided hit; like Diana, the actor was equally divine under his three phases, and the *petite comedie* was, from this time, assigned to him, by legal conveyance of popular approbation, his own freehold.

In the course of this season, another outbreak took place in the Little Theatre, which, commencing in deep tragedy, concluded, very properly, in downright farce. Dowton had chosen for his benefit Foote's burlesque piece, entitled "The Tailors," or "A Tragedy for Warm Weather," in which the fraternity of the thimble were not treated with the respect which their importance in all ages appears to have enjoyed, and they now resolved, like the Knights of the *Shoulder Knot* at Bath, some years before, (on the representation of "High Life Below Stairs",) to vindicate the dignity of their order, and at the same time to shew a spirit. A pallid battalion of tailors occupied (as well they might) the *dress* boxes, another operative line threaded the pit, whilst not a few were prepared for backing the suit in the galleries. Dowton had advertised "The Tailors," but they had resolved on "*Measure for Measure*." Being well assured that the first blow is half the battle, Dowton, on his appearance in the part of *Francisco*, was assailed by no less a missile than a pair of tremendous shears, which would at once have cut the thread of his existence had the act been an echo to the will. This pretty strong demonstration of hostility caused the immediate interference of the constables, and in three minutes, the uproar

was at the best. The tailors, it is true, were three to one; but recollecting how many go to a man, it is not surprising they were presently overmatched. Some of the ringleaders, or, rather, foremen in the house, were handed over to the public office, where Mr. Aaron Graham, like *Priuli*, was at that moment sitting. Here good fortune appeared, in some degree, to attend the tailors; for our friend Aaron being, as we have already had occasion to notice, in the interests of Drury Lane Theatre, was too well pleased at any mortification which might attend another booth in the fair; and with the exception, therefore, of the desperate little mechanic convicted of sheer malice against Dowton, the whole party were dismissed—or, we should rather have said, were sent about their business.

Thus terminated this thimble *emeute*. The tailors claimed the victory, under which *prestige* they felt entire satisfaction, and quitting the playhouse, were content for the future to appear on no other boards than their own.

On the 15th of September, of the same season, Liston made his first appearance in London, at this theatre, in the character of *Sheepface*, in the "Village Lawyer." His peculiar talent was at once acknowledged, and secured him his patent for life in public favour. As of Tarleton, (whom, in fact, he must somewhat have resembled in style,) we can truly say,—

> ———"cujus vox, vultus, actio possit
> Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum."

On the 5th of October, a revival of Farquhar's comedy "The Constant Couple" was advertised for that evening's representation, at Drury Lane Theatre. Late in the afternoon, handbills had been circulated, stating, that in consequence of the sudden illness of Mr. Elliston, who was to have personated *Sir Harry Wildair*, the comedy would unavoidably be deferred, and "She Stoops to Conquer" was the substitute. "The Constant Couple" not having been acted for some years previous to this event, and public curiosity being considerably excited in respect of the present cast of its hero, the theatre was numerously attended. As to the handbills, they of course had met the eye of but a small portion of the "British public," and the greater part of the audience, under a sense of disappointment, felt inclined to "take it out" (as the money-lenders express it) in some other article, and had a row for their money. Due satisfaction being paid in this manner, Goldsmith was entered "*vice*" Farquhar, and the substitution was permitted to proceed.

But on the following day one of those awkward *contretemps* occurred, of which we blush to confess we have met with more examples than the present, in the course of our theatrical reading.

He is but a dull swain—a poor, pitiful lover, we verily believe, who cannot anticipate the whimsy of his mistress *before* the little caprice has being within her—one of those instances is it, in which effects are allowed "to lead causes." And he is but a bungling conjuror—a clumsy, heavy-fingered jack-a-lent, who cannot tell you the very ace, knave, or queen, dancing in your thoughts, even *before* you have made up your mind on the colour of your card. But what is permitted to the lover, or looked for in the conjuror, may perhaps become a questionable quality

in reasonable beings, who are expected to work by the square and rule, and not like those who, in their mistake of courage, attempt to display it by setting truth at defiance.

Not to detain the reader longer in our display of metaphor; on the subsequent day, as we have said, to this provisional comedy at Drury Lane, the following *critique!* appeared in a journal, called "The British Neptune:"—"Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Last night, Farquhar's sprightly comedy, 'The Constant Couple,' was most barbarously murdered at this theatre. The lively knight was by Elliston reduced to a dull piece of affectation—it was *Tom Errand* in *Beau Clincher's* clothes. *Clincher* was altogether lost in the hands of Bannister—it approached Farquhar as nearly as the frog resembled the ox in the fable. Miss Mellon was not thoroughly unpleasant in her representation of *Angelica;* but criticism has not language severe enough to deprecate the impertinence of Barrymore presuming to put himself forward in the part of *Colonel Standard.* We were scarcely less offended with Dowton's attempt at *Alderman Smuggler*—it was only not absolutely the worst thing we ever saw."

Such was the "mirror" in which the Drury Lane company—ladies and gentlemen—beheld their unhappy features at their toilet on the following morning—Sunday. On their swollen heads, black eyes, and lacerated noses, they gazed in silent stupefaction. They had clearly been cruelly belaboured by elves—the victims of pawwawing—in their sleep, (for Saturday nights are the Sabbaths of witches,) and acknowledged the providence of having escaped with life itself.

They however determined, like the petulant beauty, to be revenged upon their looking-glass, and with all the violence of the fair, Elliston, Barrymore, Dowton, and Bannister, commenced a prosecution against the old "Neptune," which would inevitably have brought him from his coral palace, on the dry floor of the Court of King's Bench, but for the mercy of the very mortals themselves whom he had so deeply injured. The prosecution was stayed—a compromise was entered into—the proprietors of the paper paying of course all expenses, and a supplemental fifty pounds to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

Whilst on the subject of "outrages" we must beg leave to narrate an act of surpassing audacity, to the cost of poor Dowton. In the old Drury Lane theatre, many of the dressing-rooms were on the level of the landing beneath the stage. During the representation of some piece, wherein Dowton had to be lowered by means of a trap through the stage, his face being turned towards the audience, Elliston and De Camp, who were concealed below, had provided themselves with small ratan canes, and as their brother actor, who was playing a serious part, was slowly descending to solemn music, they applied their sticks sharply and rapidly to the thinly-clad calves of his legs. Poor Dowton, whose duty it was to look as dignified and intrenchant as a ghost, smarting under the pain, could scarcely refrain the expression of it by a positive screech, whilst he curvetted with his heels, like a horse in Ducrow's arena. Choking with rage, he was at length wholly let down, and being now completely out of sight of the audience, he looked earnestly round to discover the base perpetrators of the violence. Elliston and his companion had, of course, absconded—it was *decamp*

with each of them; but at this moment Charles Holland, dressed to the very finish of fashion, worthy of Cibber himself, was crossing from one of the rooms. The enraged actor, mistaking his man, and believing, by Holland's imperturbability of manner, he was in fact the real offender, seized a mop at that moment immersed in most unseemly water, and thrusting it in his face, utterly destroyed wig, ruffles, point lace, and every particular of his elaborate attire. In vain Holland protested his innocence, and implored for mercy—his cries only whetted the appetite of the other's revenge, and again and again the saturated mop was at work over his finery. Somewhat appeased at last, Dowton quitted his victim; but in the mean time, the prompter's bell had announced the commencement of the piece in which Holland was to have appeared. What was to be done? The drama was proceeding—Holland already called to the stage! all was confusion thrice confounded. An apology for "*the sudden indisposition of Mr. Holland*" was made, and the public informed that De Camp had "*kindly undertaken to go on for the part!*"

In April (1806) Elliston applied for permission of the Haymarket authorities to advertise Colman's pleasant little comedy, "Blue Devils," for his benefit at Drury Lane, to which he received the following direct answer:—

"The proprietors of the Haymarket Theatre present their compliments to Mr. Elliston, and acquaint him that past circumstances prevent their acceding to the request Mr. Elliston has so unexpectedly done them the honour of expressing."

This note was in Colman's own hand-writing. Such was the acetous fermentation of that sweet friendship which had been so lately sealed in pledges of choice Madeira, and witnessed in the little "rump-parliament" at Waldron's. "At lover's perjuries, they say, Jove laughs," but theatrical friendships are a joke much beyond them. An April day has greater certainty, and a flash of lightning as much durability—

> "They quarrel 'bout a pin or feather,
> And wonder how they came together."

XXIII.

It was at this period of his life that Elliston became first acquainted with a gentleman, who proved one of his truest and most valuable friends during his professional career—Mr. Warner Phipps, actuary of the Albion Assurance Company—a man of sound understanding, acute judgment, and rare sincerity. To Mr. Phipps, Elliston was indebted for the best advice in his repeated difficulties, and for pecuniary aids which never were denied when the object appeared reasonable in itself and creditable to his good name.

In the summer of this year, our hero was engaged principally in Dublin, to which place his friend transmitted any London intelligence which he deemed might be useful or gratifying. Amongst his earliest letters was the following:—

"Neither the fame you have acquired, nor the wealth you ought to be accumulating, should satisfy your own conscience, as certainly they cannot acquit you to your family for that disregard which you shew

to society as a member of it. Do not deceive yourself by fancying you are merely despising appearances by violating the proprieties of life. True—a man may live too servilely to the world's opinion, but it follows not that he should contemn the conventions and the decencies of the commonwealth. I will not offend you by descending to *particulars*. I know I am speaking to a man of discernment—I hope also to one of fortitude. If I have as yet not said enough, I should still fall short, though I were to write a volume.

"I shall at once, therefore, dismiss this part of my letter.

"You may know, perhaps, in what manner the Haymarket has shuffled on since your estrangement. Fawcett does not take kindly to your comedy, and Rae positively burlesques your tragedy. The former, in his *real* department, has unquestionably great power, but *Vapid*, *Megrim*, *Bob Handy*, and many others he has lately meddled with, require the touches of another pencil. Rae is not, perhaps, without effects, but they are chiefly of person. His form is good, his countenance impressive, and his voice of considerable compass; but his deportment is loose, his eye dumb, and his tones without variety or modulation. I can say nothing of his understanding, for I have not been in his company. As to his *Octavian*, I never witnessed a more inflated piece of Jack Puddingism in my days.

"I am convinced it should not be your object to play in London, both during winter and summer. In the latter season, take your Drury fame into the country—you will make more money, preserve your health, and delight your fancy by variety of scene.

"I enclose you a pasquinade, which I understand was uttered aloud from the boxes, the other night, and which appeared in a morning print of yesterday. What it wants in wit is made up in truth:—

"'Mr. Rae—Mr. Rae—
Ah! prithee—go away—
You are a sorry lad,
And you act so very bad
That you'll surely drive me mad,
If you stay—Mr. Rae!'"

An attempt was now made by a certain clique of the leading spirits of Drury Lane, in conjunction with sundry town wits, (and amongst them, Theodore Hook, then a young man,) for a revival of some of the London clubs, which had lately fallen into abeyance. Elliston was the very *Monk* of the "Restoration."

Their immediate object was a resuscitation of the "Humbug Club," which had originally been projected by Mr. Perry, proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," and from whom the new party received many of the old forms and ceremonies. Mr. Perry, in fact, "gave the people a constitution," at the head of which he was nominally placed. Colman, who, from foregone conclusions, "was unable to appear," was yet, like *Ariel*, a most potent agent, invisible, and duly executed the good bidding of Perry the *Prospero*, on the enchanted soil of the Oxford Coffee House, where the roystering crew were fraternized.

"The Humbug"—that is, the "old original"—had been assembled on the first month of several years, by a proclamation issued by Mr. Perry, who was designated "*Humbugallo Rex*," and countersigned by his secretary, "*Screech*." These proclamations were exceedingly humorous, and may be read on the files of the "Chronicle" of the

period. Mr. Pryse Gordon, in his "Personal Memoirs," gives the following notice of this association:—"When a new member was proposed, he was admitted blindfolded, with much ceremony. He was then conducted by a member to the bottom of a large apartment, whence he mounted a dozen of almost perpendicular steps, being warned, that if he slipped, he would inevitably break his neck. When the candidate had ascended the very summit of the tottering fabric, the bandage was suddenly snatched from his eyes, and he found himself standing on a platform of about a foot square, elevated some ten feet above the inquisitors. Around the table below were sitting the president, his secretary (*Screech*), and twelve judges, all masked, with beards low as their knees, and black gowns. In the centre of the table was a caldron of spirits of wine, which threw a most infernal glare on the whole assembly." Certain questions were then put to the bewildered candidate, which if, in the judgment of the court, he answered satisfactorily, and respectfully bowed three times, in the act of descending, he was duly declared a member of the body. But as none of these things were possible, no candidate ever succeeded in passing his examination. However, as all is fish which comes to the devil's net, the infernal president usually extended a grace to the failing votary, and he was ultimately matriculated.

Bannister, who had been a member of the "old original," was joyfully received into the association of the Oxford Coffee House. He was here frequently president, when Johnstone fulfilled the duties of "*Screech*." The following examination of a candidate, before these two "*Jacks* in office," took place, as witnessed by the hero of our memoir. The usual question being put—

"Pray, sir, were you present at your birth?"

Reply—"No; I was a changeling before I was born."

"Pray, sir, what is the stock of wisdom you purpose investing in this society?"

"I come here to get wisdom."

"True; you are of that class which experience sometimes renders wise."

As to the termination of these weekly meetings, that was after the manner of most societies, dull or spiritual, homely or polite—namely, the best liquor which could be produced. Like death, this levelled all distinctions—the dull were elevated and the fanciful depressed—one common tint pervaded the whole canvass, and Punch and *Egalité*, the last usurpers.

But notwithstanding the efforts of this "gallant crew," and all their appliances to boot, the new "Humbug" endured but for a season—the "Restoration," in fact, was but of short duration; and a Revolution came, which swept from state and being this last of the Humbugs.* The Oxford Coffee House affair failed, as most revivals have been

* About the end of the last century, many of these clubs were in existence. At the British Coffee House, Cockspur-street, was "The Anonymous," to which Perry and his co-proprietor, Gray, belonged. "Many eminent men," says Mr. Pryse Gordon, "were members of this fantastic society, which lasted till more than half of the club were dead. Professor Porson, Dr. Burney, Dr. Raine, J. Kemble, Howardine (the poet), *Monk* Lewis, Capt. Morris, and, occasionally, the Duke of Norfolk."

found to do. When once a dog has had his day, the best voltaic battery will but make him wag his tail.

In the course of Elliston's brief visit to Dublin, he was surprised, one morning, by a visit from a dashing young fellow, who, unceremoniously entering his room, grasped him by the hand with the tenderness of a vice, invoking on him many days of joy and good fortune. Startled by this amicable assault, Elliston in vain cudgelled his brains to bring his friend into court and recollection, and was, in fact, as much perplexed as at the unexpected meeting with poor Alice, three years before.

Far more amused than mortified at the comedian's dilemma, the stranger, in all the exultation of high spirits and rosy prosperity, bantered him for awhile on his frail pledges of friendship, playing off, at the same time, a thousand *bouffouneries*, which, if accounted by his self-applause, would have thrown Carlini or Liston into the shade. Exploding, at length, into a roar of laughter, which verily shook the little quadrangular chamber in which they had met—"Why, don't you know me? Donald?" cried he—"Donald, at Saint Paul's?—Don't you recollect Donald—*pug* Donald? Robert!" The veil immediately dropped from before the eyes of our hero, who at once recalled to memory his truant schoolfellow, "pug Donald," beyond all doubt, and the many occasions on which each being soundly whipped for their common fault, the birch of Dr. Roberts might well be supposed to have "twined their hearts in one!"

About the time Robert William took flight from St. Paul's to Bath, his schoolmate, Donald, made an equally abrupt excursion to the sea coast—one for the stage, the other on board ship. Donald had secreted himself, like a rat, in the hold of a coaster, which having put to sea, he crept from his hiding-place, begging, in piteous accents, the mercy of the master, and that he might be received as a cabin boy. His prayer was granted—in fact, it was too late for refusal—and in this situation he remained for full three years. At the age of eighteen, he was made mate of a vessel sailing from North Britain, and there being a press on the river just at this time, Donald was illegally seized by a man-of-war's gang, and put on board a tender, whence he was shipped for the coast of Africa. Being a good seaman, he was rated able, and his exemplary conduct being noticed by the first lieutenant, he was speedily appointed quarter-master. In a brush with a French frigate, Donald behaved with so much gallantry, that he was placed on the quarter-deck, as midshipman. He had now been gazetted lieutenant three months, and having been a week in Dublin, had discovered, in knocking about the town, the companion of his early days, his partner in many a stolen afternoon, and a large shareholder in their joint-stock of flagellation.

Elliston was immediately made known to such of Donald's family who were at that time resident in Dublin. He passed several gala days in the society of his friend; and their imaginations being so vividly recalled to the scenes of youth, they conducted themselves, in more than one instance, so much like schoolboys, that they were once more joint tenants of the same narrow apartment, but that—the watch-house. Donald of course went to see his friend act, and well, indeed, might he have been delighted, for this occasion was, in fact, the very first on which he had ever entered the doors of a playhouse.

SESTRI.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

THERE stands a rugged promontory o'er
Fair Sestri, and its most enchanting shore,
Cover'd with cypresses of richest dyes,
With spiral verdure pointing to the skies!
Whilst flow'rs, full prodigal of sweets, exhale
Their scents delicious to the mellow gale.
The ripe—ripe fig, and luscious flowing grape,
Luxuriant grow, and fruits of every shape
And varied colour, from the rarest gem
That decks Autumna's golden diadem,
To the wild strawberry, whose tassel red
Droops in the woodlands on its leafy bed.
And distant hills the silvery olives stud,
Where herds recumbent chew the tranquil cud.
In such displays of overteeming store,
What can we dream of, think, or covet more?
Imagination is at loss to guess
What else desire could wish of plenteousness.
And yet, alas! there are in scenes like these
A blasting crowd of human agonies!
And can we deem it so? Alas! we find
Within the Soul alone is bliss enshrined;
And nature's gaiety to grief can be,
In its sad thought, but bitter mockery!
The balmy breeze, with its all-perfumed breath,
Wafts also on its wings the sighs of death:
And mark ye, on yon bed of roses placed,
The dying butterfly that oft has graced
Th' aerial regions with its splendid hue,
As o'er the modest flow'r it stray'd to sue;
And now, amid death's agonizing stings,
Suffers it less because its glorious wings
Are brighter than the brightest tints that deck
The glossy peacock's most majestic neck?
Ah, no! and thus it is that fairest skies,
And richest landscapes, that delight the eyes,
Can give small comfort to the suff'ring soul,
Which spurns the feeble aid of such control.
Within the spirit only can arise
The depths of woe, or joys of Paradise:
And when from this too treacherous earth we fly—
When reason totters on infinity,
Oh! then it is, the new-awaken'd sight
Views in Religion its eternal light!

LOVE AND FAME: THE POET'S WISH.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

YES, I have burn'd for fame! my childish breast
Knew the wild throb that fatal longing brings,
The dreaminess that o'er the day it flings,
And of the night, its feverish unrest!
And yet I bow not to the patient quest
From which alone or fame or honour springs—
Oh, wherefore from the skylark's mounting wings
Do I still turn unto his lowly nest?
Ah, Love, thou mighty conqueror! thou hast come,
And storm'd the heart that was the Muses' home,
Howe'er unworthy of those guests divine,
And thou hast made all rule and empire thine;
Even hope to live in other hearts is flown,
Merged in the wish to live in *one* alone!

THE LOQUACIOUS KENTUCKIAN.

BY UNCLE SAM.

At a cross-road between Kinderhook and the river Hudson, in the county of Columbia, State of New York, stands a country "tavern and hotel," much frequented by travellers in stage-coaches, gigs, sulkies, 'York wagons, extras, exclusive extras, and (in winter) by sleighs. It is known by the name of the "Washington's Horse," a vague tradition existing that General George Washington, on a journey to 'York, honoured the place by his presence, and permitted his horse to have a feed of chopped hay, oatmeal, and salt, in the adjoining stable. An historical picture hangs over the door, representing, on an extensive surface, between ten and twelve thousand British and German soldiers, horse, foot, and artillery, flying, in most admired disorder, before some eighteen or twenty Americans—perhaps an advanced guard—who, having discharged all their ammunition, are using the butt ends of their rifles to beat out the brains of that portion of the enemy which loiter through lack of quick heels. General Washington, having discovered that the day is all his own, dismounts with a serene countenance from his neighing steed—a gigantic war-horse, which appears in a straining anxiety to have a run after the European hares. In a central and conspicuous position over this grand specimen of historic art is a lion in a very exhausted or dying attitude, with a barn-door fowl or game cock (termed in the American language, a he-biddy) mounted at the back of the monarch's mane, and crowing *cock-a-doodle-doo*, as plain as a wooden carving can appear to be uttering that natural chant, so descriptive of the bird's pride and exultation at having beaten the lion in some unknown manner. It is to be hoped it may not affront the reader's sagacity to observe, that the lion represents John Bull, and the heroic bird, with its shrill doodle-cry, typifies no less a personage than Yankee Doodle, Esquire.

The first apartment of the "Washington's Horse" is sufficiently commodious to contain three or four tables, besides a bar for the landlord. In this room in winter, the parties who traverse the country in sleighs, for the enjoyment of rural dancing in the village inns, where music is provided for the purpose, "go their deaths," as they term those violent efforts at saltation, gyration, whirling, and sliding, which end in a maziness and temporary faintness, and induce a desire to lean against the wall with half-shut eyes, and a cold dew over the countenance. On the wall by the side of one of the windows, a few years ago, was the following placard, three notes of admiration being placed before the first word, and the same number after the second:—

!!! SAFETY LINE !!!

Citizens are respectfully informed that the fares to and from Stuyvesant and Albany are reduced to One Dollar, at which charge it would not pay to blow up the passengers, as they do in the high-priced, high-pressure Steamers, which have been intruded on this route.

There was another notification, which ran as follows. It should be premised, however, that American undertakers keep ready-made coffin stores, containing all qualities, from humble deal to aristocratic satin-wood, and generally have the handsomest specimens at their doors, as an attraction to the passers-by. Thousands of Americans must thus be quite familiar with the appearance of their own coffins.

GOING TO TEXAS.

PETER HIRAM,

CABINET AND COFFIN MAKER,

No. 16, Fourth St., Corner of Black Hawk, Yonkers,

Is selling off at cost price.

Desk cabinets at from ten to fifteen dollars;
French polished maple coffins, lined with velvet, twenty dollars.

Do not omit this opportunity!

At one of the tables in this room I was seated one afternoon, while my horse was at rest in the stable. Dull times for the landlord; he had only one customer, for although there was a young villager seated at one of the windows, yet his attraction to the "Washington's Horse" was the landlord's blooming daughter. This young lady was making a pillow-case, or some article having a similar appearance, which seemed to afford a fund of small talk to the young gentleman, who endeavoured to make the landlord's daughter smile, while the lady strained her countenance to appear totally unconscious of the exact meaning of his allusions. The landlord was chewing tobacco, and cleaning the bar. A wagon was driven up to the door. "Look out," quoth the landlord to his daughter. "Why, father, if it ain't that old Kentuck that comes here once a year!" replied the young lady, rising from her seat, placing one hand on the table, and looking out of the window, while her village lover also arose, planted one of his hands on *her* hand—by mistake—and placed his right cheek close to *her* left, in his eagerness to view the characteristics of the Kentuck who came there once a year.

"House a yoy! dead or alive?" shouted the man in the wagon. The landlord moved to the door, the landlord's daughter ran out to call the stable-boy, the young gentleman ran out to be ready to help the young lady in calling the stable-boy, if required, and the old Kentuck, who came there once a year, jumped out of his wagon, and feelingly inquired of the owner of the "Washington's Horse" if he were *alive* yet? To which the landlord replied, "Oh, yaas."

"This ain't the meal hour, it ain't?" inquiringly observed the annual Kentuck.

"Oh, noa!" replied the purveyor of the "Washington's Horse."

"Did you ever hear of such a drink as sherry cobler, mister?"

"Oh, yaas; but we haven't any sherry, major."

"That's bad: phoo! I wish I had the edicating of the man that put too much mouldy lickerish in this here chew tobacco. You airent turned temperate here, aire you?"

"Oh, noa. It wouldn't pay on this road, it wouldn't. Mrs. Morfat, who died last fall of the dropsy, tried it on, but give it up. The farmers up here wouldn't take her ginger-vengeance arly in the morning instead of eye-openers and fog-clearers."

"*I* should think *not*. Give me a holdfast, or a timber-doodle; I don't care which: anything in the shape of stone-fence will suit *my* fancy. The temperance movement, as they call it, don't convene to a man like *me:* it's *raythe*r too slow, it is. I'm all brimstone, and drive the roughest rocking-horse in any three of these *U*nited States. Any man as don't predicate a whipping, had best not look slantendicular at *me*, that's all. I don't thicken up without calculation, but when I do, it's gone goose with somebody, and that's not *me*. When I fight, it's on the regular kick and biting system—fair play, Kentucky fashion, with gouging one eye when you get the ene*my* down. I can fight like a panther, drink like a fish, and run like all nature. That's all: it ain't uncommon, but very useful. The temperance movement don't convene with *my* sentiments: I should spile if I were not kivered up in salt and liquid. Ain't I a spry-looking middle-aged man, young lady? Don't make yourself ugly about the answer, as it's generally allowed it's a fact. Bos, have you anything good to take in the eating line?"

"Oh, yaas. What will you have?"

"Why, I've considerable of a ven'son repitation. When I'm to home, I'm a regular dealer in ven'son for my own eating. But I guess you don't raise it here?"

"Oh, noa."

"Then, prehaps, I'd better take what you've got, and spile my appetite in the easiest way you can fix."

The table was shortly spread with cold meat, pie, and cheese, huge knives and forks having a kingly diadem, and "warranted" engraved on them, and large plates of the universal willow pattern, so complimentary to the perfectibility of Chinese design. But while this was being executed, the Kentuck continued his discourse, addressing himself to the young lady and slim gentleman at the window, and partly to myself.

"When I'm to home, and go gunning, I've sometimes had a chance at a free deer. The Hon. Mr. Stephanoff has a piece of land where they grow pretty numerous; but he's mighty stingy, *he* is, and 'll take the law if you only help yourself to a couple of haunches, and leave the rest of the critter for his own use. He's as proud as the gallows mulatto.—Here, bos, I've finished the holdfast, and shall want another if you don't make haste with the dinner. This daughter of yourn is so engaged in congressionals with a young man, as seems very disagreeable to her, that she says she can't help."

As a slight pause here ensued, by the departure of the young lady to help her father, I invited the Kentuck to proceed in his discourse, by inquiring the extent of pride appertaining to the "gallows mulatto."

"Why, sir," replied the loquacious Kentuck, "the pride of the gallows mulatto remained with him till death. He was hung, down South, for teaching a nigger to read, and a little black fellow, a chimney-sweep, was hung at the same time. 'Keep further off,' says the mulatto to the sweep, as they were standing under a tree, waiting for the sheriff to order them to be hauled up. 'A wont,' says the little

black fellow; 'a hab as much right to be here as ooself, a expec.'—Have you anything dainty to come after this cold *collection*, bos?"

"Oh, noa; it ain't the meal hour."

"Haven't you never no beer?"

"Oh, yaas; but not at present."

"Haven't you ever a bottle of Schuylkill porter?"

"Oh, yaas; but it's not up."

The young villager who had helped the landlord's daughter to call the stable-boy at the four cardinal points of the house, then addressed himself to the Kentuck, requesting to be informed why the Philadelphians placed XX on their porter barrels, to which the Kentuck, first giving the inquirer a look of unequivocal contempt, replied, "You're a nice young man, I estimate; but not quite baked. Two XX on a barrel of porter notify *too good* for common and weak-minded people; they notify that the porter's so strong it takes two men to blow the head off *one* pint. And I calculate you don't know who invented those marks, sergeant? A singular man *he* was."

"Who was it, major?"

"Why, now, *do* you know Squire Bangles, as does the justice up this road?"

"Yes, major."

"Well, it warn't *him*. But *do* you know a man near here as they call Two-men, 'cause he's so tarnal mad when he gets liquorish, he's a man *besides himself?*"

"I calculate I do."

"Well, and it warn't *him*. But now, as we *are* on this subject, *do* you know your next neighbour, Lawyer Dowbiggin, who, when he was in the militiee was ordered to 'charge,' and immediately whipped out his pocket-book, and wrote down a dollar and a quarter?"

"*Con*-siderable."

"Well, then, I'll tell you a fact. It warn't *him*, or any one else as ever I knew as long as I could count two. Do you see *that?* Isn't it curious? *And* it's as true as the truest thing you ever yeard. Well now, I'm pretty near filled up, I *can* tell you. I wish I may be lynched with peppered brimstone and whittled porcupine quills, if I could eat a pound more. I've piled the pie on the meat, and I've stuck the cheese on the top, so that I only want some more monongahela to fix the entire into a real jam dinner. I don't know as I've had a better appetite since I had the sawdust-pudding at the last guessing party."

"A sawdust-pudding at a guessing party!" I almost involuntarily exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the Kentuck.

"Perhaps you never yeard of a sawdust-pudding?" he inquiringly replied. "It's a capital fritter, made of the scrapings produced when meat is so frozen as to be separated into pieces by a saw. It's the north where they make them kind of puddings. At that same guessing party, one dollar a head——"

"What may a guessing party be?"

"Why, it was for a pig. Him as guessed nearest the weight of the critter, had it for his dollar, and a round of stone-fence. At this guessing party there were a Yankee notion-seller trying to clear himself of a clock, by swearing it was the last, though he had two dozen

in the wagon. He was uncommon smart with the lady, asking her whether it warn't elegantly Frenchified, with its looking-glass in front. 'No,' says the lady; 'it ain't good-looking at all: it frightens me to look at it.' 'Then I guess,' says the notion-seller, 'you'd better buy one as aren't got never no looking-glass for reflecting your countenance.' 'Why, that's the best part of it,' says the lady; 'and now you remind me of that handsome reflector,' says she, 'I think I'll buy it.'"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the landlord's daughter, rising from her chair, "I expect the cow is trying to get into the stable; something is making such a noise against the door round the corner."

"Go and lend the cow a slockdollager, then," muttered the landlord; and thereupon the young lady ran round the corner, immediately followed by her lover, who proposed to assist her in the loan of the slockdollager. On their coming back, the Kentuck observed that "it took two to fix a cow in those parts. I wur fixed with a *bull* once," said he, "pretty considerable tightish. 'Twas on a moony night; the moonlight made everything as light as a cork. You could see straight before and behind you without a lamp, and I was going from Germantown towards Philadelphia on foot. I was in a money consumption, and so weak I couldn't raise a dollar. My pocket had stopped payment, and after lying out two nights in Fulton Market, New York, I tried to get into a lying-in hospital, but couldn't, 'cause I was too bristly about the chin. So I was walking along, and a bull comes looking slantendicular over a hedge, to see for a chance of something to run after; and when I come up, the critter tossed his head and poked it through the bushes. 'I'm not afraid of *you*,' says I, 'for I'm a ring-tailed roarer, *I* am;' then he got a leetle maddish, and up went his tail, and he jammed his head in the fuz bushes. I laid hold of a horn, and tickled him with a stout hickory stick, jist to try my hand at a bull-fight, as I felt rayther wolfish. 'You are an old-horned beast,' says I, '*you* are. Old enough to be as tough as Gineral Jackson;' and I hut him on the nose jist for spite, agin our losing last election. 'I could make out of an old bull,' says I, 'like you, a young 'un, and have enough left to make a small calf.' This ex*as*pirated him so that he took his head right out of my hand, and with one leap got into the road. The infarnal varmint roared like thunder—I ran like lightning, and getting over a zig-zag, to dodge him among some timber, tore my trowsers as if heaven and earth wur coming together. He couldn't manage to guess my location, so I 'scaped. I'm a yeller flower in the forest, *I* am. If I had only had a bowie knife, I'd have walked slick into him like a thousand of brick."

As the Kentuck was finishing this relation, a smart crack informed us that a fowling-piece had been fired in an adjoining field, and the young lady immediately bethought her of some favourite pheasant hens, which she averred the sportsman might possibly mistake for game; and running out of the house, and round the corner, was followed by the young Jonathan, with the polite intention of assisting her. The Kentuck also arose, and looked out of the window. "I was out gunning once," observed he, "and with one pull shot as many hares as if I had fired at a wig. How pretty it is to see two lovers!—Old man, is your daughter going to marry that slim paring?"

"Oh, noa! Not as I *know* of," replied the landlord.

"Then," rejoined the Kentuck, "you shouldn't let them walk out so often to get round the corner. I see them dodging about that corner so that you can't tell which side of the house they're at."

"Do you?" ejaculated the landlord. "Jemima, miss, what are you arter?"

"Business, father. Here's little Jefferson throwing rocks at the pigeons, and a swine-drover requires to cash a porker."

"Tell him I've no cash; and don't ought to buy a porker when I've pigs of my own."

"And here's Simon Durge's son come to have the barrow you lent him repaired, 'cause he's broke it, and says it's of no use to him."

"Tarnation! Tell him I want his father to lend me ten dollars for three months."

"What a varmint of a neighbour," observed the Kentuck. "I was once out in the western merchant line of business, and had a little store at Cincinnati, next door to which I had a varmint of a neighbour that carried off almost all the business. He was a great rogue, *he* was; and I went to the schoolmaster, and asked him what I should put up as a sign that I was honest—as time goes. Says he, 'You put up *mens conscia recti*, meaning *men conscientiously reckoned with*.' Well, I put it up, and the next day the varmint pinned a paper on some stockings with *men's and women's conscia recti* on it. Well, we had a little fight about that, and I sent him right through his own window. It cost me considerable of hard Jackson, though. But I give it to the squire as fined me. 'What do you guess I sit here for but for justice?' says he. 'Why, I calculate you sit there,' says I, 'for a thousand dollars a year.' He had to take his change out of *that*. And now I'm put in mind of an enigmer I discovered in Cincinnati, and put in a winder—a nice little winder, as was so small it almost took two persons to look through it at one time. I had a likeness of myself painted, and right over my heart I had a small looking-glass, and on each side a letter; F on one side, X on the other. Underneath was writ, 'Any man as can poke the fun out of this here enigmer shall have five pounds of best American factory Canton tea.' So there the gonies kept crowding round the store, staring at it, and coming in to buy small parcels. But none of 'em ever found it out."

"And what was it?" inquired the landlord.

"Why I don't mind telling you *now*, as I've cleared out of that line of grocery. I calculate there was I myself in the portrait *of* myself, and the letters F and X with the I, cried out, 'FIX.' Then if you looked in the glass, in the midst there *you* were, and I myself, represented by the portrait of myself, could easily be guessed to be saying, '*You are in a fix!*' It took *me* to do that enigmer, and *I* could hardly. It plagued the rogue next door handsom. I hard that, after I left Cincinnati, the loafer went mad, and was put into a lu*nattic* asylum to be cured of braying; he thort he wur a jackass, and wern't much mistaken."

"I say, miss," observed the Kentuck to the landlord's daughter, as that young lady, in a very demure manner, entered the large room, followed by the slim young gentleman, "what sort of an edication have you had, or is this young man teaching you?"

"Why, sir," replied the lady, tossing her head; "I can tell you, sir, that I went to school three quarters, and had a diploma. And I was at Lowell two years, learning everything. I was one of three miles of young ladies General Jackson walked through, all dressed in silk and linen, and wearing summer silk stockings and parasols, and our winter fur boas and muffs, as grand as Bunker's Hill."

"Well, now, I say, I saw you two jist now considerable deep in congressionals. This slim young man of yourn puts me in mind of the Tomahawk Hudson river steamer, snorting and trotting off like a horse; all boiler, full of high pressure; hard work to hold in at the wharfs. When I was a young man like him, one day the bos says to me, 'You've been drinking,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'I aren't; but you may guess so, you may, 'cause I saw another man as *was* drinking, and the sight of it quite overcame me.' Now I'm jist put in mind of this, I am; and if your father was to come to me and say, 'You're making love to my darter,' I should answer, 'You may think so, you may, 'cause she's a right down real handsome gall; but I aren't, and I only dreamt another man *was*, and it quite overcame me.' That's all; only I'd advise you to get married, I would."

"The times are so bad," replied the young man, "that Jemima says I must wait."

"Well, then, why don't you wait in good earnest, and keep away a hundred and forty thousand miles! But that's all nonsense; all times are bad, and you're thin enough to go through them. If you're in the way, the young lady, though she has good eyes, could easily miss seeing you. You look as wiry as if you had been dragged through a gimlet hole. But don't be chicken-hearted: a faint-hearted man is like a no-tailed beaver, or a 'coon with a lame foot."

"I'm not afraid of work," responded the young man.

"Afraid of it? I should rayther think not. You look rayther too sleepy to be afraid of it. You look as if you could lie down and go to sleep by the side of a day's work as easy as nothing. Rise early in the morning. Can you do *that?* If you can't, don't marry till you've learned how. *And* if you can't rise any other way, take a pint of yeast the last thing going to bed. Where's my horse? Where's the bos? Give me another timber-doodle. The lad had better be sharp, for I'm a roarer. No ways slow. That horse I call the fly-wheel; I do the steamery myself on the high-pressure."

"Capital beds," quoth the landlord.

"No, thankee," replied the Kentuck, as he paid his reckoning, and walked towards his wagon; "I don't understand *your* beds, I don't. The last time as I slept here was in winter, and the next day I had such a cold in my head that it freezed the water when I washed my face. What a pile of firing you have here. Is it safe?"

"Oh, yaas."

"Well, down where I live when I'm to home, I find the wood goes farther when housed *out* of doors than when housed *in*. Some logs of mine went a mile in one night, and fixed themselves up agin a neighbour's gable end."

THE MYSTERIES OF BEECHINGTHORPE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

So long as those garden spiders, the engineers, shall abstain from spinning the web transit lines they call railroads, in the direction of the village of Beechingthorpe, so long will that village deserve the praise which my friend Sir Archibald Franklin, its nearest magistrate, awards to it, when he says that this charming, green, and sequestered spot, recalls a mingled memory of the days of Eden and of the Book of Sports. His association of ideas may seem somewhat eccentric, but these are not times for being severe with a county magistrate, when he is Abdiel enough to stand upon precedent.

Beechingthorpe lies in a thickly wooded county, where the varieties of hill and dale are rather more strongly marked than is usual in that part of England. The village itself descends the side of a gentle eminence for about half a mile, where a clear and rippling stream crosses the principal street, and is itself crossed by a wooden bridge for foot passengers. The banks of the little river are verdant, and are shaded by enormous trees, and masses of foliage are also scattered amid the houses—an old trunk serving here as prop to a leaning cottage, here as a support to an alehouse seat, and in most cases as a record of the loves and initials of generations of epigraphic rustics. The old and very pretty church, standing back from the street, is on your right as you ascend the hill; and the inequalities of the ground are so distributed about the churchyard, that though the dead may be on a level, their tombstones certainly are not. The houses, chiefly old, are very irregularly built; the rectory, the only inn of any pretension, and the doctor's house, would be prominent features in the village, but for the lofty trees which partially conceal them all, and the school-house you cannot see, until close upon the little green which surrounds it. The spot is peace itself; and the worthy magistrate's recollection of Paradise may, perhaps, be pardoned when I mention that Beechingthorpe has but one medical resident, (who is not an article taken in contract by the nearest Union,) and no attorney. And as we all know the result of evil communications, the good manners of our village may be estimated from the fact, that it is two hundred and eleven miles from London.

Why is it, that when one sees an unusually placid pool, one is irresistibly impelled to drop a stone into it? When this is explained, we shall be aided in a conjecture why the Destinies chose to trouble this peaceful Beechingthorpe of ours, in the manner I am going to describe.

One Saturday afternoon, in the hottest part of last summer, a very handsome young man, with a fiery eye and a small coal-black moustache, rode up to the door of the one inn more hastily than he should have done, considering the weather. He was simply, but elegantly dressed; and as he dismounted, it was observed that his stature did not exceed the middle height, but that his form, though slight, gave promise

of considerable vigour. Giving very peremptory orders for the due care and covering of his reeking and beautiful horse, he entered the Carp Inn, and announced that he required dinner, and a bed for the night. While the former was preparing, he did not saunter, but walked quickly up to the church, and made a rapid inspection of its ivy-sprinkled architecture. The good young rector, who was standing at his window, meditating on his discourse for the morrow, observed the stranger gentleman, and, with a half-smile at himself for the act, turned to his notes of the intended sermon, and interlined a quotation from Lucretius, for which he was *not* afterwards summoned before the vice-chancellor of his University.

Sunday came and went,—the stranger attended morning service, and gave the slightest approving smile as the line from Lucretius was spoken. That night he slept at the Carp. The next day he summoned the landlord, and informing him that he had taken a house in the village, discharged his bill in a liberal manner, and ordered the tight and active Ralph, who embodied a whole administration—ostler, waiter, boots, porter, and half-a-dozen people beside, and, in fact, was everything but the host in himself—to follow him with his cloak and tiny valise. The stranger proceeded across the road, up a green lane, through a gate which, had it ever been closed, would have rendered the lane "no thoroughfare," and up to a cottage which stood by the side of this green path, divided from it by a luxuriant hedge and a strip of garden. Even Ralph, who was usually held by his admirers to be more "awake" than the oldest inhabitant of the village, stared with surprise as he entered the well known cottage, and found that the two rooms which it contained had been cleansed, whitewashed, papered, and fitted up in a style which was only equalled at the rectory. A sofa, and a handsome and polished table in the right-hand room, arrested Ralph's eyes, but a piano opened his mouth (pianos *have* a pestering way of causing people's mouths to open, usually unnecessarily); and when he saw pictures upon the walls, and a luxuriant carpet upon the floor, where neither picture nor carpet had been seen since Teniers or Turkey existed, Ralph felt that to offer any verbal observation, with his present scanty stock of information, would be both premature and presumptuous; so he whistled, not for want of thought, but for want of words to express it. He immediately received his dismissal and a crown-piece.

When Ralph returned to the wondering proprietory of the Carp, he had, of course, a strange tale to tell. How, when, and by whom, all these alterations in old Peggy Brown's cottage had been made, were the wonders of himself and his auditory; the consideration who and what the stranger might be, coming in as an after-question. The Beechingthorpians were, to a man, Inductives. In another hour the whole village was made aware that its population was certainly increased, and, more questionably, its respectability. It was soon agreed that Ralph, as a near neighbour of the stranger, should be appointed standing counsel to watch his proceedings on the part of the village, and Ralph's master, the landlord of the inn, saw no objection to what he, perhaps, considered would prove a provisional arrangement.

That very night began the tempest to the souls of Beechingthorpe.

No person in the village had been honoured with orders by the new settler, and there was an idea afloat, that his necessities would compel his appearance at the shops of at least two or three of the inhabitants. By no means. As the afternoon advanced, smoke was seen curling from the chimney of the cottage, and the standing counsel, who took an early opportunity of crawling round the house, reported that he did not desire to make invidious distinctions, but that he had never smelt anything at the Carp half so savoury as what was being cooked in the mysterious retreat. The landlord thought, with Dogberry, that comparisons were odorous.

But the stranger's horse, had he taken *him* to the cottage? Certainly not. He had left him in the stable at the inn, having, before his departure, paid a week's charge for the animal's board and lodging, and bound the landlord, by several tremendous voluntary oaths, that he should be taken the utmost care of. A week! Well, at the end of a week, we shall, of course, hear something.

Much sooner; for a very dreadful thing happened that same night. Two days before, old Isaac Jenkins, the sexton, had been consigned to the earth into which he had previously laid half the parish. Scandal said that his illness had been very short, and that his son-in-law and successor had been heard to say that it ought to be so, for it had been much too long coming. However, that very night, three loud bangs were heard at the door of the new sexton, who, starting somewhat hurriedly from his slumbers, opened the door, and to his untranslatable horror, received into his arms the corpse of his father-in-law, Isaac, whom he had, as he imagined, patted down very tightly on the preceding Saturday. The sexton could not speak for fright, nor the corpse for other reasons, but they fell down together upon the threshold; and when the living man could extricate himself from the embrace of the dead one, and could find courage to shriek out his terror, those who came to his assistance whispered among themselves, that scandal, often wrong, must have had some grounds for her reports of the unfilial sexton; and Giles Henderson, the churchwarden, openly declared that he did not think a man fit for his office, who made graves in which people could not rest comfortably. The body was brought into the house, and a strong detachment went off, with fear and trembling, to examine the churchyard. The new official, indignant at the churchwarden's criticism, led the way, and they speedily arrived at the gate. It was attained by a flight of a dozen stone steps, steep and somewhat worn, up which the party proceeded with great compactness. But as the foremost pushed the gate open, there broke forth from a tombstone the most horrible roar ever heard by man; and as the detachment ventured one look, a skull darted up from behind the stone, and with eyes, nose, and mouth, glaring with red flame, gazed grinning at the party. The next moment, that hideous roar resounded again, and then—Tasso's knights did little better in the enchanted wood—the deputation hastily retreated; he who tumbled first to the bottom of the steps, rather congratulating himself on his good fortune in being farthest from the fiend. There was no more churchyard work that night. The next day, the grave was certainly found to have been opened, and the coffin and other appointments of the tomb were deposited in great order by its side, but there were no other signs;

and in due course, Isaac again slept with his fathers, and Peter, his son-in-law, dug in his stead. Of course, limited rewards and unlimited speculations were offered in promotion of a discovery of the agents in this affair, but in vain. People who disturb the dead are wonderfully anxious not to trouble the living.

Two nights after this, every window in the church was broken to pieces. Matters now became serious, and the neighbouring magistrates were consulted,—among the rest, Sir Archibald Franklin, to whom I am indebted for these particulars. But the magistrates could do nothing, except offer a large reward for the conviction of the offender; the rector preached a sermon against dissent; and shortly afterwards, upon the windows of the little meeting-house at the top of the hill sharing the fate of the others, the minister there preached a sermon against establishments. The staple of each discourse, was the negative duties of those who live in glass houses.

All this time, the stranger had remained in his cottage; but on the seventh day, he came over to the Carp, inspected his horse, and gave directions as to his being exercised. On hearing the particulars of all the terrible events, he merely smiled, but enclosed five guineas to the rector, and one guinea to the dissenting minister, as a stranger's mite towards the reparation of the mischief. Both gentlemen called upon him, but neither could obtain admittance. All the calling and knocking in which they indulged elicited no response; so the rector wrote a note of acknowledgment, which his footman contrived to squeeze through the window; and the minister wrote a letter of thanks, which his clerk and deacon shoved under the door.

There was an extremely pretty young widow residing in the village, upon whom the hearts and eyes of several of the Beechingthorpe bachelors were set. Her husband had been an exciseman, who, in his great zeal to detect certain liquors supposed to be smuggled, had incautiously swallowed so large a mouthful of poison, that he fell dead upon his gauging-staff, like Baptista upon his lute. Annie Hay returned to her native village, and established herself as the ministering angel of certain uncouth millinery. One morning, the stranger walked into Annie's little shop, and closed the door after him. In an hour he reappeared, pretty Annie ushering him forth with many smiles and curtsies. Neither the eviction of the dead body, nor the smashing of all the orthodox and schismatic glass, caused half so much discussion in Beechingthorpe. As for pretty Annie, she was besieged by visitors; and the "stranger's call" certainly brought "luck" with it, for the orders which were given her, as excuses for the prolonged cross-examinations to which she was subjected by the matrons and maidens of the village, enriched her treasury to an unwonted extent. But little information could the good folks extract from pretty Annie, except that the gentleman, whose name she did not even know, had been a true friend to her dear departed. In disappointment, people remarked, very maliciously, that if the dear departed were alive now, *he* might think differently.

Ralph, the standing counsel, now began to lose his credit with his clients, and to feel that it was necessary for him to take some step to set himself right with them. After deliberation with himself in his various characters (like Miss Kelly, when, in her inimitable monopoly-

logue, she consults half a score of her friends as to the advisableness of her going upon the stage), he came to the conclusion, that in his capacity of ostler, he had the best right to approach the mysterious stranger. So, arming himself with an impromptu anecdote touching the existence of some visionary swelling in the shoulder of the horse, he proceeded to the cottage, and knocked. He was admitted, and tarried some minutes—but when Ralph left that house, he was an altered man. Pale as ashes, and not daring to look round him, he hurried back to the inn, and staggering into the bar, he recklessly filled for himself a quart pot of the very strongest and oldest ale, and at one mighty draught, he finished the liquid. Alexander, with the cup of Hercules, is the only parallel case on record. Then Ralph, to the horror of his master and mistress, and to the astonishment of his admirer, the sturdy maid of the inn, scrambled up the ladder into the hayloft, there stayed, sternly refusing to come down and be comforted, or to be comforted up there, for the space of two days. There he remained, moaning over the trusses, like Cobbett in his letter to Coles.

But all this could not last; and the most influential inhabitants of Beechingthorpe felt that the power of the stranger had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. It was agreed that a meeting should be holden, to consider what steps ought to be taken to clear up the mystery of Peggy Brown's cottage, and such a meeting accordingly took place in the parlour of the Carp Inn. It was numerously and respectably attended, but there was one drawback to its efficiency—namely, the absence of the only person who could afford the meeting any information. This was the standing counsel, Ralph, who, on being entreated to descend and give the village the benefit of his knowledge, turned pale, threw up his brief, and drew up his ladder. Upon this, the meeting was compelled to adjourn, and though Beechingthorpe evidently expected every man to do his duty, nobody seemed to know what that duty was.

Such are the moments when the student of history looks for a hero to arise, and there is not the slightest doubt upon the mind of any philosophical person, that Beechingthorpe would have furnished her "one son to wrestle with the 'stranger' who'd enslave her." Before that son could rise, however, other light had been thrown upon the mystery. Upon the first Sunday after the church windows had been repaired, and when the service was over, while groups of villagers lingered round the old porch, and country lovers, who had come from their distant farm-houses, were cramming into half an hour's sheepish and hurried dialogue the pent-up affection of a week, the rector, coming out from a side door among his parishioners, cleared up the whole mystery of the furnishing the cottage, the disinterment of the old sexton, the breaking of the church windows (to those of the meeting-house he did not allude, perhaps thinking it might be as well that people should regard *that* occurrence as a visitation of Providence), the secrecy of the widow, and the terror of Ralph, in half a dozen words—which I should have been most happy to record, but that my friend, Sir Archibald, has, with carelessness quite unusual to him, omitted to send me up the last page of his narrative.

"GOOD QUEEN BESS."*

How this style of homely, cordial, familiar endearment—this designation, "Good Queen Bess,"—ever came to be applied to the mighty Elizabeth of England, is a matter of wonder. There is something almost as impudently satirical in it, as in the vulgar appellation, "Boney," applied of old to Napoleon the Grand. When we come to think of the phrase, which has been so long in the common mouth, and which is employed to convey the popular love and estimation of the maiden monarch's deeds and character, its inapplicability seems quite ridiculous.

It involves a gross absurdity of speech, and an incongruity in the bestowing of loving titles, to designate Great Elizabeth as Good Bess. It is as though we were to call a great conqueror by some nickname—to express homage and reverence for him.

"Bluff Hal," as a designation given to Elizabeth's father, we only begrudge and protest against on the score of its goodhumour and partiality, and by no means on the score of a want of dignity; but to reduce the greatness of his daughter into the small, shabby compass of the common epithet "good," is to do it injustice and insult, in the guise of a fond appreciation; while unscrupulously and ungallantly to cut down Elizabeth—that name written too by her with such formal elaboration and particularity—into plain, brief Bess, is to forget all associations of her "lion-port" and majestic bearing.

"Good Queen Bess" merely presents the idea of some kind-hearted, benevolent, gossiping old Lady Bountiful wrapped up unexpectedly in royalty. To call her by such a name is like taking the stiffness out of her ruff, or the shine out of her diamonds. The rude depreciatory freedom and familiarity of the licence which affection allows itself in relation to the illustrious Virgin is intolerable. We could no more presume to use it, than we could have ventured to tread profanely on the skirt of one of her three thousand gowns, or to pull jocosely a curl of one of her eighty wigs of divers coloured hair. Fancy the young, gallant, and accomplished Raleigh spreading his cloak of embroidered velvet on the ground, to save from pollution the shoe of some "good" body of the name of "Bess." No; the great Tudor, not the good, must be known for ever as Elizabeth, every inch.

The portion of the life of Elizabeth here presented by Miss Strickland, extends to the year 1583, when much of the greatest of her work was done—when at least every point of her character was fully developed. The volume contains a great mass of inedited matter, which has never before appeared in any history of the queen's life or reign, and it abounds in evidences of Miss Strickland's judgment, research, and ability, as a biographer. We know of few books more interesting; and, indeed, it is truly observed, that the romantic circumstances of Elizabeth's birth, the vicissitudes of her childhood, and the lofty spirit in which she bore herself amidst the storms that darkened over her during her sister's reign, "invest her with almost poetic interest," even before she became a crowned heroine.

* Lives of the Queens of England. Vol. vi. Elizabeth, second queen regnant. By Agnes Strickland. Colburn.
Letters of Mary Queen of Scots. Edited by Agnes Strickland. 2 vols. Colburn.

We propose, in running over this, the completest and fullest of her biographies, to pause at such noticeable passages only as may supply acceptable specimens, whether of old or new matter. The manner in which the biographer uses her materials is generally skilful, discriminating, and successful.

The insight afforded us commences even with the domestic politics of the nursery at Hunsdon, where we find "the royal infant," who, as Shakspere says,—

> ———"though in her cradle, yet now promises
> Upon this land, a thousand thousand blessings;"

experiencing the blessing of "a great pain in her great teeth," and, observes Lady Bryan, "they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to *have her will* more than I would." Then there's the other official, Mr. Skelton, who, related to the Boleyns, and desirous of keeping up a royal state, pampers the infant with high-seasoned fruit and mischievous dainties, in spite of opposition. So that the very beginning was threatening.

But the discipline of education was to succeed to this; and it at least made her a scholar, though it did not teach her those moral restraints which in all ages are better to young ladies of fifteen than Greek or Latin. Thus, after her father's death, when she had declined, as it is said, the hand of Sir Thomas Seymour, the lord-admiral, who obtained that of her step-mother, Katharine Parr, instead, she romped with him so boisterously as to provoke general scandal, and to prompt a forced separation. Yet they met secretly; and after the death of Katharine, there is reason to suppose, notwithstanding the disparity of years, and the fact that he had been the husband of her father's widow, that she would have married him if consent of council could have been obtained.

"He was the first," thinks Miss Strickland, "and perhaps the only man she ever loved, and for whom she felt disposed to make a sacrifice."

She exhibited extraordinary self-command, however, on the day of his execution—one of the charges against him relating to his courtship of her—disappointing the malignant curiosity of the official spies by merely saying, without apparent emotion, "This day died a man with much wit and very little judgment."

It must be admitted that the constitutional levity, which she inherited from her mother, appears, at this period of her life, to have been her worst fault; and though, as is here observed, "she afterwards acquired the art of veiling this under an affectation of extreme prudery, her natural inclination was perpetually breaking out, and betraying her into follies which remind one of the conduct of the cat in the fable, who was turned into a queen, but never could resist her native penchant for catching mice."

Elizabeth, at this early age, wrote wonderfully well. It is easy to object to her pedantry and pains-taking; and her taste for metaphors had not escaped the notice of Roger Ascham; yet with every fault, early years allowed for, such letters as she then wrote cannot be unadmired.

Elizabeth now during her brother's reign formed a striking contrast to the court-belles, being attired with peculiar modesty and simplicity

—in which respect she was at least as strikingly contrasted with the over-ornamented and extravagantly-dressed Elizabeth of after-days. Miss Strickland truly accounts for it, in depicting the opening politician:—

"The Elizabeth of seventeen had, however, a purpose to answer and a part to play, neither of which were compatible with the indulgence of her natural vanity, and that inordinate love of dress which the popular preachers of her brother's court were perpetually denouncing from the pulpit. Her purpose was the re-establishment of that fair fame, which had been sullied by the cruel implication of her name by the protector Somerset and his creatures, in the proceedings against the lord-admiral; and in this she had, by the circumspection of her conduct, the unremitting manner in which she had, since that mortifying period, devoted herself to the pursuits of learning and theology, so fully succeeded, that she was now regarded as a pattern for all the youthful ladies of the court. The part, which she was ambitious of performing, was that of the heroine of the reformed party in England, even as her sister Mary was of the Catholic portion of the people."

The picture drawn of the princess's arrest, captivity, and release, is touched with great tenderness, and cannot be read unmoved even in its trivial details. Her wise, or as we may more correctly call it her cunning conduct, after her accession, in gradually abandoning the Catholic forms, and insinuating rather than asserting her Protestantism, is distinctly traced. So also are the influences of superstition over her mind. When it was determined that she should be crowned with the religious ceremonials of the Catholic church, she sent her favourite Dudley to consult her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, to fix a lucky day for the ceremony; and it must be owned that the frequent and close consultations held with him during some of the most eventful years of her life, form a melancholy contradiction to the praises lavished on her for superiority to the superstitions of her time.

Her list of lovers, while yet but princess, was by no means short—Seymour and Courtenay were the foremost—and the candidates for her hand, the offers and hints of offers, were yet more numerous. But now as Queen, every day brought her a fresh adorer, offering marriage, or labouring to ensnare her affections. No romance ever equalled such history; nor did ever heroine, in any tale of love-enchantment whatever, turn half so many heads. She was never off with the old love before she was on with the new—she had not patience, and therefore her bow had generally two strings. Her refusal of Philip was at all events well grounded.

A month afterwards, Philip pledged himself to her beautiful namesake of France; and when the announcement was made to her, Elizabeth pretended to be greatly mortified, and complained to the ambassador of the inconstancy of his master, who could not, said she, "wait four months to see if she would change her mind." All through existence she was acting a part in this way, and seldom with such artfulness as in affairs of love. Philip was followed with like success by the King of Sweden and his brother, and the nephew of the Danish monarch came over on the same loving errand at the same period. But all this time there was Robert Dudley in the way; and on the death of Amy Robsart, (however that event may have been brought about,) it did seem probable that the suit of the favourite would prosper. The Queen's undisguised predilection for her master of the horse was a source of the most free and daring scandal everywhere, which she cared very little about, and secretly liked it perhaps.

She placed him near her own sleeping chamber under the pretence that his, which was below, was damp; she admitted him to her bedside at all hours, without, it would seem, the ceremony of knocking at the door; she received from him garments not ordinarily consigned to the care of a master of the horse; she was conscious that the most treasonable rumours were circulated and believed respecting them; she "tickled his neck" playfully, as he bent to receive the robe which she placed upon his shoulders; but true to herself at last, she was false to him in the end, as to all the rest whom she flirted with and cajoled.

We must here diverge from the matrimonial matters, of which about half the life of the spinster-sovereign consists, to others as amusing.

"One of her purveyors having been guilty of some abuses, in the county of Kent, on her majesty's remove to Greenwich, a sturdy countryman, watching the time when she took her morning walk with the lords and ladies of her household, placed himself conveniently for catching the royal eye and ear, and when he saw her attention perfectly disengaged, began to cry, in a loud voice, 'Which is the queen?' Whereupon, as her manner was, she turned herself towards him, but he continuing his clamorous question, she herself answered, 'I am your queen, what wouldst thou have with me?' 'You,' rejoined the farmer, archly gazing upon her with a look of incredulity, not unmixed with admiration—'you are one of the rarest women I ever saw, and can eat no more than my daughter Madge, who is thought the properest lass in our parish, though short of you; but that Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my hens, ducks, and capons, that I am not able to live.' The queen, who was exceedingly indulgent to all suits, offered through the medium of a compliment, took this homely admonition in good part, inquired the purveyor's name, and finding that he had acted with great dishonesty and injustice, caused condign punishment to be inflicted upon him; indeed, our author adds that she ordered him to be hanged, his offence being in violation of a statute-law against such abuses."

Hers were golden days, but wants were nevertheless amazingly abundant—Harwich appears to have been an exception. Having stopped there some days, she was so pleased that she inquired of the mayor and corporation if she could do anything for them. They returned humble thanks, but did not require anything at that time. Wherefore, as the queen departed, she looked back at Harwich with a smile, and said, "A pretty town, and wants nothing!"

The experience of the religious struggles of the last three reigns (as Miss Strickland remarks) had failed to teach Elizabeth the fatality of monarchs attempting to make their opinions, on theological matters, a rule for the consciences of their subjects. But passing by her persecutions of nonconformists, we come to a little scene which she seems to have got up, to manifest her zeal against popery, before the public eye. When she went in state to St. Paul's, the dean had been at some pains and great expense in ornamenting a prayer-book with beautiful prints, illustrative of the history of the apostles and martyrs. The book, intended as a present, was laid on the cushion for her use.

"When she came to her place, she opened the book, but seeing the pictures, frowned, blushed, and shut it (of which several took notice), and calling to the verger, bade him 'bring her the book she was accustomed to use.' After the service was concluded, she went straight into the vestry, where she asked the dean, 'How that book came to be placed on her cushion?' He replied, 'that he intended it as a new year's gift to her majesty.' 'You never could present me with a worse,' rejoined the queen. 'Why so?' asked the dean. Her majesty, after a vehement protestation of her aversion to idolatry, reminded him of her recent proclamation against superstitious pictures and images, and asked, 'if it had been read in his deanery.' The dean replied, 'that it had; but he meant no harm in causing the prints to be bound up in the service-book.' She told him, 'that he

must be very ignorant indeed to do so, after her prohibition.' The poor dean humbly suggested, 'that if so her majesty might the better pardon him.' The queen prayed, 'that God would grant him a better spirit and more wisdom for the future;' to which royal petition, in his behalf, the dean meekly cried, 'Amen.' Then the queen asked, 'how he came by the pictures, and by whom engraved?' He said, 'he bought them of a German;' and her majesty observed, 'it is well it was from a stranger; had it been any of our subjects we should have questioned the matter.' The menace implied in this speech against native artists, who should venture to engrave plates from scriptural subjects, naturally deterred them from copying the immortal works of the great Flemish, Italian, and Spanish masters, which were chiefly confined to themes from sacred history or saintly lore, and may well explain the otherwise unaccountable fact, that the pictorial arts in England retrograded, instead of improved, from the accession of Elizabeth till the reign of Charles I."

We can shew her a little more worthily in earnest, in a succeeding page, where the expedition sent out to the shores of Normandy is in imminent danger of destruction. Elizabeth was in agony at the possibility of such a calamity, and despatched supplies to Warwick, with a letter from her council, to which she appended this warm and honest postscript:—

"My dear Warwick,—If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot, that I would, I will do, that I may and will rather drink in an ashen cup, than you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all.

"Yours as my own, E. R."

When Elizabeth went to Cambridge, the Master of King's College made his three reverences, kneeling down on the first step of the west door, and then made his oration, in length almost half an hour.

"First, he praised many and singular virtues set and planted in her majesty, which her highness not acknowledging, bit her lips and fingers, and sometimes broke into passion, and interrupted with these words, '*Non est veritas.*' But the orator praising virginity, she exclaimed, 'God's blessing on thine heart, there continue!'"

But she afterwards retorted in a set speech of her own, and the occasion shews, in a small degree, her love of trick and humour. Being humbly desired "to say somewhat in Latin," she (who had a set Latin oration conned by heart for the occasion) refused; but declared that if she might speak her mind in English "she would not stick at the matter." Nothing but Latin could be allowed, and she accordingly commenced her ready-prepared speech.

"Her speech began thus:—'Although womanly shame-facedness, most celebrated university, might well determine me from delivering this my unlaboured oration before so great an assembly of the learned, yet the intercession of my nobles and my own good will towards the university, impel me to say somewhat.'

"It contained nine other sections. The conclusion was—'It is time, then, that your ears, which have been so long detained by this barbarous sort of an oration, should now be released from the pain of it.'

"At this speech of the queen's, the auditors, being all marvellously astonished, brake forth in open voice, 'Vivat Regina!' But the queen's majesty responded to this shout, 'Taceat Regina!' and moreover wished 'that all those who heard her had drank of Lethe.'"

In her speech she raised expectation in the University with respect to some royal foundation, which was never gratified; but she bestowed twenty pounds upon a handsome student who acted Dido to her satisfaction.

The web of the royal character was of a mingled yarn, good and evil; and we cannot pursue a course of pleasantries far, without stumbling on some piece of hardness or barbarity.

Those portions of the history which relate to the treatment of the Queen of Scots, are carefully written; ample information is collected, and the whole is considered in a fair spirit. A letter from the original French in Elizabeth's hand is here given, as casting peculiar light on the apparent inconsistency of her conduct. It was addressed to Catherine de Medicis, while Mary was undergoing insult and indignity in her confinement at Lochleven.

"Oct. 16, 1567.

"Having learned by your letter, madame, of which Monsieur Pasquier is the bearer, your honourable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the Queen of Scots, I rejoice me very much to see that one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, having a hatred to that metamorphosis, where the head is removed to the foot, and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madame, that even if my consanguinity did not constrain me to wish her all honour, her example would seem too terrible for neighbours to behold, and for all princes to hear. These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet, which, commencing in one place, without the good power, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked) I have any doubts on my part, wishing that neither the king my good brother, nor any other prince had more cause to chastise their bad subjects, than I have to avenge myself on mine, which are always as faithful to me as I could desire; notwithstanding which I never fail to condole with those princes who have cause to be angry. Even those troubles that formerly began with the king have vexed me before now.

"Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French, by the passions of laughter into which he throws me, by the formal precision with which he speaks, and expresses himself.

"Beseeching you, madame, if I can at this time do you any pleasure, you will let me know, that I may acquit myself as a good friend on your part. In the meantime, I cannot cease to pray the Creator to guard the king and yourself from your bad subjects, and to have you always in his holy care.

"In haste, at Hampton Court, this 16th of October (1567).

"Your good sister and cousin, ELIZABETH."

The despatches of La Mothe Fenelon have supplied many pleasant details of the royal sayings and doings relative to successive matrimonial negotiations. "Elizabeth," says her biographer, "had reached that point when in common with every childless sovereign who is on ill terms with the successor to the crown, she felt that her power was checked and her influence bounded within comparatively narrow limits by the want of heirs of her own person." She was eager to talk with La Mothe Fenelon about the king's (Charles IX.) wedding, regretting that "she had not thought in time about her want of posterity, and that if she ever did take a husband, it should be only one of a royal house of suitable rank to her own.

"The first time Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, after the marriage of Charles IX., she asked him, 'how his master found himself as a married man?' and added many questions as to the probability of his being happy with his young queen. La Mothe replied, 'that his sovereign was the most contented prince in Christendom, and the greatest pleasure he had was being in her company.'

"Elizabeth cynically observed, 'that the record of the gallantries of his majesty's father and grandfather, Francis I. and Henry II., inclined her to fear that he would follow their example.' 'And thereupon,' pursues the ambassador, slily, to his sovereign, 'she revealed to me a secret concerning your majesty, which, sire, I confess I had never heard before.'"

So much better acquainted, it is remarked, was our maiden queen with the scandals of her royal neighbour than his own ambassador, himself a notorious gossip.

The youthful Duke of Anjou was proposed to the middle-aged queen, and the same lively ambassador says—

"The conversation having been led to the subject of the private overtures for the marriage with the Duke of Anjou, the queen acknowledged, 'that she objected to nothing but his age.' To which it was replied, 'that the prince bore himself already like a man.' 'But,' said the queen, 'he can never cease to be younger than me.' 'So much the better for your majesty,' rejoined Leicester, laughing, and Elizabeth took this freedom from her master of the horse in good part."

In 1571, when Elizabeth opened the new Bourse on Cornhill, she dined in company with Fenelon at Sir Thomas Gresham's, in Bishopsgate Street. Here, with every costly dainty, every delicious viand that wealth and refined luxury could procure, her greatest feast appears to have been that which neither Stowe, Holinshed, or any of our pleasant civic chroniclers of that day were at all aware her majesty enjoyed—namely, the choice dose of flattery which the insinuating French diplomat administered.

"In his private letter to the Queen-mother of France, he says, 'the Queen of England took pleasure in conversing a long time with me after dinner; and, among other things, she told me, 'that she was determined to marry, not for any wish of her own, but for the satisfaction of her subjects; and also to put an end, by the authority of a husband, or by the birth of offspring, (if it should please God to give them to her,) to the enterprises which she felt would perpetually be made against her person and her realm, if she became so old a woman that there was no longer any pretence for taking a husband, or hope that she might have children.'

"She added, 'that in truth, she greatly feared not being loved by him, whom she might espouse, which would be a greater misfortune than the first, for it would be worse to her than death, and she could not bear to reflect on such a possibility.'

"'I told her, in reply,' continues Monsieur de la Mothe, 'that to such prudent considerations, I had nothing to say, except, that in the course of a year she might remedy all that, if before next Easter she would espouse some royal prince, the choice of whom would be easy for her to make, as I knew of one who combined in himself every virtue, by whom there was no doubt but she would be singularly beloved and greatly honoured; and then I hoped that in due time she would find herself the mother of a fair son, and being thus rendered happy in a consort and an heir, she would by that means prevent any more evil plots being devised against her.' She approved of this very much, and pursued the subject with joyful and modest words for a considerable time."

As they returned home through the illuminated streets, amidst rejoicing and enthusiastic throngs—

"Her majesty asked Monsieur de la Mothe, 'if this did not, in a small way, remind him of the late rejoicings in Paris, at the public entrance of the king his master?' She then observed, 'that it did her heart good to see herself so much beloved and desired by her subjects;' and added, 'that she knew they had no other cause for regret than that they knew her to be mortal, and that they had no certainty of a successor, born of her, to reign over them after her death.' The courteous statesman replied, with an outpouring of compliments to this pathetic boast, 'that her majesty would be without excuse to God and the world, if she deprived her subjects of the fair posterity she had it in her power to provide for them.'"

We are tempted by the ridiculous, made richer by its association with royalty, to offer one more extract illustrative of these matrimonial matters. The young Anjou, finding that his bride elect was of mature years, and afflicted (as was the case at that time) with a diseased leg, was positively refractory, and at last wholly unmanageable; upon which the wily queen-mother Catherine wrote "an agitated letter" to M. de la Mothe, imploring him to prevail if possible upon Elizabeth to accept young Anjou's younger brother instead! The prince had

refused to marry Elizabeth, having heard so much against her honour, and having read such things relative to her in the letters of all the ambassadors who had been in England, that he must have felt himself degraded and dishonoured in the alliance;—but Catherine has no scruples of delicacy, and eagerly catches at the dishonouring connexion for her next son.

"'Now, Monsieur de la Mothe,' continues the royal maternal speculator, 'we are on the point of losing such a kingdom and grandeur for my children, that I shall feel great regret—see if there be no means, as I formerly asked you, of inducing her to adopt one of her female relatives as her heiress, whom one of my sons could espouse.' The ignorance betrayed by Catherine de Medicis in this modest suggestion, is scarcely less laughable than her absurd egotism."

And then that no stone may be left unturned, Catherine remembers that she has another son. "Would she have my son Alençon? As for him, *he wishes it.* He is *turned of sixteen, though but little of his age.* I deem she would make less difficulty about it, if he were of stately growth, like his brethren, then I might hope somewhat; for he has the understanding, visage, and demeanour of one much older than he is; and as to his age, there are but three years between his brother and him." And truly—if the matronly and majestic Elizabeth could have persuaded herself to marry a lad of nineteen, why not one of sixteen! But to be sure, though but three years younger than his brother, he happened to be two-and-twenty years younger than Elizabeth; and besides, his diminutive, mean figure, and prematurely old face, the dimensions of his mind were on the same inconvenient scale; he was scarred with the small-pox, had a nose disproportioned even to deformity; and all this, ludicrous enough, "was rendered more ridiculous by the fact that he had received the potent name of Hercules at the baptismal font!"

Here we must suddenly leave the Great Lady, and her Lovers great and little, whose name was Legion—only, however, to encounter her again, and in her worst and darkest mood, in that most fearful tragedy which is unfolded in the Letters of Mary Stuart, thus collected into two attractive volumes by the same writer. Of the unjust, the cruel, the detestable conduct of Elizabeth, sufficient evidence exists even upon the face of the transactions in which she was concerned; but never before, perhaps, could the whole sad story of injustice and suffering, weakness and guilt, shame, sorrow, cruelty, and death, be so easily yet so painfully read; and many readers, as they peruse these letters now translated from the old, and scarcely intelligible French, gathered from sources private as well as public, and arrayed in due order, accompanied with lucid explanations, and comment alike forcible and just, will feel that they are reading the wild, strange, terrible, pathetic story of Mary Stuart for the first time. In the form in which her letters are here presented, we have much of the advantage of a connected autobiography. The excellent historical introduction opens them with the best effect. Few who, recently perhaps, deemed themselves in possession of all that could or was needful to be known, of the passions, the sufferings, the character, and the fate, of Mary, will rise from the perusal of these extraordinary and affecting documents without gratitude to the editor. No task could have been better executed.

KEEPING IT UP.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Oh! what a pity!" exclaimed little Lucy S——, as she read in the newspaper the other day how Mr. Green, instead of attempting to fulfil his design of crossing the Channel in his balloon, had, in consequence of adverse weather, descended on the coast of Sussex;—"how provoking! Why didn't he *keep it up!*"

Lucy S—— is certainly one of the liveliest little ladies living, but desperately bent upon running to an extreme, and alarmingly prepossessed by a fondness for keeping it up.

Ah! poor child, thought I (though she's as old as I am, and wiser, in all things but this one), that pretty, fair-haired head of thine will surely go, some of these days, bump against the full moon. No need of a balloon to help you to rise into the air; and once aloft, you would be for keeping it up though you were within a mile of Mercury!

What notions, to be sure, some people have of keeping it up! Squarer and solider heads than Lucy's are often known to run themselves against the same wall, though from a different point; heads, well-lined with lead, too,—yet there is no keeping them steady.

Keep it up they will, like Lucy S—— at a ball. She—the small, slight, fragile thing, apparently incapable of undergoing fatigue—is untireable. Her delicate frame seems little formed for toil and exertion, even in the pursuit of pleasure, yet she will wear out the strongest, and laugh afterwards at the bare idea of exhaustion. Fatigue to her is what fear must have been to Nelson, when hearing it spoken of, he asked, "What *is* fear?"

At every fresh dance after five in the morning, you would say she was beginning again, if it could be said that she had ever left off since the first commencement at ten in the evening. In the full light of day she is but in the middle of her night's frolic. The laws of time, of sleep, of physical endurance are set aside—and she defies human nature to droop while it can be kept up. Long after the last disappointed sandwich-seeker has glided away, the last listless fingerer of the piano has dozed over the keys, the last dangler of the dance has dragged his slow length down stairs to the door, where a rush of beauteous daylight makes the revellers of night hideous, will the exclamation rise for the hundredth time to her lips, sharp and prompt as ever—"Come, *begin*—who are in the next dance?"

Small, delicate, aerial Lucy S——! yes, one might swear that she could no more toil or spin than one of the lilies of the field which she eclipses in its native glory; and yet there she is, toiling and spinning through life as though it had no end; never once wanting that, which so many troubled and weary hearts are doomed to want always—rest, rest—rest.

When she has seen an exhibition in the forenoon, she is ready for a concert at one; and the opera or a play at night, admirably qualifies her for her evening's pastime afterwards—her few songs, or her quadrille, or her laughing, innocent game of romps, or an eager, animated dissertation on *all* the new novels—oceans of them are not too many. Her day is thirty hours long at least; and when her little wild head

does at length drop upon its pillow, it is only to dream that she is keeping it up still.

Well might she marvel, in her innocent and heedless enthusiasm, that one who had gone up in an air-balloon should ever have entertained the strange idea of coming down.

Lucy S——'s giddy exclamation suggested to my mind remembrances of the many modes of "keeping it up," by which people contrive to get driven out to sea when they might be safely lodged on the coast of Sussex—of the myriads of balloons that are adventurously kept up, until that unlucky and unlooked-for minute, when the descent becomes an involuntary one.

The angry wife is an aeronaut of this order. Knowing that words are but air, she fancies that she cannot have too many of them. Up she shoots, heedless whither the gust of passion carries her. Some uncomfortable sensation—a sudden chill at the heart—a pang produced by a nervous bite self-inflicted on the tip of the talking organ—whispers, perhaps, that she is going too far, and warns her to descend in time; but pride and folly tell her to keep it up in spite of everything, and just as she succeeds triumphantly in having what she was resolved to have—the last word—she suddenly drops, and sees herself "alone on a wide, wide sea," without a chance of rising more.

I thought as quickly of the perversity which the other sex exhibits in that and a thousand similar respects. I pictured the dissipated speculator who, finding that he has taken the wrong path, resolves to pursue it to the end, if only for the sake of seeing whether there is a thoroughfare or not. I drew an image of the foolish crotcheteer, who, rather than acknowledge that his *is* a crotchet, would quarrel with the whole world,—call friend and neighbour, knave and fool,—and at last dashes his brains out to demonstrate his coolness and good sense. I saw in idea the hobby-hunter who, having just been thrown by one vicious jade mounts with weakened limbs another of the same breed, and so continues riding between hospital and hospital—bravely resolved ever to keep it up, though evermore destined to be cast down.

The infinite shapes which folly assumes, when the principle of keeping it up has once taken possession of the soul of a sane being, occurred in rapid succession to my mind. One man gets trapped on the turf, only to learn the lesson that, once entered there, he must keep it up, or be ruined; another cannot for his life help riding after a pack of hounds of his own, and when he has shewn that he can keep it up at a pretty good pace, everybody knows what animals he is going to.

A taste for farming takes hold of one sensible fellow, and when it has converted his head into a turnip of a very indifferent sort, he discovers that farming is a thing which requires to be constantly kept up, or else it is apt to prove a failure; while another, equally judicious, having sought the bubble reputation by inditing a pamphlet, finds out that fame requires to be kept up by continual effort, and so prints away a respectable fortune in pamphlets for private circulation.

If the same man entered Parliament, and succeeded in fixing the attention of the House, he would try to keep it up until two in the morning. If the country, in defiance of painful and high-priced experience, had been hoaxed into a belief in his patriotism and independence, he would keep up the old tone and the old air, long after the

mask had fallen off, and go on trying to hoax still, to the end of life's stormy and unprofitable session.

Even in their pastimes, people exhibit the same partialities, with, where this principle prevails, the same inevitable tendencies. The professor of boating keeps it up by rowing under a paddle-wheel, as the man of whist keeps it up by putting down double stakes.

In short, every man has his kite to fly, be it of what shape it may, and the majority are led on to constant but unreluctant sacrifice in the endeavour to keep it up.

Of all conceivable forms in which the false strain can betray itself, the most pitiful and humiliating, perhaps, is that which is commonly described by the expression, "Keeping up appearances." The ludicrous, to be sure, in many cases here, prevails over the lamentable. The shifts remind us too forcibly of our farcical friend Caleb Balderstone, to carry with them our graver sympathies, or to awaken serious resentment.

We laugh, for example, at the impotent attempt to make "plain Bill" look like "the page Adolphus;" and to our immense amusement, can see clearly through the clever window-blinds, carefully newspapered-up, to publish the false intelligence that the family are out of town for the season. The display of aristocratic cards on the little table in the passage, and the occasional mention of dear Lord Somebody, are nothing worse than a good joke; nor is it worth while, save for the sake of fun, to inquire too curiously into the bargain, by which the comfortable fly is to be made to look as unhired as possible.

But if we would see this sort of "keeping it up" in all its meanness and all its misery, we must step inside, become a boarder, and be as one of the disguised, the desperate, the forlorn family. Then shall we witness a series of anxious, agonizing struggles, continued hour by hour throughout the long day, compared with which the life-and-death struggles of utter poverty itself are but as sports and pastimes under the wall of Paradise.

Of all torture, none can equal that which is forced to hide the natural expression of its suffering under a look of elegant and languishing repose; and of all the pangs of poverty, none can equal the anguish of a protracted and indeed endless effort to mask want under the appearance of ease and affluence. It is one of the peculiar miseries of this condition, that every attempt to conceal the cruel need is a sacrifice that adds to it—the guinea gracefully rendered to the superfluities, is actually stolen from the necessities, on purpose to shew that they have no existence.

For the ends of true comfort and dignity, not a doit can be spared; all, to the very uttermost fraction, is needed to keep up the display of whatever is comfortable and dignified in the eyes of strangers, to the increased stringency of the hidden want within doors. Most melancholy, most degraded, yet wide-spread condition of the civilized lot! It is heart-sickening to think how many thousands, in every rank of life except the lowest of all, voluntarily submit themselves to the false law; and give up their hearts to the tearing and grinding of real suffering, suffering unspeakable, for the sake of keeping up a hollow, laughing fiction, that after a brief time imposes upon nobody—that nobody cares a straw about except in his own case—that excites neither respect nor envy, but ever insults the misery it helps to cause.

Is there a tyrant named in any language known to man—figured even in horrible fancy by any mind existing since the gloomy and portentous birth-day of the first Hypocrite, "a long time ago"—that ever held, or ever can hold, so relentless and crushing a sway over all that is honest and naked in our souls, as this detestable and deadly tyrant, Appearances—this masked Monster, of whom nine-tenths of the human race are in some shape, and in some degree, the slaves, the worshippers, and the victims!

A story occurs to my recollection, illustrative of another operation of this variously-acting principle—keeping it up—that will be novel to most readers, and not uninteresting to any. Many years ago it made its appearance where it now perhaps lies buried, amidst a mass of parliamentary news and political disquisition;* but it is an excellent story, and is related by a pen which, whatever may be its defects, never wanted the English literary virtue of being clear, homely, and expressive. It is as true and direct, as Defoe.

"I was once acquainted with a *famous shooter*—he was a barrister of Philadelphia, but became far more renowned by his gun than his law cases. We spent scores of days together a shooting, and were extremely well matched; I having excellent dogs, and caring little about my reputation as a shot, his dogs being good for nothing, and he caring more about his reputation as a shot than as a lawyer. The fact which I am going to relate respecting this gentleman, ought to be a warning to young men how they become enamoured of this species of vanity. We had gone about ten miles from our home, to shoot, where partridges were said to be plentiful. We found them so. In the course of a November day he had, just before dark, shot, and sent to the farm-house, or kept in his bag, *ninety-nine* partridges. He made some few *double shots*, and he might have a miss or two, for he sometimes shot when out of my sight, on account of the woods. However, he said that he killed at every shot; and, as he had counted the birds when he went to dinner at the farm-house, and when he cleaned his gun, he, just before sunset, knew that he had killed *ninety-nine* partridges, every one upon the wing, and a great part of them in woods very thickly set with large trees. It was a grand achievement; but, unfortunately, he wanted to make it a *hundred!* The sun *was setting*; and in that country, darkness comes almost at once; it is more like the going out of a candle than that of a fire, and I wanted to be off, as we had a very bad road to go, and as he, being under strict petticoat government, to which he most loyally and dutifully submitted, was compelled to get home that night, taking me with him—the vehicle (horse and gig) being mine. I therefore pressed him to come away, and moved on, in haste to be off. No; he would kill the *hundredth* bird! In vain did I talk of the bad road, and its many dangers for want of moon. The poor partridges, which we had scattered about, were *calling* all around us; and, just at this moment, up got one under his feet, in a field in which the wheat was three or four inches high. He shot, and *missed*. 'That's it!' said he, running as if to *pick up* the bird. 'What!' said I, 'you don't think you *killed*, do you? Why, there is the bird now, not only alive, but *calling* in that wood;' which was at about a hundred yards distance. He, in that *form of words* usually employed in such cases, asserted that he shot the bird, and saw it fall; and I, in much about the same form of words, asserted that he had *missed*; and that I, with my own eyes, saw the bird fly into the wood. This was too much!—to *miss* once out of a hundred times! To lose such a chance of immortality! He was a good-humoured man; I liked him very much; and I could not help feeling for him, when he said, 'Well, *Sir*, I killed the bird; and if you choose to go away, and take your dog away, so as to prevent me from *finding* it, you must do it: the dog is *yours*, to be sure.' 'The *dog*,' said I, in a very mild tone; 'why, there is the spot; and could we not see it, upon this smooth green surface, if it was there?' However, he began to *look about;* and I called the dog, and affected to *join him in his search*. Pity for his weakness got the better of my dread of the bad road. After walking backwards and forwards many times upon about twenty yards square, with our eyes fixed to the ground,

* In Cobbett's Register

looking for what both of us knew was not there, I had *passed him*, (he going one way, and I the other,) and I happened to be turning round just after I had passed him, when I saw him putting his hand behind him, *take a partridge out of his bag, and let it fall upon the ground!* I felt no temptation to detect him, but turned away my head, and kept looking about. Presently he, having returned to the spot where the bird was, called out to me, in a most triumphant tone,—'*Here! Here!* Come here!' I went up to him, and he pointing with his finger down to the bird, and looking hard in my face, at the same time, said, 'There, I hope that will be a *warning* to you never to be obstinate again!' 'Well,' said I, 'come along;' and away we went, as merry as larks. When we got to Brown's, he told them the story, triumphed over me most clamorously; and though he often repeated the story to my face, I never had the heart to let him know that I knew of the imposition, which puerile vanity had induced so sensible and honourable a man to be mean enough to practise."

This, oh! sweet little Lucy S——, is no uninstructive chapter in the history of human character—if you will but bow your head quietly to read it. This all comes of the determination not to give in—in other words, of that same disposition to "keep it up"—whereof we are discoursing; and he who permits himself to be so carried away by vanity, may perchance fall headlong into a deeper sea than the aeronaut whose machine bursts a mile above the broad ocean. Cobbett's "famous shooter" had a reputation to keep up, but he was at least as expert with the longbow as with the gun, and could maintain a falsehood as easily as he could fire.

Let those, dear Lucy, who are but just beginning their course of lies in life, only think for an instant, how and by what means sportsmen of this order, when they have once declared that they brought down their bird, will dare to keep up their fiction!—by what means, being wrong at first, they will at all risks move further from right, rather than own the error! What cloaks of falsehood (that become as winding-sheets) they will fling around them, to conceal the first flimsy garb of deception which vanity had prompted them to put on! What blackness they will dye their brows in, rather than be seen to blush!

Oh! my Lucy S——, never in your own person can you need a lesson so grave as this; but you may require to learn that people should not keep it up overmuch, even when the object is but a shuttlecock. Some will keep up their very jokes, until they are echoed by sighs of pain instead of laughter—their little friendly hoaxes and mystifications, until they become offences dire. Some cannot so much as fall into the humour of a lively laughing game of frights, without frightening somebody else into fits; they must keep it up. Be not this fault thine.

But to shew thee that every rule has its exception, take this loving, if still needless hint, into thy gentle keeping. When thou hast a good cause to uphold—a cause just and generous, uphold it perseveringly, let it not fall: and as, unburdened by ill thoughts or ill deeds, thy conscientious little head, amidst the many that hang down abashed and afraid, is turned, in thy wanderings upon earth, toward the heaven where angels weep over the fantastic tricks of mortals—why,—*keep it up!*

Our Library Table.

SHAKSPERE.

The Illustrated Shakspere. Designs by Kenny Meadows. Memoir and Essay by Barry Cornwall. Tyas. — The several editions of Shakspere which have been so long in a course of periodical publication, are drawing, or have drawn by this time, to a close. Each, doubtless, has its particular merits; and the world, and the fame of Shakspere, are wide enough for them all.

Custom can never stale his infinite variety; nor can any edition of his works, if worthily produced, ever want purchasers. Thousands and thousands of new readers are continually being born unto him; as civilization, as the love of humanity, the true ends of all rational life, as these become more advanced and understood, the circle of his influence must widen; as the English language diffuses itself even more extensively than it yet has done over the inhabited globe, Shakspere's humanizing and refining genius must be diffused with it, as the sweetest and richest treasure it contains; and thus new hands, multiplied more and more even to the end of time, must be eagerly stretched forth to purchase endlessly-renewed editions, and to welcome editors and illustrators in rapid and prosperous succession.

The present edition has, in our judgment, without disparaging the claims of its contemporaries, interests to recommend it peculiarly its own. In the first place, it is illustrated with a series of wood-engravings, scattered over the ample pages of three volumes with a profusion hitherto unequalled, "the pomp and prodigality" of art; and in the second place, it is ushered in by a memoir of the poet, and an essay upon his genius, from a pen which ever deserves (though its appearances of late years have been scarce) a respectful and grateful welcome; which ever excites, and as often rewards, expectation; and which, being indeed the pen of a poet as well as a critic, can never be better entitled to attention in its prose vocation, than when essaying to illustrate the genius and character of the Greatest of all Poets.

Before we turn to the pictorial illustrations by Meadows, who has by these designs deserved an honouring welcome from the appreciators of Shakspere, we shall linger as long as our space may permit, over the alluring pages of Barry Cornwall.

Those who might expect to find in these records any new light flung upon the poet's personal history and character, would be disappointed—but no one else. Barry Cornwall has devoted just as much of his research as was needful to the investigation of the wide field, which surrounds the few certain and authenticated facts, relative to Shakspere's worldly "whereabout," that came down to us long since, or have more recently been collected; and of rumours and speculations he has made a temperate and satisfactory use. We must, as he says, take some things upon trust; and the advantage here is, that we have a full reliance both on the right feeling and the sagacious observation of our guide. Without offering in detail his reasons for accepting or rejecting a statement, he "adopts silently those only which appear to approach nearest to the truth."

The biographer then gives, in simple arrangement, and in language that renders whatever is related as little obscure as possible, those details relative to Shakspere's family, his education, his early life, his marriage, and subsequent career as player and dramatist, which will best bear to be received as a credible and consistent biography. Many acute and excellent remarks are intermingled with this narrative; but the speculation never runs wild; nor, as is too often the case, is the writer in a single instance betrayed into the vanity of seeking rather the display of his own ingenuity than the reader's enlightenment and the exposition of facts and probabilities.

The same judicious course has been taken in investigating the order of the poet's works, as tokens or proofs of the progressive development of his know-

ledge, experience, and genius. As no satisfactory evidence was ever given as to the precise time at which any production of Shakspere was written, Barry Cornwall concludes that there is no evidence like the internal evidence—no proof like the plays themselves; and on this evidence, as offered by works of such opposite and ever-varying qualities, he remarks with a just discrimination.

The second part of the subject brings us to the essay on the magnificent and unequalled genius of him, the details of whose active and astonishing life —it terminated at fifty two—have just been supplied in such a scanty and unsatisfying measure. And first let us hear what a poet has to say about poetry.

"We do not encourage the poet; but we encourage the chemist and the miner, the capitalist, the manufacturer. We encourage voyagers, who penetrate the forests of Mexico, the South Indian pampas, and the sterile tracts of Africa, beyond the Mountains of the Moon. These people tell us of new objects of commerce; they bring us tidings of unknown lands. Yet, what a vast unexplored world lies about us! what a dominion, beyond the reach of any traveller—beyond the strength of the steam-engine—nay, even beyond the power of material light itself to penetrate—is there to be attained in that region of the brain! Much have the poets won, from time to time, out of that deep obscure. Homer has bequeathed to us his discoveries, and Dante also, and our greater Shakspere. They are the same now, as valuable now, as on the day whereon they were made. In our earth, all is for ever changing. One traveller visits a near or a distant country; he sees traces (temples or monuments) of human power; but unforeseen events, earthquake or tempest, obliterate them; or the people who dwelt near them migrate; the eternal forest grows round and hides them; or they are left to perish, for the sake of a new artist, whose labours are effaced in their turn. And so goes on the continual change, the continual decay. Governments and systems change; codes of law, theories philosophical, arts in war, demonstrations in physics. Everything perishes except Truth, and the worship of Truth, and poetry, which is its enduring language."

After a brief and lucid exposition of the state of literature when Shakspere rose, comes an assertion of the beneficent and enduring influence of his power, to which all will gratefully subscribe.

"Such was the state of things when Shakspere came; the good Genius, who brought health and truth, and light and life, into the English drama; who extended its limits to the extremity of the earth, nay, into the air itself; and peopled the regions which he traversed, with beings of every shape, and hue, and quality, that experience or the imagination of a great poet could suggest. . . . . The *full* importance of his writings to the land he lived in, will never, perhaps, be generally understood. Their effect can scarcely be exaggerated. The national intellect is continually recurring to them for renovation and increase of power—

'As to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.'

They are a perpetual preservative against false taste and false notions. Their great author is the true reformer. He stands midway between the proud aristocracy of rank and wealth, and that 'fierce democratie' which would overwhelm all things in its whirl; a true philosopher; a magician more potent than his own *Prospero*, and never otherwise than beneficent and wise."

There is an excellent remark on the form which Shakspere's genius happily took—the dramatic.

"No vain man, and, as I believe, no bad man, can ever become a great dramatist. First, throughout the entire play he must altogether forget himself. His characters must have no taint or touch of his own peculiar opinions. He must forget his own humours; he must forbear to manifest his own weaknesses; he must banish his own sentiments on every subject within the range of the play. He must understand exactly how nature operates on every constitution of mind, and under every accident; and let his *dramatis personæ* speak and act accordingly. And, secondly, he must have a heart capable of sympathizing with all; with the hero and the coward; with the jealous man and the ambitious man; the lover and the despiser of love; with the Roman matron, the budding Italian girl, the tender and constant English wife; with people of all ranks, and ages, and humours, however widely they may differ from himself."

In the examination of the plays and characters of Shakspere, we detect many of those delicacies of true criticism, in which a native feeling for high poetry, and a profound knowledge of the various arts of expression appertaining to it, are equally combined; and in the treatment of every subject, howsoever brief and glancing may be the remarks made, we are enabled to see that the critic has thought deeply, and searched into it on all sides. We can offer, however, only this very general picture of the mode in which Barry Cornwall has executed his grateful and reverential task; for to give instances is impossible. One passage may serve to shew the spirit and power of the commentary. Here is no cold line-measurer writing:—

"One of the characteristic marks of Othello is his language. Shakspere forgot nothing. Othello is exhibited not only as a soldier, a tender husband, and a jealous man, but also *as a Moor*. As the drama proceeds, we see the Moorish blood running through and colouring everything he utters; as the red dawn flows in upon and illuminates the eastern sky. His words are as oriental as his dress—ample, picturesque, and magnificent."

The moral effect of Shakspere's writings, and the services they have rendered to succeeding generations of men, are subjects on which our living poet discourses eloquently and truly. He estimates with a refined taste and a noble enthusiasm, the infinite points of greatness which his theme presents,—treating it always with the passion of a poet, and the philosophy of a critic gifted with "the understanding of the heart."

—— Here we turn off to the Artist's pages, and, we rejoice to say, without abating the warmth of our eulogy.

Many of the designs of Kenny Meadows—those in the earlier portions of the work—have become as familiar to us as the text; and truly may it be said, that in very many instances they illustrate that text with singular fidelity; being as true to the passage chosen, the act or the play symbolized, as fancy can be to fancy, wit to wit, poetry to poetry.

Scores of pictured Shaksperes have been published ere now; but in point of extent no edition was ever so enriched; then again, where any variety of illustration has been attempted, the task has been given to divers hands instead of one. Here we must recollect, in estimating the performance of Mr. Meadows, that one mind alone has been at work; and that the illustrator of *Macbeth* is the illustrator of *Taming of the Shrew*—the same pencil had to deal with the revelries of *Sir Toby*, the fantastic graces of *Ariel*, the severities of *Timon*, the beauty and passion of *Juliet*. Every part of the great whole demanded its separate effort; every leading agent in each part must be individually portrayed. The play itself was to be prefigured in some emblematical device, some expressive ornament; the spirit or the business of each act in succession was in the same manner to be indicated by a design; and the characters, in all their wonderful, their inexhaustible variety—creatures of the world of substance and of the world of shadows—were then to be introduced, singly or in groups, as many as the volume would hold.

All this (it is necessary to bear in mind) is more than any *one* artist is capable of performing "with equal hand." Shakspere entire, is too much for any man's art. But Mr. Meadows has aimed greatly, and accomplished not a little. His designs, taking them in all their varieties of excellence, evince a mind that thinks for itself, and thinks deeply, too. The mark of original conception is on the great mass of them—on some even, which inferior execution may render comparatively valueless. They are not commonplace or vulgar; defective in drawing, faulty in elaboration of ornament, they may sometimes be; it may be easy to point out a few that seem forced in idea, and others that have been too hastily struck off—a fault attendant on the mode of publication. But whenever the artist has a fair chance, he shews us with what strength and delicacy, with what playfulness, as well as earnestness, he can handle his vast subject. The wit and humour, the exquisite fancy and imagination of Shakspere, are in very many of them; and both the spirit and the scenic points of the great dramas, comic and tragic, are often illustrated, not by pompous commonplaces or tame conventionalities, but by designs simple, elegant, expressive—wild, startling, and imaginative, by turns.

In the tragic dramas, grand combinations are sometimes aimed at, where effect is difficult; but most of them betoken power; and in the airier and more comic dramas, there are numerous examples of felicitous thought penetrating into the very core of the poet's meaning, and fully bearing out the opinion given by Barry Cornwall—that many of Shakspere's delicacies are here delicately handled. Considering the immense number of the cuts, the engravers, led by Mr. Orrin Smith, have well performed their protracted labours.

The notes to this edition are not numerous; a few words are given when required, and only then. They evince judgment and care. Each play has its introductory page, in which these qualities often appear, combined with a nice critical taste, and a keen perception of the moral as well as the intellectual points of the performance. We have noticed many charming passages. In this, as in other respects, the labour has been—what all art and all literature aiming to illustrate Shakspere must ever be, if worthy of him—a Labour of Love.

HYDROPATHY.

The Dangers of the Water Cure. By Dr. J. Wilson and Dr. J. M. Gully. Cunningham and Mortimer.—Hydropathy, now vaunted as a novelty, and proclaimed as one of the greatest discoveries of modern science, is the eldest and most general means of curing diseases. Springs have, from the most remote periods, been reverentially regarded in proportion as they were clear, pure, and wholesome. Paganism, Muhammedanism, and Christianity, have sanctified such, each in their own way. The pellucid and often caverned springs of cold water, which served as panaceas to all evils in the Druidical mysteries; the holy wells of our own land, with their trophies of hand-barrows and crutches, and their pathways of penitence; the consecrated fountains of the Continent, with their anniversary garlands and candles; and the architectural pomp of Oriental springs, with their wide-spreading chinars, are all existing attestations of a principle universally admitted, obtaining from all times, and repeated throughout holy writ, and profane prose and verse, as one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon mankind.

We find reference in the Scriptures to water possessing a divine power. The Egyptians and Chaldeans disputed whether the god of fire or of water was the most powerful, and the latter was declared victorious, as strengthening health and curing disease. The nations of antiquity, with one common consent, used baths and ablutions of the whole person. The Spartans strung their nerves for Thermopylæ, by daily baths in the Eurotas. The current proverb among the Romans was, "*Nec degere nec natare dedicet.*" Pindar says, ἀριστον μεν ὑδωρ—"water is the best thing," and it has been recommended by the professors of the curative art, as a remedial means, from the earliest times to the present. It was recommended by Pythagoras (530, B.C.), and Hippocrates, the father of medicine, (454, B.C.) Asclepiades acquired by his zealous championship of bathing, the name of Ψυχρολουτης, cold bather. Antonius Musa restored Augustus Cæsar and Horace to health by the use of cold water; Alexander the Great was, on the contrary, nearly killed by an injudicious bath in the Cydnus. Christianity sanctioned the use of river baths by baptism. Galen (131—200) applied both cold and warm water in his practice. From these early times to the present, water has always been more or less used as a remedial, as well as a dietetic agent. It was used by the Arab physicians, Rhazes and Avicenna, by the Italian school, and the Germans, French, and English. Dr. Oertel, in his "*History of the Water Cure, from Hebrew Times down to the Present,*" in German, enumerates three hundred *scientific* authorities, who have practised the water cure, of which no less than fifteen belong to this country.

One of the claims to novelty is in the practical application of the water cure, and here certainly the wet sheet and the umschlags, or wet bandages, present some claims as such; but we seriously protest against such language as is used by Drs. Wilson and Gully, who proclaim the whole profession to be dishonest, for merely suggesting that the incautious use of these means may be attended with danger! The various modes of general and local bathing

present little that is new, for there can be but little difference between part of the head immersed in a basin, and cold towels applied to the same.

Another claim to novelty, still more triumphantly announced, is, establishing hydropathy as a science. It certainly is not the vague, undefined, and unphilosophical humoral theory of Priessnitz, which has made it so; for not one of those who have been carried away by this great rush of waters, have yet ventured to follow in the same boat with their great illiterate master. Let us look to the various authors who have written on hydropathy. Dr. Schlemmer admits an indwelling curative power, and asserts that water animates and strengthens this power by its electrified oxygen, and expels those diseased matters which obstruct it. Dr. Freeman views all disease as consisting either in an excess, a deficiency, or an irregularity, of the natural condition or action of the parts in which it is seated, and that water acts in curing these, as depressive of increased action, as restorative or alterative. Mr. Beamish considers water to act by *diluting* the blood, and by the large amount of oxygen which it contains, exciting the various excretionary organs to more vigorous action, by which those substances, not calculated by their quality or quantity for being assimilated, are more readily removed. Drs. Wilson and Gully consider disease as the effort of internal or vital organs to cast their mischief on external and less important organs, and water to act in assisting this operation of nature. Dr. Johnson, considering life, after Liebig, as a state of resistance between two antagonizing forces—a conservative and a destructive force—considers health as the balancing of these forces, and the disturbance of that balance to be disease, and the water-cure to be such, by exalting the resisting energy of the vital force; and it is but a change of words to adapt the same theory to Dr. Billing's theory of disease emanating from impressions made on the nerves, by which the nervous influence is enhanced or diminished. It is obvious, however, that where each writer has his own peculiar theory, the subject cannot be said to have attained the perfection of a science, although we allow that the labours of the learned are approximating close to it.

The theories of disease above propounded would be more simply and effectively expressed by saying that disease is the anormal action of part or parts of the human frame, induced by an infringement of the natural laws. The curative operations of nature are, to drive disease from the affected part to others which are more immediately in relation with the atmosphere, (the curative action being viewed as the diseased action by Drs. Wilson and Gully,) and the objects of the physician are to assist this indication, and at the same time keep up those relations of nutritious matters, and of oxygen introduced into the system, which are the first conditions of human life, (Liebig, p. 12,) and we believe that the first of these indications can be fulfilled by the use of water alone, but the second requires an extensive acquaintance with physiology and chemistry.

In the face of these facts, many writers extol Priessnitz almost as an inspired man, while Professor Oertel disputes with him the more modest title of *regenerator* of hydropathy. The burst of novelty over, and the water-cure will obtain a just and deliberate appreciation. The application of cold water in surgical complaints, and in some medical cases, is now in use in every well-regulated hospital in the United Kingdom, and it will become more extensively adopted by all who recognise that it is by nature that diseases are cured, and that the greatest of all arts—the interpretation of nature, as Bacon has it, is the task.

But as water is a remedial means, so also it is a preventive one. It is the antagonist of all other beverages—the one most in accordance with the natural laws, and therefore the one best adapted to secure health and longevity; and we hope that, without going to an opposite extreme, like Naaman the Syrian, who, when told to wash and be clean, turned away from the river in a rage, or being driven from holy wells and fountains because superstition once led our ancestors thither, mankind will continue to drink water, (and that before breakfast, and during fever or dropsy if nature dictate it,) and to wash themselves, and to bathe themselves, and to use water as a remedial means, without paying hero-worship to the Grafenberg peasant, or believing that the discovery of the blessings of water remained to be effected in the nineteenth century.

THE DUCHESSE DE MAZARIN AT CHELLES.

BY MISS PARDOE.

PART II.

Thus, then, the duke departed, baffled and dissatisfied; and Madame de Mazarin, when she had ascertained that he was fairly on his way to the place of his destination, lost no time in applying for an audience of the king, to whose presence she was conducted by the Princess of Baden, when the justice of her case appeared to Louis so unequivocal, that he consented, without hesitation, to her proposal of opening the process. M. Colbert, however, created such numerous delays, and professed so much repugnance to the scandal which must ensue, from the disclosures that would inevitably take place during the progress of the transaction, and for which all Paris was agape, that Madame de Mazarin, who felt that she was exhausting her energies and undermining her health by a personal participation in a struggle in which she could not individually effect any good result, returned to her convent, and left the care of her interests to her legal advisers and relatives.

The unfortunate lady failed not, however, during her audience of the sovereign, to make him conscious of the gratuitous insult offered both to herself and to Madame de la Porte, by her removal, without reason, to another religious house, after she had been so affectionately received and welcomed by the kinswoman of her husband; and although Louis was so punctilious, where he had once passed his word, that he would not sanction her return to Chelles until the close of the duke's sojourn in Brittany, Monsieur de Mazarin had no sooner announced his immediate arrival in the capital, than the chivalrous monarch dispatched a couple of the royal carriages to St. Mary's, to convey the duchess and her attendants once more to the protection of Madame de la Porte; thus by a considerate condescension, never anticipated by either party, restoring to the abbess the honour of her house, and to Madame de Mazarin, the comfort of a congenial asylum and the society of a valued and respected friend, while the arrangement was, moreover, so judiciously timed, that the calèche of the duke passed through the gates of Paris precisely on the same day that those of Chelles once more closed upon the duchess.

It was only a few days subsequent to this event, and the fluttered and flattered community were still busied in commenting among themselves upon the high honour which had accrued to them, from the apparition of the royal carriages at their door, and the restoration of their noble inmates, when the three ladies were grouped together, as already described, in the parlour of the abbess.

The rebuke which was addressed by the holy superior to the laughter-loving Madame de Courcelles was neither long nor stern; for the *espiègleries* of the pretty countess never involved either suffering or sorrow, and were therefore easily forgiven; but the duchess was more than usually dejected, for she had so thoroughly habituated herself to the peaceful monotony of the convent, that she looked forward

with dread to the next mandate of her imperious lord; and even the playful delinquency and attempted penitence of Madame de Courcelles had failed to elicit a smile from her unhappy friend, who, absorbed by her own saddening reflections, and almost unconscious of the presence of her companions, was silently pursuing her monotonous occupation, when the door opened, and a lay-sister, half bewildered by terror, entered the room, and presented a letter to the abbess. At the same moment, the clatter of horse-hoofs upon the pavement of the area before the convent could be distinctly heard through the open portal; and the sound was at once so unseemly and so unusual, that as it fell upon her ear, the duchess rose hastily from her seat, and with a pale cheek and quivering lip, approached the superior, and exclaimed, in a voice which despair had rendered firm—

"What says the missive, holy mother? Am I to be driven like a culprit to a new dungeon?—am I called to undergo a new trial? Do not seek to delay your tidings, or to tamper with my anxiety. It is for me that your walls are desecrated by the presence of armed men!—they are many, and they seek *me!* Mother!"—and as she spoke, she sank upon her knees—"will you indeed abandon me to insult and injury like this?"

"Never!" said the abbess, rising proudly from her seat, and extending her hand to the noble suppliant. "Rise, Hortense Mancini!—let the guilty kneel! Am I to be braved, like an infant, at the head of my own community? Did I not receive you from the hands of the king, scarce a week back?—and shall I suffer you to be dragged, like a felon, from beneath my roof?—Never, by all the saints! Duchess of Mazarin, this letter was indeed brought by your unworthy husband. He is without, at the head of sixty mounted followers; and the paper which I hold in my hand is an order from the Archbishop of Paris for his admission into the convent, that in the event of your refusing voluntarily to accompany him to the capital, he may be enabled to remove you by force."

"Thus I am lost indeed!" murmured Madame de Mazarin, wringing her hands, and then burying her face in her spread palms.

"Again I say 'no!'—a thousand times, 'no!'—You are and shall be safe," said the abbess, with dignity. "My nephew may wear a ducal coronet, and invest my house, as though it were a beleaguered city, but we are still in possession of the citadel, and even while he dreams that his purpose is effected, we will convince him of its failure!"

"M. le Duc," interposed Madame de Courcelles, who, even at that moment of anxiety, could not restrain her buoyancy of spirit—"M. le Duc is fated to be unfortunate in his dreams, holy mother; for only a few months back, he waited upon the king, and informed his majesty that he had been honoured by a visit from the angel Gabriel, who had charged him to inform his royal master that he must forthwith part from Madame de la Vallière; whereupon, Louis, who does not understand raillery on so delicate a point, replied that the angel had also appeared to himself, and more than hinted that M. de Mazarin was a madman."

"Peace, daughter!" said the abbess, sternly; "the story is out of taste as well as season, when told at such a time, and to two of the duke's kinswomen."

"Was it not enough," wept Madame de Mazarin, as she flung herself upon a seat, "that the perseverance of M. de Mazarin, combined with circumstances which controlled my unhappy destiny, should have eventually enabled him to secure my hand, even after the cardinal, my uncle, had declared that he would rather bestow it upon his valet? Was it not enough that he became at once the master both of myself, for whom he had long either felt or feigned a passion without bounds, and of the eleven millions which formed my dowry, but must he still, after blighting my youth and dissipating my fortune, pursue me even here with his unrelenting tyranny? Oh, madam—mother! shew me some method of escape from this monstrous, this hateful vassalage, alike of body and of spirit, or my heart will break!"

"Calm yourself, daughter," said the abbess; "none enter here save by my good pleasure; and I forbid all ingress to the duke, your husband. Even M. de Paris will, I am sure, admit that I owe this refusal to my self-respect, when he learns that M. de Mazarin has approached my threshold in the character of a trooper, rather than in that of a noble."

The superior was interrupted by the entrance of a second lay-sister, who, scared almost out of her ordinary respect, exclaimed, hurriedly—"His highness the duke is impatient for entrance, holy mother; he says that he will remain without no longer, and has ordered sister Therese to unbar the door!"

"Let sister Therese obey him at her peril!" said the abbess, peremptorily. "How now! have ye yet to learn your duty, that ye cannot await my good pleasure in all things? You will ring in the midnight mass for this sinful disrespect, sister Clotilde! and now retire, and school your spirit into the calm befitting your vocation."

The rebuked and discomfited nun withdrew, as she was commanded, silent and abashed, with her hands meekly folded before her, and her eyes rivetted to the ground, and the abbess, as the door closed, drew two ponderous keys from her girdle and held them towards the duchess.

"Kinswoman," she said, as composedly as though the usual tranquillity of her existence had suffered no interruption—"here are the keys of the holy Abbey of Chelles. You are abbess for to-day, and none shall question your authority. I exact only that you shall see and expostulate with M. de Mazarin at the grate."

The heart of the duchess was too full for thanks, but as she received the precious keys, she raised to her lips the hand by which they were presented, and then, with a flashing eye and a burning cheek, she beckoned to Madame de Courcelles to attend her, and left the room.

Great was the astonishment of the duke, when, on entering the hall of the convent, where he was still separated from the interior of the building by an iron grating, he found himself in the presence, not of his aunt, the abbess, but of his wife and her friend, both of whom were waiting to receive him behind this impenetrable screen."

"Permit me, M. le Duc, to welcome you back from Brittany," said the duchess, struggling to preserve the appearance of a composure which she was far from feeling; and her greeting was echoed by a joyous "*Soyez le bien-venu, M. le Duc!*" from the clear voice of Madame de Courcelles, to whom the whole proceeding appeared so *bizarre* and original, that she was rather amused than dismayed.

"I have not come hither to bandy compliments, duchess!" was the abrupt reply. "Are you prepared to accompany me forthwith to Paris?"

"By no means. My intention is to remain at Chelles, under the protection of your good and pious aunt."

"I will permit no such folly! Is a woman of your rank to live for ever immured within four walls, like a *bourgeoise* who has taken the veil, to invest her insignificance with dignity? I come armed with the sanction of the metropolitan archbishop to enter the convent at my good will and pleasure; and should you rebel against your duty as a wife, and oppose my wishes for your immediate departure hence, I am prepared to compel the compliance which I cannot induce; and I at once declare that I will avail myself of the authority of M. de Paris."

"I resist his authority," said the duchess, quietly.

M. de Mazarin laughed the low, bitter laugh of ignoble triumph. "As you please. I shall, then, compel your submission! Where is the lady abbess?"

"You see her before you. What is your pleasure?"

"Nay, nay, I will brook no fooling—I am in no mood for women's jests. Let the abbess come forward and give me entrance, according to the orders of the archbishop."

"Again I say that I am abbess for the day, M. de Mazarin, and that I hold the keys!" said the duchess, whose courage rose with the conviction of her impunity. "We had no sooner learnt that you had come to this holy house booted and spurred, at the head of a band of troopers, than your pious kinswoman, whose peaceful avocations unfit her for the brawlings of intemperate passion and the outpourings of selfish tyranny, resigned to me the onerous duties of her station—and I will do no discredit to her trust. For shame, sir!—did you think to kidnap a noble lady, as you would have carried off the daughter of a churl? Had you so little respect for the woman who might twice have worn a crown,* had her uncle been a worse Christian or a weaker patriot, as to seek to drag her through the country, like a convicted felon?"

"Madame de Mazarin, I insist upon immediate admission!" exclaimed the duke, in a voice half choked with passion.

"Ingress or egress shall none have throughout the day!" was the reply of the duchess. "Persist no longer in your disgraceful purpose, for you will fail.—Oh, Charles!" she continued, in extreme emotion, as her woman's heart suddenly gave way, and the tears fell in a shower on her pale cheeks—"how bitterly have you hitherto misused your power! Chance made me yours when I was yet a child; and the flowers of my bridal wreath had not yet withered, when I was summoned to strew them over my uncle's corse! You might have made me all that you would, had you then acted kindly towards me, for I loved you—and where a young, pure woman loves, and is beloved in turn, she knows no wish, no will, no law, no happiness, save his in whom she has bound up her hope! But you sported with my tenderness—you treated my affection as a jest—and in your infatuated

* Proposals were made to the Cardinal Mazarin for the hand of his beautiful niece and heiress both from the King of England and the Duke of Savoy.

selfishness, you taunted me with having wronged you, and thus taught me, in the honest, unsuspecting days of my girlhood, that crime and dishonour could come between a wife and him whom she had vowed to cherish and to love throughout existence! This was the first wrong you did me, duke, and it was a bitter one! Had you been a man, you would have expiated the evil by a lifetime of devotion and high-hearted confidence—but you were incapable of aught so noble! And what has your career since been? Have I not seen, from year to year, the princely fortune bequeathed to me by my uncle lavished upon the base and the unworthy?—menials elected into friends, and equals treated as menials?—my son robbed of his birthright, and myself even of that pure and and unsullied name, which was the best dowry that Hortense Mancini, wealthy as she was, could bring to a man of honour! Again I say, fie on you sir—fie on you!—away! and repent that you should ever so have fallen beneath the contempt of the woman who had sworn and hoped to love you, that you were compelled to stoop to the ignominy of kidnapping your own wife!"

"Ten thousand thunders!" shouted the duke, clenching his hand, and shaking it furiously at Madame de Mazarin, as she was preparing to move away. "Instantly give me entrance, or I will batter the place about your ears!"

"Strike on!" was the calm reply; "and meanwhile, we will retire and pray for you." And leaving the duke still in the same attitude of impotent fury, the duchess swept haughtily through a door which led to an inner apartment, and disappeared, while Madame de Courcelles, awed, for once, into gravity, bent her head to the infuriated noble, and signing the cross upon her forehead, followed her in silence.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

"SAVE me from my friends!" There is wisdom in the exclamation—but what are "*one's friends*" at large compared with the one particular individual who, under the name of friendship, has taken out letters patent for the express purpose of doing us all the mischief in his power?

My intimate friend belongs to the same club as myself, and manages to get himself invited to share my dinner, three times a week, to say the least; on which occasions he shews his friendship by telling me plainly that champagne is necessary to his digestion.

My intimate friend gives me a bad dinner whenever he entertains me at his lodgings, because, as he says, between friends there needs no ceremony—and then drops hints about "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

My intimate friend borrows money of me alone, because, as he observes, he would not hurt me by applying to any one else; and forgets the golden maxim, that "short accounts make long friends."

My intimate friend is always ready to be my second in a duel; and is so tenacious of my honour, that he will never hear of a compromise, though older and better men than himself have professed themselves satisfied.

My intimate friend rides my horse instead of keeping one, because Orestes and Pylades and Damon and Pythias were not better friends than we are, and consequently such trifles ought to be common between us.

My intimate friend would think me very ill-natured did I not present him in all the different circles that I frequent, although, being better favoured than I am, the consequence is that he dances with all the handsomest girls, and I am employed to take the dowagers down to supper.

My intimate friend is so solicitous about my gentlemanlike appearance, that he left me no peace till I employed his tailor, his hatter, and his shoemaker, all of which functionaries supply him gratis for the sake of his good word among his dear friends.

My intimate friend insisted on giving a ball at my chambers, because, he said, a rich man like myself ought not to receive so many civilities without a return. He would undertake all the trouble, and writing all the invitations. The consequence was, that he entertained all his friends at my expense, and I offended many for not having invited them.

My intimate friend would know all the secrets of my heart; and I confided to him that I was in love with a charming girl, of whom I gave a very lover-like description. He insisted on being introduced to the family, as he would be delighted to forward my suit by all the assistance in his power. My intimate friend soon made himself at home in the house, and held skeins for Caroline, while I was talking with her mother—because, as he said, I had better not pay my attentions too openly, till I was sure of her parents' sanction.

My intimate friend has a knack of bringing forward all the subjects on which I am least informed, to shew off his superior attainments. Thus, after teasing me for half an hour to sing, which he assured my friends I could do capitally, if I chose, he got himself solicited to take part in a duet with Caroline, who was delighted with his abilities.

My intimate friend took charge of all my letters to my lady love, which he could easily give her unperceived, as nobody suspected him —all of which he most faithfully consigned to the fire, assuring me that my adored did not dare answer them, though she had read them with great satisfaction.

My intimate friend was always at her house. He rode with her and danced with her, all to forward my interests, while I was enjoined to be absent, not to spoil the whole plan. In short, he made love for me, proposed for me, and finally married her, no doubt, for my sake; and to prove the excess of his friendship, and being now rich through her means, and no longer in want of an intimate friend, he has forgotten our intimacy and blotted my very person from his memory—so much for *friendship !*

VIOLET AND VIOLANTE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THE marriage ceremony is concluded; the bride has returned to her maiden chamber; for the last time, she stands before the mirror which had reflected her form so long—as from the dawning loveliness of childhood she had expanded into the fulness of womanly perfection—blushing, smiling, trembling, yet triumphant. She slowly, and with some agitation, prepares to array herself for her departure from her paternal roof. This bride, so beautiful, so brilliant, is Violante; that pale bridesmaid, motionless by her side, is Violet; cousins are they—sworn friends from infancy—more than sisters in affection and in confidence. *One* is indeed happy! Why is the other so silent and so tearful? Violante is certainly very beautiful, but how much more so is the sad Violet. All must admire the one, with those clear blue eyes, and that sunbright hair; but none ever saw and, having seen, forgot the wondrous beauty of those dark orbs which, in the other, shine with a splendour and a power beyond the might of words. Both were richly dressed; even the bridesmaid, spite of her apparent dejection, had adorned herself with all that could add and give effect to her extreme loveliness; and as she stood watching the movements of the bride, with deep emotion trembling on her parted lips and dimming with unshed tears the dark glory of her eyes, few ever looked so lovely.

They had been friends from childhood; and Violante had been much surprised when Violet had refused to perform for her the office of bridesmaid,—refused at first steadily, and with an appearance of great determination,—and afterwards as suddenly had changed her decision, and agreed to accede to the wishes of her friend and cousin; but only on condition of being allowed to quit the gay scene of courtship and marriage-preparation until the moment of the ceremony. And so she did. And but that very morning had Violet returned; and entering amid the brilliant group assembled on the occasion of the wedding, had at once eclipsed all by her beauty, her grace, and her splendour of costume.

Violante was the idolized child of wealthy parents—their proclaimed heiress; to her chosen lover she brought, not only her great personal charms, not only high expectations, but a dowry equal to these: he was a fortunate man.

It mattered not that her heart was cold, her disposition frivolous, her temper spoiled by flattery and indulgence,—it mattered not, that, in his own unutterable self-contempt, *he knew he loved her not!* She had wealth, and he had rank; and with wealth and rank, they *must* be happy.

Violet is an orphan, and poor—poor, indeed! What has she? No gold, no lands, only all perfections of mind and form, all perfections of intellect, all perfections of soul, only a heart—a heart full of love,—love, pure, deep, lasting, even unto death. She had been early left fatherless and motherless, with just sufficient of worldly endowments to preserve her from the pain of utter dependence; she had resided chiefly under the roof of the wealthy parents of Violante, and had,

until within the last year, appeared as happy as she was beautiful; but within this period, a gradual, but complete change, had taken place, which had ended in her withdrawal from the house of her uncle, and in her taking up her abode with a relation of small means, residing entirely in the country.

Violante, when Violet had reappeared, for the purpose of acting as her chief bridesmaid, had felt a pang, almost of envy, as she watched her glide into the bright assemblage, outshining all as she passed; and not a few remarked the sudden paleness and hasty turning away of the bridegroom, as this vision of extraordinary loveliness whispered to him the few cold necessary words of formal congratulation. But the shadow soon vanished, and all was joy again.

Now, as the vain Violante, fluttering in all her bridal paraphernalia, gazing alternately at the fair face reflected in the mirror and at the glittering trinkets heaped upon her toilette, thought, with much self-satisfaction, on her own beauty, wealth, and importance, it occurred to her that she might as well attempt to ascertain the reason of Violet's late strange conduct, and on this subject she addressed her. It was but a light, careless inquiry—lightly and laughingly made—but the answer was one of terrible intensity.

"Violante, *I loved your husband!*"

Violante started backwards, and with a faint cry, would have rushed from the room, but Violet detained her. "I have said it,—hear the rest!"

The bride sank into a seat, hiding her face with her hands. She groaned aloud—"Tell me all!—has *he* loved *you?*"

"He loves me yet!"

The shrinking bride sobbed like a child. The bridesmaid, fixing upon her the whole strength of her dark, lustrous eyes, with a voice whose soft, sweet tones, were broken by passion, told her tale.

"Violante, you know that I was acquainted with this gay lord for some months before you returned home, to make that conquest of his wishes which this day has crowned, but you know not the terms on which we stood. I will tell you all. You shall judge betwixt him and me.

"Violante, he came, he saw me, he professed himself charmed. Was it possible not to love *him?*—so gallant, so beautiful—(here she paused for a moment, then her voice faltered as she added)—still, I fear, so dear! I *did* love him!—I gave myself up to that most delicious of dreams, the dream of love! Every day was passed in a round of innocent enjoyments and pure delights,—we were continually together. Each word of his breathed the most intense passion, tempered by the profoundest respect;—what reason had I to doubt his honour—his truth! We were as *one*—our very thoughts seemed to rise spontaneously! and in the voiceless eloquence of our eyes, each read the fond secret of the other's heart!

"Violante, I do not believe you can comprehend all that I would now describe—I do not believe you are capable of feeling it!

"We parted; he made no avowed proposal, yet saying simply, 'I love you as my life!' Could I doubt his faith? He went, yet I was happy!—happy in the consciousness of his love—happy in the thought of seeing him soon again—happy in the strength of my confiding

affection! I trusted him as I did my own soul!—I would have doubted the might of Heaven itself, but not *his truth!*—Well, then, his letters, breathing every tender and generous sentiment — so frequent, so affectionate!—what bliss to receive, to read, to answer them! I was too blest!

"Yes, I have since seen my error. I made my own idol, and then fell down and worshipped it!—I took this thing of clay, and clothing it with the attributes of Divinity, believed it divine! But I have been most bitterly undeceived! The veil is torn asunder—the light and the glory have passed away for ever, and I see the dust and the dross beneath!

"He returned, changed indeed—not loving me less, perhaps, but with all other feelings changed. It was expedient for him, he said, to wed with wealth. *You* had been already decided upon as his wife! I was *poor!*

"But this was not all—he dared to talk of love to *me*—even while he spoke of marriage with another! Shallow-hearted libertine! I saw his eye quail beneath the deep contempt of mine! I left him to his shame!

"Now, Violante, you are his wife—the wife of one who loves you not—who cannot love! In this lies my source of vengeance. I am already well avenged! Remember, in moments when you think yourself happy, that every tender word, every affectionate expression, has been poured from *his* lips to *my* ear with a passionate earnestness of utterance beyond all that *you* may ever hope to hear. Remember, that the hand which one brief hour past placed upon your finger the ring which binds you to him for life, has thrilled—would yet thrill, beneath *my* slightest touch, with a passion to *you* unknown.

"And *he!*—he loves me yet: in that I triumph. This day hath been indeed my own! Did I not pass betwixt him and his bride, in presage of how for many a long year I shall rise between his soul and happiness?

"And think not I shall suffer long. No; in all hearts there are secret springs of comfort. I shall seek for peace—nor seek in vain! The dream—the glory, and the lights are gone! But much remains behind. And I was made for better things than to wither beneath the falsehood of man!"

The bride, no longer weeping, gazed fixedly on Violet. *She*, her eyes closed, tears rolling down her cheeks, stood silent from emotion; then spoke again, but in softened tones.

"Ah, Violante! I would call in pride to my aid, but I strive in vain. I feel I love him still! *How* I have loved him, let Heaven be my witness!—Heaven and this agony!

"And now, farewell; we meet no more on earth. I forgive, alike, *thy* unconscious rivalship—*his* deliberate wrong! In mine own folly I have found mine own punishment."

So the bridesmaid turned and departed, and passing through the gay throng, which, surrounding the bridegroom, awaited the bride, glided from their sight for ever, leaving, to the only one amid the group who knew her secret, the long-enduring memories of that pale accusing brow—those dark reproachful eyes.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER VII.

A DISSERTATION ON SLAVERY.—THE END OF THE REVEL.

"YES, Sam," said young Hibblethwaite, for he it was, the junior partner of the house, whom we have mentioned in a prior chapter, "I am very much obliged to you for the compliment—I don't think that betting is worse thievery than merchandise. I have lost fifty-four guineas, have I? rather a bad morning's speculation. However, that's all right. Well, it may be very pleasant, but I am sorry I did not stick to old Manesty, after all. You, my bucks, have here, in the course of the last couple of years, done me out of perhaps five or six thousand pounds. Much good may it do you! But that cool, calculating, canting, slate-faced fellow, did me out of fifteen thousand pounds in a single morning. He gave me twenty-four thousand for a business that was well worth sixty thousand; and that twenty-four thousand pounds——"

"Has," said Sir Theobald, "in due proportion been properly laid out in taking care of us."

"Well," said Dick, "I grudge it not; have it among you, boys; but I do grudge a sixpence to Manesty. I am told he is going to the West Indies, and I wish to God, Dick Hoskins may have him by the back of the neck; he 'll shake the money and the methodist out of him."

"Dick Hoskins?" said Sir Theobald, "and who is Dick Hoskins?"

"Not to know him," replied Hibblethwaite, "'argues yourself unknown,' as the 'Paradise Lost' man used to say, when old Soap-the-Suds taught me that rubbish, in what he used to call his academy in Seacombe—not know Dick Hoskins?"

"I plead guilty," said Lord Randy, "to the same ignorance. Who is your friend?"

"My friend!" said Dick. "He is no particular friend of mine; he is the friend of all mankind. He is a slave-snapper on the coast of Guinea, and some people in the West Indies—where the weather is warm, and they use hot language—call him a pirate. Am I to make a speech?"

"No, no," said Sam. "You make a bad speech, but sing a good song. Here's your health!"

"Well, then, here goes!" said Dick Hibblethwaite. Throwing his eyes up to the ceiling, and tapping the time on his boot with his riding-whip, he sang one of the old songs of the day.

"Well sung, Dick," said Broken-nosed Bob, "and a right good tune. The day I fought Broughton——"

"You mean the day, Bob," said the songster, "on which you paid Broughton five pounds for bestowing on you a well-deserved thrashing; but if anybody wants to know what sort of fellow Dick Hoskins is, I

can tell, for I met him to the leeward of the Keys of the Bahamas, six years ago, and a jolly day we had of it. Not to talk nonsense, boys, we all knew what he was. He was, and he is, a pirate—a robber on the sea—Lord Randy, just as you, gentlemen of the Chocolate House, are on land."

"Pass the personality," whispered Randy, "and go on, Dick."

"I think," continued Hibblethwaite, "he is a first-rate manufacturer in his way. He doesn't snap slaves, not he; my old partner could not at all accuse him of that. No; he waits lying quiet about Cape, in order to avenge the injured Africans, by seizing the vessels in which their captors have confined them."

"He is a gentleman," said Sam. "Here's his health!"

"And having clutched the inhuman villains, he treats them with the tender mercies of making them walk the plank."

"I say, Dick," said Sir Roger Saddleworth, a huge squire, with thick eyebrows, red ears, and a mouth always open, "what do you mean by walking the plank?"

"A pleasant operation," replied Dick, "something between murder and suicide. They run out a plank, about eight feet long, from the ship's side, taking the larboard for luck, and a man is made to walk up to the end of it, standing over the sea. Then he is left to his freedom of will, for just one minute, at the end of which, if he choose, he may drop and take his chance of the sharks; or, if not, two men-at-arms, standing at the other end of the plank, fire at him, and bring him down, and no mistake."

"And which," inquired Sir Robert, "is the choice usually made?"

"In nine cases out of ten, I understand," replied Dick, "the man drops in the sea. He hopes for escape, however remote the chances, and clings to the hope, until the shark snaps him asunder, or the gurgling waves keep him down. The pirates always prefer their customers dropping in the sea, as they think thereby the sin of murder is taken off their tender consciences."

"A sneaking end, after all," said Lord Randy. "For my part, I'd stand at the end of the plank, and let them fire, if for no other reason but that of bidding them go to hell!"

"Taking the message there yourself, my lord," said Sir Theobald. "But what sort of fellow is this Dick Hoskins?"

"Why, nothing particular; not much taller than myself—a good-humoured, dare-devil, hard-drinking sort of fellow, with a foxy head, and an eye that would see from here to York Castle."

"*Di omen avertant*," muttered Sam, half asleep. "Hadn't we better call for another bowl of punch; and pray, Gallows Dick, don't talk of York Castle, for our debts will bring us there soon enough, if nothing else does."

"When Dick Hoskins," continued Hibblethwaite, "gathers a sufficient quantity of blacks, or, as they call them in the business, the 'cattle,' he makes for the Mississippi, where he is sure of a market."

"Why not at the plantations, and sell them openly in Virginia at once?" said Sir Toby. "An uncle of mine has an estate on the banks of the Potowmac, on which he holds twelve hundred slaves of his own, and he buys and sells them without reservation."

"Because," said Dick, "there are persons in the colonies called judges and juries, who make a nice distinction between piracy and

slaving; and as they would bring Dick's profession under the former character, it is probable they would suspend his labours, by suspending himself! But the Georgia and the Carolina people are not so particular. As for hunting a vessel there, you may as well hunt a mouse upon Salisbury plain; the Bayons, as they call them, are scattered through the sea in hundreds, and it would take the British navy to follow a vessel. So Dick brings his goods there, and sells them to the planters on both sides of the river; and as the colonies are new, and hands wanted, he need never look long for a market."

"It must be a queer sight," said Sir Roger Saddleworth, "to see men sold at a market. How do they go?"

"By weight," said Dick; "I've weighed a good many of them."

"How do you sell?" asked Sir Roger.

"Just as you sell a beast in York Market. The fair way is to say at once, 'round and sound, a dollar a pound.'"

"How much is that, Dick?" said Lord Randy.

"About three guineas a stone," was the reply. "Thirty to thirty-five pounds an average man."

"A capital price," said Sir Theobald. "Let us sell Sam, he is asleep; or as Dick is growing prosy in his stories, let us enliven the day by putting up our relations. Here goes for Lord Silverstick!"

"You wont get much for him, if bought by the pound," said Lord Randy, smiling; "he's too thin. I know his weight well, for I've pinched him tight pretty often; but, by the bye, if you could catch him just now, and sell him with his coach and six, and his little attorney, and the bag of guineas he has got under the cushion, you would not make such a bad bargain."

"You don't mean that," said Hibblethwaite, with some vivacity.

"I do mean it," said Lord Randy. "I know that he has at least a couple of thousand guineas with him, divided into those nice little bags, labelled with the charming inscription of—'£200' peeping out of their corners."

"I certainly," said Sir Theobald, "would like to settle a few accounts I owe Master Shark."

"And I," said Sam, "would like to settle some accounts I owe many other people. Here's bad luck to them—the dunning villains!"

The inferior portion of the company had, by this time—it had now reached three o'clock—thinned gradually away, overcome by beef, beer, and tobacco; and the parlour guests were almost alone. They too had, under the same influences, decreased to a small number, consisting principally of the gentlemen already introduced to the reader. Broken-nosed Bob was smoking his pipe in silence, ruminating, in all probability, on the day he had fought Broughton;—Sam had fallen asleep with his glass in hand, empty, however;—Lord Randy, all life and spirits, seemed as if he was just beginning to spend the evening;—Sir Roger Saddleworth, on the contrary, considerably muddled with all he had swallowed and smoked, looked, from having turned his peruke the wrong way, as if he were about to close it;—Sir Theobald, upon whom no potation could by any possibility take effect, ready for anything;—and Dick Hibblethwaite, who appeared to have had a long ride, and was rather jaded; but he revived at the last words of Lord Randy, and with something like vivacity, inquired, "What is he going to do with all that money, and that lawyer, Randy? I hope it is for

you, as that will pay me part of the eight hundred that are over due."

"I don't think it will come to me," returned Lord Randy. "Dick, you have not yet forgotten the vulgarity of your commercial education. The money is for use; it is to complete the purchase of Park Holme, which I have directed to be put up, ten days hence. He thinks I don't know who is to be purchaser, as if I and old Lanty Latitat, as we call him, had no communication on such subjects. This week's work, one with another, including this morning, has cost me more than half a thousand guineas, and that, you know, must be met."

"It is a pity," said Dick, "that so much money as that should be rolling along the road, with so very little care taken of it."

"That's the opinion of your friend, Dick Hoskins," said Sir Theobald. "Faith! your ancestors or my own, Sir Roger, would have had very little scruple in easing our friend's father of the responsibility of such a charge, and taking it into their own keeping in a strong castle."

"Ah, the good old times!" said Dick. "But they rob nowhere now, except further up towards London, on the road, and in the ways of business; in these parts, at the Exchange of Liverpool, and all other exchanges that ever I was upon. But, seriously, I should like some of that money, Lord Randy, as I am very short, and I have lost fifty-four yellow-boys, to pay here,—pay one of the hundreds to-morrow?"

"Pay it yourself, to night, out of the money that is in the coach, before it comes to me," said Lord Randy; "for that's your only chance of getting any of it. How far off did you leave the earl?"

"I should say, by his style of travelling—five miles an hour, and stopping at every inn—he must now be about three quarters of an hour off."

"Horse and away, then, my boys!" said Lord Randy; "you can't do any harm by frightening an old fellow. I'll ride the other way, for I can't be in it myself, as he was my mother's husband, whatever relation he may be to me."

His lordship then went to the window, and throwing it up, said—"Armstrong, my horse!" then turning round to Sir Robert Saddleworth and Sir Theobald, added, with a laugh—"Gentlemen, don't disgrace your ancestors! and Dick, as a matter of business, I shall expect one of the bills back to-morrow, cancelled. Broken-nosed Bob, for due value of myself, Samuel the Thirsty, and other persecuted Christians, to your care I entrust little Snap, the attorney; give him what you bought of Broughton, and remember the glorious day you fought the Bruiser!"

"On that day——" said Bob.

"No matter now," cried Lord Randy; "my horse is at the door. Dick, pay the bill." And thus saying, the volatile nobleman emerged from the apartment, and in a moment afterwards, the clattering of his horse's hoofs were heard upon the Northern Road.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCIPLE OF CHESTERFIELD.—A HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

THE stately horses of the stately carriage of the stately Lord Silverstick were moving at a stately pace towards the good town of Preston.

Preston itself, proud as it is called, could not have been prouder than the equipage that was moving towards it. The coach was heavy, square-cornered at the top, and conical at the bottom, hung upon some indescribable frame for tormenting horses, harnessed heavily, and driven by a coachman, of whom a three-cornered hat, and a red nose, were the chief characteristics. The party inside consisted of a small, dapper, elegantly thin, and carefully-dressed elderly gentleman, Lord Silverstick, and his lordship's companion, a still smaller man, with a very weasel-expression of face, whose name was Snap, and whose business that of an attorney; he was his lordship's man of all work. There was a strong perfume of musk in the coach, and his lordship held in his hand a volume bound in blue paper, which, we believe, was Dodsley's last miscellany.

"As my Lord Bishop of Gloucester says," remarked Lord Silverstick, "in his truly sagacious and erudite notes upon Shakspeare, 'The art of a critic, in some sort, transcends the genius of a poet.' So I, Mr. Snap, in my last conversation with my elegant friend Lord Chesterfield, remarked that *goût*, or as you, unacquainted with the language of the refined world, might call it taste, shews itself at present far superior to the false and barbarous notions of a Homer, or a Shakspeare. The best judges ——"

Snap, who, for the last fifteen miles, not understanding a word of the subject, had thought it better to be silent, now saw at last a chance, and chimed in,—"Lord Mansfield, my lord, and ——"

"Ah, I know what you are going to observe," said the earl, smiling, "as Mr. Pope has it—

"'How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost.'

But it was not of those judges I was speaking, Mr. Snap, but of critical judges, whose opinion it is that the Henriade of Monsieur De Voltaire, which commences with—

"'Je chant ce heros qui règne sur la France;'

but it is needless to go on quoting a poem which must be engraven on the memory of every man of taste. I have just come from Leasowes, where I left the amiable Mr. Shenstone. He has put many beautiful things on his grounds ——"

"Three mortgages, to my knowledge," said Snap.

"I did not mean," said the Earl, smiling benignly, "to allude to those temporary incumbrances, which are the fate of all men of genius; but how beautiful are his inscriptions. Dr. Haid—he is the author of an Essay on Mutation, and between you and me—but do not mention it, Snap—is marked for a speedy bishopric, as a small recompence for his talents in orthodoxy—had some connexion in ornamenting these vistas with their characteristic inscriptions. Do you remember the epitaph on Miss Dolman?"

"I do," said Snap, "perfectly well; but forget it at this present moment.

"It is beautiful," said his lordship; "Lord Chesterfield pronounced it sublime. I wrote it—Mr. Shenstone he had it printed—and I assure you it is much admired."

"'Heu quanto minus est cum aliis versari quam tui meminisse.'"

"Yes," said Snap, "it is fine Latin. I am pretty sure the passage is quoted in Coke upon Lyttleton."

His lordship looked with compassion upon his man of business: "It is not," said he, "in that celebrated legal work. As I was saying, the Earl of Chesterfield, who is the most elegant man in London, much admires Leasowes. Taste, my dear sir—taste is everything."

"Of course, my lord," said Snap, "I have not the honour of knowing the distinguished nobleman of whom your lordship is speaking; but I have heard that he is, in some respects, a dissipated character."

"My dear sir," said the earl, throwing a compassionate look on his companion, "you must make allowances for the different ranks of life; as the bard of Avon ruggedly expresses it—

> "That in the captain's but a choleric word,
> Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy;"

so refined gallantry must not be confounded with low intrigue, or the amour of a nobleman with the debauchery of a cobbler. A degree of refinement is now spreading itself through all ranks of life; and the fopperies of what is called religion, seems to be pretty well understood among those ranks that have a right to think. "If," as my friend Lord Chesterfield observes, "a gentleman brings superior skill or experience to bear upon basset or whist, such methods, whatever the vulgar may think of appropriating to himself the purses of the less skilful in the less venturous, will not, by any man trained in the proper seminaries of elegance and refinement, be confounded with the vulgar——"

"Stand and deliver!" said a sharp voice, accompanied by the music of a muzzle of a pistol, dashing through the pane of the window glass; and a smart and active figure galloping up on a light sorrel nag, was visible to the startled gaze of the elegant Earl and his companion, now quite awakened.

The dull fall of a postillion knocked off the leaders; the sudden jerk of the horses quickly pulled up; the rush of four or five horses to the door; the instantaneous flight of the attendants, sufficiently indicated that the Earl of Silverstick was now in the hands of the Philistines. Snap curled himself up in an agony of terror; but to do his Lordship justice, he did not lose his politeness, and scarcely his elegant self-possession, even for a moment. The door was now thrust open by a tall, stout fellow, who, without another word, seized Snap by the back of the neck, and dragged him out of the carriage, shaking him by the neck and throwing him on the ground, as you may see a Newfoundland dog serve a cat.

"You cursed lawyer," said he, "I only wish the twelve judges, chancellor and all, were here with you;" with which indignant speech he flung Snap out into the centre of the road.

Lord Silverstick, somewhat alarmed at the fate of his companion, but still with perfect self-possession, drew his sword, but an effectual pass was parried, or rather put by, by the riding whip of another brawny ruffian, and the light weapon taken instantly out of his hand. His lordship looked very pale, but still smiled; and endeavoured,

though somewhat bunglingly, to turn off a fine sentence on the surprising company by which he was so suddenly surrounded.

"Gentlemen, your peculiarity of profession precludes the precision of etiquette. You want my money—it is under this cushion; but for rudeness there is no excuse. Use your victory with moderation. Lord Chesterfield, on the day I met him——"

"That puts me in mind," said the man who had torn his sword from him, "of the day on which I fought——"

The door on the other side opened quickly—"My lord, I must trouble you to step out," said the dashing wight that had first came up, and this invitation was enforced by the click of a pistol-lock. The old earl stepped down rapidly. The money was taken from the cushion in a moment, postillions and coachmen tied together neck and heels on the coach-box, the earl replaced in the carriage with much politeness, and the principal thieves retired to consult, leaving the prisoners under the guard of one of their brotherhood, who had taken scarcely any share in these proceedings, apparently from a peculiar tendency to an oscillatory motion, which displayed itself on his advancing. Some five or six minutes elapsed before they returned, during which period, in his most Chesterfieldian phrases, the earl expressed his sense of the extreme unpoliteness of the whole proceeding; adding, however, epigrammatically, that the rudeness of the principle, so far as he was concerned, was alleviated by the politeness of the performers. This remark appeared to touch the mind of the worthy who had been left on guard.

"Have you anything to drink in this coach," he said, "old gentleman?"

"I suppose my servants have not neglected to place something of the kind under the seats; but, to my own knowledge, I must confess I am ignorant."

"What an affected old jackass," thought the guard; "I never could have been ignorant of anything of the kind; but I may as well try, and as the servants are tied, I may as well do butler myself." Fumbling about the coach he soon found what he wanted. "Here's your health," said he, "Old Silverstick; don't be down-hearted. Toss off this yourself."

"If you will be so kind as to excuse me," said the earl, politely declining the offered draught; "I never touch anything of the kind."

"'Tis that that makes you so white, and so thin," said the other. "Drinking's the only cure ——"

"Touch not the accursed thing," said a beautifully loud voice at the coach window; "wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging." And here a violent hiccup broke short the quotation. Not a word more passed; but Lord Silverstick's guardian discharged the contents of a pistol at the voice with an aim, which, luckily for the quoter of King Solomon, was very remarkably unsteady. It served, however, to change the interruption from a sermon to a cry for mercy, which, with the effects of the shot, brought the others of the party immediately round the coach. The *custos* of the party jumped out with the discharged pistol in one hand, and the bottle in the other. A single crack of the whip from the more active of the party, sent the already frightened interloper flying at the best of his speed.

The Robbery of Lord Silverstick.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, 1843.

MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT VII.

"Ætatem aliam, aliud factum convenit."—PLAUTUS.

In rainy weather, wear your Macintosh;
When the glass rises, waterproof is *bosh*.

It is a trying thing for a new peer to take his seat in the House, of which he is of necessity the last and meanest fraction. But at least, *his* place is definite. The whole kingdom of Great Britain knows him to be the last created peer; and, in all probability, knows also the why and wherefore of his elevation;—whether borough interest, or professional merit, or the exercise of adroit political scavengery, or the personal partiality of the sovereign.

But a peer who has established his claim to an ancient barony, is in a different position.—His assumption of a right having displaced others who fancied themselves firmly seated in their places, every junior peer is the loser by his gain; and his lordship's precedence being a stab to the pride of many, he is compelled to take up a position among those who regard him as an intruder.

For, after all, why has any peerage been suffered to lie dormant?—Because the family entitled to its honours wanted money, consequence, or spirit, to prosecute the claim.—There must have been a grievous deficiency of one kind or other; and those personages, who, like the young ogrelings in the fairy tale, have been sleeping all their life long with their coronets upon their heads, feel entitled to look down upon heads so long contented with a simple nightcap.—The new peer is consequently in a false position; and like most people so circumstanced, his manners are unfavourably influenced by the consciousness of being out of place;—either he is sneakingly humble, or affects a careless effrontery to cover his embarrassment.

Never had Howardson stood more in awe of the alligator than on first assuming his robes!—Never had he felt so little, as when invested with unaccustomed greatness. The man who has held his own in White's beau-window,—the man to whom the House of Commons has listened with deference, is entitled to keep the crown of the causeway, in whatever position he may find himself. But when, in one of those thin attendances of the Lords, just

sufficient to make a House, which causes every individual present to stand isolated and distinct, as a king upon a throne, Lord Buckhurst first assumed his place on the ministerial side, with easy and well-bred assurance, to confront the inquiring faces of the opposition,—an involuntary effort to clear his throat apprised him of a certain uneasy consciousness of being in presence of the elect of the land;—those chartered magnats of England by whom, far more than by the people, its throne may be taken by the beard!—He found himself looked down upon by those to whom he was forced to look up in return. No buffoonery *there*, —no vulgar finery,—no affectation of fastidiousness. Nothing but the most perfect simplicity of manner and tone could enable him even to pass muster among them. To distinguish himself *above* them, even the exhibition of the highest abilities would scarcely suffice.

He saw before him the shrewd eye and sarcastic smile of the ennobled lawyer,—the reflective, careworn brow of the ennobled statesman,—the sturdy squareness of the rural suzerain,—the authoritative gravity of the spiritual lord;—but in greater number than all these united, the slouching persons and inexpressive countenances of the ancient nobles of the kingdom, who, in spite of moral and physical insignificance, derive an otherwise unattainable stamp of personal distinction, from the habit of being, from their cradle upwards, a mark for deference and consideration.—However unwillingly, (for the *esprit de corps* was still dormant within him, and he stood "among them, but not of them,") he was forced to admit that a portion of "the divinity that doth hedge a king," extends its powers of fascination to the Order next succeeding in degree.

It was mortifying enough to Lord Buckhurst to feel himself so thoroughly out of his element.—In attaining his peerage, he had considered only the consequence it would confer;—the insignificance, was a sensation for which he was unprepared.—He had anticipated with delight a riddance from Jack Honeyfield's nightly salutation to him in the House of Commons, of "Well, old chap!—do you mean to come it strong over us to-night?—Are you going to drown our faculties with another yard and a half of pump-water?" But he found that the vague looks of inquiry directed towards him by his new colleagues,—the air of non-recognition with which they regarded a man so much less well-known than comports with a condition that bestows the consequence of a public man on a peer's eldest son from the moment he is breeched,—were almost harder to bear than the coarse familiarity of a Sir John Honeyfield!—

Nothing but the niceness of tact derived from a life of clubhood, enabled him to withstand the temptation to rise and defy them by an astounding specimen of eloquence, on the first occasion that presented itself!—But Lord Buckhurst had served too severe an apprenticeship to the quizzery of White's

to be unaware that precipitation would be damnatory;—that it is only a law lord who is entitled to make himself heard, without previous probation;—and that it was *his* business to win his way to toleration, and from toleration to consideration, by patient attendance,—by working hard on committees,—by affected indifference to his distinctions;—and when at length he *did* permit himself to speak, carefully avoiding all pretence to oratory; but addressing his limited and select audience as a gentleman addresses, in private life, a party of friends whom he does not pretend to astonish, but to whom he wishes to impart information *à charge de revanche.*

All this he fully knew and wisely practised; whereas certain of the un-ennobled, less cognizant of the conventional exigencies of his position, who saw in Lord Buckhurst only the brilliant Howardson of the Commons promoted to a higher sphere of action, felt surprised that month after month should pass away, and the only notice of his parliamentary career in the newspapers, consist in the words, "Yesterday, Lord Buckhurst took the oaths and his seat." *They* had expected to find him Chathamizing before four-and-twenty hours were over his coronet! These certain persons, however, consisted of the only two really interested in the success of the new peer;—namely, Mauley and Gertrude Montresor.—Lady Rachel was so embittered against him, as to take no part in his triumphs; and as to the poor girl at the Ursulines, *she* was solicitous for his eternal salvation rather than for his senatorial distinctions.—It was only his mother's executor whom he had saved out of the fish-pond, and the broken-spirited woman over whose destinies he had passed like the withering simoom of the desert, who persisted in examining the papers day after day, to look for the "one loved name," among those brief records of lordly legislation, from which we may infer that the epicureans by patent,—the stewards' room of the state,—leave the dirty work of the kingdom to be done by their subs. of the servants' hall, or House of Commons.

Lord Buckhurst's determination during the first hour he spent under the authority of the mace of the Lord Chancellor and black rod of the Usher—(the Alpha and Omega of the House of Lords)—was never to return there more.

"Except for a call of the House, or some remarkable debate, I will not expose myself again to this insolent scrutiny!" mused he.

Something, however, in the quiet, easy, slip-shod fashion of the debate, as compared with the uproarious, scuffling, bustling schoolboy restlessness of the House of Commons, proved singularly congenial with his taste.—The undemonstrative despotism of the Lords,—the quiet exercise of power,—delighted him.—It was as the "Fiat lux!" compared with one of Hullah's uproars for the million.—

As a matter of curiosity, he returned once or twice; and after

a week's experience, felt that to descend from this polished simplicity of potentiality to the clamour of an assemblage like the Commons,—loud, laborious, dirty, and oppressive as the mechanism of a steam-engine,—would have been indeed a work of derogation!

By degrees, he began to experience an interest in the operations of a body whose modes of despatch were so new to him. He was found to be an excellent committee-man. His services were eagerly solicited by ministers; and when, at length, he *was* tempted to speak, so thoroughly had he made himself master of the tone appropriate to his new audience, that the careless grace of his diction afforded a valuable lesson to those from whom he had received so many.—Moreover, the wisdom of that calculating machine called Government, in which a colossal rapacity seems engendered by perpetual contemplation of the proportions of the National Debt, admitted that his lordship had discharged with interest his amount of obligations. He was consequently seated more firmly than ever upon the back of the alligator; the faces of the opposition benches having converted their sneers of sarcasm into a stare of wonder and consternation.

The various ascendancies of the House of Lords now attempted to cajole him into their subdivisions. The pious faction, which calls itself the religious party,—the pedagogical faction which calls itself the progress party,—the retrogressive faction, which, *plus aristocrate que l'aristocratie*, devotes itself to the rigid maintenance of the Order,—the oilcake faction, or agrarian party,—all in succession did their utmost to increase their consequence in the estimation of ministers by obtaining his eloquent intermediation for their pet measures.—Lord Buckhurst, however, was on his guard against incurring the stigma of officiousness or importunity.—Like the sibyl, by burning a portion of his books, he hoped to increase the value of the rest.—It did not become *him* to be a speaker of all work, like a Frederick Howardson, or a Mauley.—

Moreover, a new species of *clairvoyance* was perplexing his mind.—He was beginning to surmise that the motive which had deterred his sire and grandsire from prosecuting their claim to the Buckhurst peerage, was a consciousness of the inadequacy of their means to sustain its dignity;—for he found that the estate which had made Howardson of Greyoke rich, left Lord Buckhurst of Greyoke poor. So far from his hereditary precedence over the stuccoed portico assigning him greater weight in the county than Lord Langley, who had hacked and hewed his way into the peerage with a golden hatchet, he found that, in the subscriptions to county charities, the name of Lord Buckhurst, hoisted above that of his wealthy neighbour in connexion with 5*l.* 5*s.*, and in opposition to the 105*l.* of the Langleys, looked fifty times more insignificant than when figuring soberly among the esquires.

Under the dawning sense of this want of consequence, Greyoke,—noble, beautiful, unblemished Greyoke,—became distasteful to him. The old family seat, of which scarcely another man in England would have taken possession without a sentiment of pride and accession of worth from such a patrimony, he despised as inadequate to the maintenance of a barony of the fourteenth century;—and had serious thoughts of expending a portion of the five-and-twenty thousand pounds still remaining to him of the prudent economies of his mother, (which she had mentally dedicated to the formation of a suitable establishment in town, and future settlements for younger children,) to the erection of a new wing, containing a dining-room of sufficient dimensions to keep head and front in dinner-giving with the stuccoed portico.—Contemptible rivalship,—miserable competition!—

Meanwhile, the county contained *one* individual to whom Howardson's accession to the peerage afforded perhaps as much satisfaction as to himself. The Earl of Crohampton, father to the Lady Lucy and Lady Caroline adverted to as our hero's partners in the course of his first season in town, rejoiced to welcome to his side a man he considered worthy of participating in the great blessings of his Order; a man who had not bought his way to distinction either with money or merit, but was entitled to cap himself with velvet and gold at a coronation, because his grandfather, twenty times removed, had shared, with the infamous Gaveston, the favour of a worthless sovereign. This was everything to the Earl of Crohampton.—This was nobility as *he* understood the term.—This was an aristocratism that rose superior to the stuccoed portico by somewhat more than "the altitude of a chioppine."—

Entitling himself to the friendship of the new Lord Buckhurst in consideration of the acquaintanceship formerly vouchsafed to Howardson of Greyoke,—he seemed as proud of having at length a kindred lord in his county, as though one of the kings of Brentford could have witnessed in his latter days the accession of his brother monarch.—It was "Buckhurst, Buckhurst, Buckhurst!" with him, in all times and places.—He could be no longer certain whether Swedes were a safer cultivation for his neighbourhood than mangel-wurzel, unless Buckhurst supported him in his presidency at agricultural meetings; and the grand question of Poor's Rates escaped his comprehension, unless simplified by the luminous exposition of the Lord of Greyoke.—

Now, in earlier life, the vicinity of Crohampton Castle had been one of the greatest obstacles to the frequency of Howardson's visits to Greyoke.—From his boyhood upwards, he had regarded the Earl as a bore of the first magnitude,—α of the constellation Comes.—Lady Lucy and Lady Caroline too had been impediments.—As he occasionally permitted himself to say among his friends, "*Such* faces are only ornamental when attached to the water-spouts of a cathedral."—Even when Lady Lucy

became the wife of a widowed duke,—(one of those square masses of passive consequence which had overawed him in the House of Lords as with the dignity that invests even a fragment of stone when we know it to be of Druidical origin,—) he had not felt himself safe in submitting to the civilities of the family.—Lady Caroline was still grimly in wait for him, like the spectre of some withered ancestress of the reign of the Conqueror!—

But, strange to tell, once enwrapt in his peers' robes, he beheld all this with a different eye. Once enrolled in the same feudal corps with the Crohampton tribe, and entitled like them to regard the sons of the soil merely as enfranchised serfs attached to the glebe,—a subaltern portion of the human race,—the narrow-sightedness of the Earl seemed suddenly converted into a loftier view of human rights; and the dry self-possession of the passionless Lady Caroline, into an "air of distinction!"—There were strong grounds of sympathy between them. They were alike entitled to oppose a barrier to the developments of social life;—and profess their national religion of love of Liberty in the same modified and contracted sense they practised the equalizing humilities of Christianity:—their interpretation of both faiths, the human and divine, being derived from the revelations of the Heralds' College.

The early habits of Lord Buckhurst classed him among those who regard their little native island as a sort of bachelor-lodging, for which Italy supplies a garden, France a drawing-room, and Germany a library and bath.—But now that, by promotion, he had acquired rights of lordly proprietorship in the tenement, he fancied that to see the little lodging kept in repair, and swept and garnished, was a duty that acquired dignity at his hands and was only appreciable by those similarly privileged.

One of the wittiest modern writers of Germany, Henry Heine, has observed that the English love Liberty like a lawful wife,—the French like a mistress,—and the Germans like a grandmother;—that the English, with all their pretended domestic affection, occasionally thrash their loving spouse or sell her at Smithfield;—while the French commit a thousand extravagances for the object of their illicit love, whom they asphyxiate with charcoal if unable to enjoy her society in their own way. Whereas the sober-suited Germans, who indulge in no ecstasies in honour of their grandmother, treat her with habitual deference; and, rich or poor, secure her a comfortable place for life in their chimney-corner!—

To this classification, the moral philosopher ought to have added, that it is only the brutal order of Englishman who cudgels his wife or sells her in a halter, that ever lavishes upon her the vital warmth of an ardent heart; the cultivated Englishman, privileged to have griffins or sea-horses painted on his chariot-panels!—and monsters in stone set up over his lordly gate-

posts, treats her with calm urbanity,—sends her to court with a diamond necklace round her neck,—prefers the painted smiles of some actress,—and when she is in peril of her life, lays down straw before her door and goes to the opera.—

Such was the conjugal tenderness experienced by the Lords Crohampton and Buckhurst towards the national Liberty they were pledged to love and comfort in sickness and in health,—worship with their bodies and endow with their worldly substance;—and, from this fellow-feeling, arose between them a *camaraderie* such as forms the nearest substitute for friendship—the pinchbeck of an ostentatious poverty of nature.

For with the Crohampton family, Lord Buckhurst felt no occasion to dissemble the dawning pride which, at White's and in the wider world, he buttoned as carefully under his frock-coat as though it were the trace of the branding-iron.—The thing of which he stood most in fear was to incur a suspicion in the World of attaching importance to his new honours; and he laboured to be at ease in them, as a mechanic to seem accustomed to his Sunday clothes.—

"Howardson *used* to be a very pleasant fellow!" was the commentary of White's, on the gratuitous efforts he was making;—"he will probably be so again when he becomes better acquainted with Lord Buckhurst."—

For though London is the metropolis of modern Europe where nobility exercises the greatest influence—an influence more extensive than was ever attained by the grandees of Spain, whose privileges were only in proportion to the despotism of the throne,—it is also the city where the hypocrisy of independence most prevails. The badges of chivalry are seldom assumed unless when the wearer is stretched upon the rack of a royal presence; and the rainbow-show of ribbons gracing the button-holes of the Continent, is with us confined to the bonnets of our wives and winkers of our horses.—The only outward and visible sign of aristocratic distinction in London consists in the motley array of the servants' hall. But our pride is not the less existent, because, like the secret cuirass of Cromwell, worn under our garments.

The affected *nonchalance* of the aristocracy, assumed in the first instance to deprecate the jealousy of the middle classes, is, however, thoroughly thrown away.—The policy good for France or Spain, is no more applicable to the use of our constitutional country, than the *persiennes* and Venetian blinds to which we pretend as if we knew the meaning of sunshine. The freedom of the subject is with us too well established, and we possess too complete an equality before the laws of the country, to make the exhibition of an embroidered garter a matter of envy.—The people are too strong in their rights to be tempted into setting up a *guillotine* because certain classes of the community dress their trencher-scrapers in purple or crimson, or are entitled to tie a blue ribbon across their shoulders on appearing at the *levee* of their sovereign!—

Nevertheless, the graces of humility and affability are as much affected as if the untitled world experienced envy and veneration for empty honours, only formidable when connected with feudal rights of the days of chivalry, long extinct; and by the time Lord Buckhurst had enjoyed his honours for a year, he had lost all his former graceful *insouciance* of manner in his endeavours not to give himself airs.—The play of countenance which at Dr. Clifton's had won the gentle heart of Gertrude Montresor, was now wholly obliterated—*not* by the ploughshare of care, but by the assumption of a mask of poco-curanteism.

For in a country so remarkable for gravity of countenance as England,—where a woman is seen selling a doll or a man frizzing a wig, with a seriousness of deportment worthy to work a problem in Euclid or figure beside the death-bed of an archbishop,—a passive immobility of feature that would have glorified the pencil of Velasquez, constitutes one of the characteristics of the aristocratic estate.

Such was the charm of Lady Caroline Cranwell in the eyes of Lord Buckhurst!—The heroines of Madame Tussaud were fully as animated; and the mutable complexion of Apollonia Hurst, and varying expression of the fine eyes of Lady Rachel Lawrance, became odious in his recollection, compared with the steady fixedness of feature he reverenced as indicative of consciousness of a definite place among those whose passage through life leaves a permanent trace in the records of time, like other objects photographically delineated, by shutting out the sunshine from the rest.

He began to find Crohampton Castle a resource against the solitude of Greyoke; where his hospitalities were limited alike by want of means, and want of geniality. At Crohampton, he was sure of the sort of conversation that suited him. The events reported there under the name of news, were of the conventional and trivial order in which his soul delighted. The nature of the hosts and of the guests they assembled was hard, round, and smooth as a billiard ball;—no obtrusive angles,—not even a pretence at grace or adornment beyond their specific hardness, smoothness, and sphericity.

The Earl, evidently of opinion that a man of a certain age like Lord Buckhurst, could scarcely find a more appropriate wife than a woman no longer young, like his daughter, and that Lady Car., as his *alter ego* was a very fitting partner of his "egoïsm for two,"—extended the same encouragement to the new peer he had formerly done to the youthful esquire of Greyoke; taking occasion, moreover, to insinuate to his guest that if Lady Caroline Cranwell still remained Lady Caroline Cranwell, it was only the result of a long-existing ambition to become Lady Caroline Howardson.—

But Lord Buckhurst, though enchanted to be invited as a guest, had no idea of being kidnapped as a son-in-law; and when he found that the attentions he received from Crohampton

The Béguines of Ghent.

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Castle concealed sinister designs, (like the "Hail, Cæsar!" of the assassins who prostrated themselves at the feet of the great Julius only to secure access for their daggers to his heart,) he began secretly to expatiate on the baseness of human nature, which is incapable of affording its hospitality to a neighbour or making him free of house and home, without premeditating the injury of tying a millstone round his neck, in the form of a superannuated daughter.—

For though enrolment in the pages of Burke and Lodge so far influenced the principles of Lord Buckhurst as to make him fancy it possible for a wife of his own to be as endurable as he had hitherto found the wives of his friends, he had thoroughly made up his mind if he *did* marry, to do himself the amplest justice. A peer of the realm with a fortune of only seven thousand per annum, is not in a situation to marry for love; still less to sacrifice himself to the love he may happen to inspire.—Above all, a man whose heart is set on adding a wing to his family mansion, is forced to convert the quiver of Cupid into a hod, and his arrows into a trowel.—The Lord of Greyoke had consequently decided to remain single, or double his fortune in doubling his condition.

The weakness (almost amounting to a vice) of TUFT-HUNTING, is doubtless, contemptible enough, and sufficiently prevalent in the world, to prove that the world abounds in sneaks. The chance of having been italicised by an apt and specific name, has served indeed to endow a very common English failing with very uncommon notoriety.—For the character of a tuft-hunter is one the odiousness of which is easily attributable to any individual of inferior rank addressing courtesies to one of a higher, let the deference emanate from whatever source or origin; and tuft-hunting being necessarily the vice of people of low degree, it cannot be too foully stigmatized.

But to how many persons of *high* degree would the infamy extend, if an equally explicit designation pointed out to shame the highborn PURSE-HUNTERS, who court the company of the rich!—the pitiful nobles who vouchsafe neither their love nor friendship under a certain ratio of remuneration;—but scruple not to dip in the dish with the millionary Jew, or wed with the heiress of one enriched by the spoils of the gaming-table!—By comparison with the needy honourables who dispose of the favour of their company for the price of a dinner, the paltry tuft-hunters are decidedly in the minority!—

The best thing Lord Buckhurst found to do with the coronet (a right and title to which he fancied had ennobled the blood of his ancestors through a dozen generations) was to put it up to auction to the highest bidder, while pretending to exercise a fair free choice in the election of his partner for life. Henceforward, he hoped to be two to one against the alligator, and complete its subjugation by placing a golden curb and snaffle between its fearful jaws.—

FLIGHT VIII.

"Les anciens avoient un grand respect pour les femmes; mais ils croyoient honorer leur modestie en se taisant sur leurs autres vertus. Sur ce principe, un Spartiat entendant un étranger faire de magnifiques éloges des talens d'une dame, l'interrompit en colère, disant que c'était médire d'une femme de bien.

"Chez nous, la femme la plus estimée est celle qui fait le plus de bruit, de qui l'on parle le plus, qu'on voit le plus dans le monde, chez qui l'on dine le plus souvent, qui donne le plus impérieusement le ton, qui juge, tranche, décide, prononce, assigne aux talens leur mérite,—aux vertus leurs degrès et leurs places, et dont les humbles savans mendient le plus bassement la faveur."—J. J. Rousseau.

To follow the gradual deterioration of a mind created for noble purposes, but degraded by worldly usage, is a task about as tempting as that of a Parisian *chiffonnier;* who gropes under the shadow of night in heaps of dirt, rags, and shavings, for the chance of occasionally finding a few spangles or a lost jewel.

Suffice it, therefore, in a few words, that the mean proprietor of noble Greyoke, condescended to all the basenesses usually perpetrated by purse-hunters; though under the influence of an overweening vanity that would not content itself with second best. He chose to have youth and beauty with his bride, in addition to lands or money-bags; and those endowed with money-bags or lands in addition to beauty and youth, chose to have something better in exchange than a discredited *roué*,—a peevish egoïst of a certain age.—Defying the spur of steel appended to the heel of so feeble a knight, the alligator, consequently, laid him sprawling in the dust, and made off to shelter in a purer element.

For five long years did the discomfited Buckhurst waste his time in these unprofitable pursuits;—now, arrayed in the lion's skin of pride, now in the monkey's skin of dandyism,—in both an animal of small account.—He who had hitherto enjoyed his torpor of ease like a serpent gorged with prey or an idol stupified by incense, laboured in pursuit of matrimonial enrichment as unremittingly as a galley-slave in a mine; either fluttering among the wooden butterflies of fashion, or parading the honours of his caste in the sight of some vulgarian in all the stiff emblazonment of a herald's tabard.—But alike in vain!—Never had cautious selfishness so overshot the mark.

"At ten years old," says a sapient philosopher, "a man is influenced by cakes,—at twenty, by the smiles of woman,—at thirty, by the cogencies of books,—at forty, by the gauds of ambition,—at fifty, by the glitter of gold!"—Be it surmised how far Lord Buckhurst had progressed along the road of life, that his heart and soul were now absorbed in the counting of coin!—

"I am going to dine with the Attorney-General," said he, one day, in answer to an invitation to dinner from Lord Crohampton;—"an old schoolfellow of mine, who has turned his abilities to some account;—for with a patrimony of only a few thousand

pounds, he is now in the enjoyment of seven or eight thousand a-year."—

"Which no doubt he knew much better how to gain than to spend!"—retorted the Earl.—"What *savoir vivre* can a man possibly attain in Westminster Hall?"

"Sir Thomas Mauley attained there a certain *savoir jouir*, which, as far as himself is concerned, comes to the same thing," replied Lord Buckhurst, fractiously. "The *savoir vivre* is an exercise of one's vanity—the active principle of one's sentient enjoyment."—

"You would have met at my house," said the Earl, "another old school-fellow of yours,—a capital fellow,—Jack Honeyfield of Gronington Park."—

"I always found him a sad beast," said Buckhurst, shrugging his shoulders,—"noisy and unpolished to the last degree."—

"The mere rusticity of a sportsman!" replied Lord Crohampton, with a smile of indulgence. "Besides, all the merit wanting in Honeyfield is supplied by that of his cook.—Honeyfield came into his uncle's fine fortune a year ago; and spends it not as our neighbours, those dreadful Langleys do, in brocaded curtains and services of plate,—but like a rational being, in keeping the best table in London!—I admit that people are beginning to call it 'Honeyfield's ordinary!'—But what then?—One meets the best society there.—Honeyfield evidently wanted to persuade Caroline to take the head of his house;—but the foolish girl would not hear of it."

Lord Buckhurst, aware that the Earl had asserted the same thing of himself, knew what weight to attach to the story. But he could not forbear observing—"I always understood that Sir John Honeyfield was to marry a fair cousin of his, of the name of Hurst?"—

"Yes,—there *was* an engagement between them—a family arrangement, in which the inclinations of neither were consulted. But when the young lady came of age, and into the enjoyment of her fortune, she declared off, and took the veil, I fancy, or something of that sort."

Having said his say, Lord Crohampton stepped into his brougham and drove home to dress for dinner; little suspecting that he had accomplished one of the purposes of Providence, as unwittingly as the butterfly conveys from flower to flower the fertilizing farina it has brushed with its careless wings, or as the bird transfers to a distant region the seed it has pilfered for its own sustenance.—Unintentionally, indeed, had he acquainted his intended son-in-law with a fact it greatly concerned him to know!—

For Apollonia Hurst, single, and in the enjoyment of eighty thousand pounds, was a very different person to Lord Buckhurst in search of a wife, from pretty little Apol-blossom, a minor, to the listless Howardson of the clubs. She was *now really* worth "inquiring after!"—

But WHERE?—Who could afford him intelligence of the gentle being whose existence on the face of the earth was as that of a tuft of wood-sorrel, lying like a lost emerald in the heart of some gloomy forest? The only person of whom he could have obtained the clue he wanted, was Lady Rachel Lawrance; with whom, since leaving Halkin Street for a loftier habitation, he had held no communication. With an audacity of self-reliance, however, worthy of the century, he decided that he had only to extend his hand anew in token of conciliation, to have it grasped with gratitude.—And it was so.

But the Lady Rachel of to-day was a very different being from the Lady Rachel of four years before. In the first place, she had attained high consideration in the world from the publicity of her husband's irregularities;—the see-saw justice of England being apt to weigh the virtues of one person, by placing in an opposite scale the vices of another.

The Lady Rachel of to-day, accordingly, was thoroughly emancipated from the timidity of mind and manner engendered for a time by an unnatural attainment of independence. If she had not attached friends to her side, she had collected adherents; and fortified by their support and applause, gave the law she had been formerly compelled to receive. If she welcomed Lord Buckhurst back to her society, it was merely with a view of enrolling him in this numerous association. Her house was now at once a *bureau d'esprit* and *bureau de politique;*—and the adhesion of one of the best speakers in the Upper House and most eminent judges of the tribunal of fine taste,—was duly appreciated:—the great artists frequenting her society assigning as much authority to his *ipse dixit,* as the ministers to his ayes and noes.—Even the celebrated commander, of whom a foreign writer has bitterly observed, that "Fortune raised him aloft in triumph on the buckler of Victory, only to make manifest the meanness of his proportions," appeared to value the voice of Buckhurst of Greyoke far more highly than the heiresses of the United Kingdom valued his hand.

So it was, therefore, that for the remainder of the season Lord Buckhurst dined once a-week with Mayonnaise, the cook of the "sad beast" Sir John Honeyfield; and once a-week, with the godmother of the Roman-catholic heiress.

Of the object of the latter concession, as yet, he said not a word; dreading that precipitation in his inquiries might place Lady Rachel on her guard, or at least give her an opportunity of placing Apollonia on hers. It was essential to his attempt to find the fortress ungarrisoned.

Amid the hurry and confusion of our tumultuous Babylon, (the only metropolis of Europe where the swallows find neither clay nor quiet for their nests,) people are oftener off their guard than elsewhere; as the march of a coming enemy is most audible and visible across the stillness of the plains. One night, therefore, when

Lady Rachel Lawrance was busied in looking over the fantastic sketch-book of Flightington the academician, and listening at one and the same moment to a new capriccio of Thalberg, and a new theory on comets from Dr. Sehensternus the Prussian astronomer, while waiting the announcement of the carriage that was to convey her to a ducal ball, Lord Buckhurst observed, (as he stood examining the sketches over her shoulder,) pointing the while, in a fanciful illustration of one of Uhland's ballads, to a figure that exhibited some slight analogy with that of Apol-blossom,—"By the way, yonder sea-nymph reminds one a little of that little Roman-catholic friend of yours. — I forget what became of her.—Did she die—or marry Honeyfield—or what? But no! now I think of it, the 'man of whacks,' as we used to call Honeyfield at college, is still a bachelor."

"A bachelor, because, instead of becoming his wife, Apollonia Hurst on coming of age was idiot enough to enter a *béguinage!*" observed Lady Rachel, continuing to turn over the leaves of the sketch-book,—the rustling of which, rendering her words partly inaudible, was to her eager auditor as the rustling of the leaves of the Book of Fate!—

"I should have thought," observed he, coolly, "that her father's house might have afforded a pleasanter alternative."

"Her father's house is the grave!"—replied Lady Rachel, carelessly fastening the clasp of one of her rich bracelets.—"My poor old cousin did not long survive the flurry occasioned in his quiet existence by Apol's whims and caprices.—Instead of affording him pleasure, his daughter's arrival in England was like a ray of light suddenly penetrating into a cavern, to scare with its brightness some bird of night long babituated to the gloom.—The consequence was, that, on attaining her majority and the enjoyment of five thousand a year, the foolish girl had neither home to receive her nor friend to advise her against seeking so desolate a retreat as the obscurity of a *béguinage*."—

The carriage was just then luckily announced: for though Lord Buckhurst was far from one of those the text of whose heart is printed in their face, Lady Rachel could scarcely have failed to notice his air of vexation on learning that he had allowed so rich a prize to slip through his fingers.—

Aware, however, that the vows of a *béguine* are not of the binding nature of other religious orders, already he had determined to make an essay whether the heart of the humble virgin of the Ursulines were as placable as that of the highflying dame so knowing in the whereabout of comets. But not before the end of the season! To a London man, whether in or out of parliament, the season is a species of Sabbatical year, in which no business can be done.

Moreover, as frequent disappointment and long suspense renders apathetic natures more patient, though tending to increase the irritability of the excitable, he said to himself while

contemplating his new project, as he would have done in surveying a pheasant *pâté*—"*Voilà un morçeau qui se mangera froid!*"—

The circle of Lady Rachel was, in fact, an agreeable addition to his London pleasures. Without entering into the flights of her pet ideologues, or the factions of her mercenary *bisognons* of letters, he derived the same pleasure from contemplating the impetuosity of their ideas and emotions we feel in surveying from the shore the turbulence of a troubled sea. There was something in the perpetual moral movement of its opinions and principles, refreshing to his inert nature as the breezy current of winds vouchsafed by Providence to dispel the stagnant vapours of the earth.

There was a certain reflective brilliancy, too, in the coterie of *beaux-esprits*, which seemed to illustrate all admitted within the magic circle; and as the eloquence of an orator resides nearly as much in his auditors as in himself, he was not sorry to have secured an audience qualified to double the measure of *his* qualifications. For albeit his lordship affected to leave his light under a bushel, he had it secretly at heart to let its lustre shine through a crevice.—He chose to be as fully recognised as a man of talent, as was compatible with his more showy vocation of a man of the world.

In the minor theatre, the "*Théatre des Elèves*," managed by Lady Rachel Lawrance, the flash of wit,—the clash of argument,—the dash of hypothesis,—the lash of criticism,—the crash of theories,—the gash of satire,—produced a sort of perpetual melodrama, which afforded for a time a startling excitement.—By degrees, however, he grew weary of the froth and roar of the angry ocean, in whose storms he had taken delight,—"*Nul si grand jour qui ne vient à vespres;*"—and he began to be displeased that the stage should be perpetually occupied by the *comparses* of the *dramatis personæ*, and at finding her ladyship's word a law as regarded changes of scenery and decorations. Baron Buckhurst of Greyoke had no idea of being placed on a level with varnishers of canvas and stirrers of crucibles. If *he* deigned to enter the republic of letters, it must be as dictator.—He even expected the wits of the day to mix a little sugar and water with their alcohol, to accommodate its fiery particles to his enfeebled aristocratic palate.—He chose to have opinions set apart for him; shorn of their rugged coats, and stamped on the *flank* with his coronet.—Classics must be issued for his sole use, as for the dauphin of France,—classics "*ad usum delphini.*"—

The alligator, however, thought fit to resist;—and long before the prorogation of parliament, Lord Buckhurst had decided, that if he formerly found it fatiguing to tame down his progress to the slow march of a herd of asses, it was far more so to keep up with the rattling pace of a pack of high-mettled racers, starting for the St. Leger or a steeple chase.

Nor was he in better conceit with the circles of fashion,—in

which the cackle of the parrot was substituted for the solemn hooting of the owl;—and he began to loathe the noisy, unmeaning, ungraceful pageant of London life, as we do an often-seen pantomime, with whose tricks we are familiar, and whose spangles and foils have become tarnished.—Leaving his proxy, therefore, with ministers, without hinting to friend or foe the object or destination of his journey, he took his departure for the Netherlands.—

Now if there be a spot on earth in striking contrast with the living, breathing movement and enterprise of London, it is Flanders:—that mouldering corpse of departed greatness, whereof Charles V. was the Prometheus; but which, having suffered its vital spark to evaporate, lies extended in its nook on the surface of Europe, like a body preserved from corruption in certain churchyards, by conversion into adipose matter. Colossal cities, decimated of their population,—ancient institutions, from which the waves of human life have receded,—exhibit on all sides a torpor of nature arising from a sluggish circulation of the blood, and unexcitable nervous system.—Lord Buckhurst had not spent four-and-twenty hours in the land, before he felt benighted; and began to listen for the striking of the clocks, and feel a sort of mildew overspreading his frame.—

"No wonder, poor child, she should have taken refuge in a cloister against the innutritious dreariness of such a clime!"—mused he.—"I remember once seeing a picture by Albert Durer of the Garden of Eden,—and such a picture!—I can understand now why Flanders is the most catholic of countries. —It is only by keeping their eyes steadily fixed on Heaven, that the Flemish are enabled to overlook the monotony of their earthly existence."—

Meanwhile, as the time approached for the interview, he began to understand the arduousness of his undertaking, and feel overpowered by the idea of confronting a religious community. The quietude of such a spot,—the very rustle of its robes, —recurred to his recollection like an omen!—

In earlier years he had, of course, as became a young Englishman, of birth and fortune, scampered through his grand tour on quitting college. But being just then possessed by the devil of fox hunting, so as to have only from April till October at his disposal, he had made a two days' mouthful of Flanders; and all he knew of Béguines or Béguignages, was that (having thought right to verify on the spot the reminiscences of Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby, anent what the former calls "the young begging nuns,") he had learnt from his Flemish *valet de place* that Beghynages were uncloistered convents, instituted by a certain Countess Joan of Constantinople, in the thirteenth century, in Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and Mechlin;—little walled communities, several streets in extent, subjected like other convents to a superioress and rigid rule of life; but without compulsory seclusion or irrevocability of vow.

He was then too much in haste to proceed to the Rhine, to take the trouble of visiting the peaceful citadel of one of these holy sisterhoods; the only feeling they excited in the mind of the fashionable tourist, being a regret that no such sage institution subsisted in England, for the safe disposal of spinsters of small fortune, who have converted Bath into a tabby colony for the kittening of scandal.

Now, however, that he had made up his mind to attempt an interview with one of these semi-cloistered maidens, that which had before appeared a modest retirement from the noisier pleasures of life, assumed an air of conventual severity.

He knew not how to approach so saintly a community. To *his* worldly mind, the humble Béguines seemed triply guarded round by a sanctity more appalling than all the state environing the precincts of the courts of kings.

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity," that Apollonia Hurst wore a charmed dignity in his eyes, like the lady in Comus.

Though educated in the convent of the Ursulines at Bruges, it was into the Great Beghynage of Ghent she had retreated,—unwilling to wound the feelings of the good sisters so dear to her, by entering before their eyes another religious community than their own.

Thither, therefore, did Lord Buckhurst betake himself, and the emotion of awe we have described laid an iron grasp upon his heart as he approached the quaint old city of Charles V. and the Arteveldes;—which for *him* contained no monument of greater interest than the Beghynage which in *their* time passed for an antiquity.

A question or two addressed to the *valet de place* of the hotel where he set up his rest with the view of intimating his arrival to the fairest of Apol-blossoms, having sufficed to betray his curiosity on the subject of Beghynages, he was informed there was no better occasion of viewing the community than when assembled for evening service, to which strangers are admitted without reserve.

Though much relieved by finding himself able to reach the presence of the lady of his speculations without exciting impertinent surmises, it was a severe trial to rise from table for the purpose, with his dinner half digested. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour, he stepped into the carriage provided for him, and proceeded to the Beghynage.

The day had been showery; increasing the humid exhalations of the amphibious city, which broods like some aquatic bird over the channels of the four rivers at whose confluence it is moored. Mists were rising in all directions from the canals,—hanging upon the quaint old Flemish frontages of the quays, and imparting mystery to the opening vistas of those aquatic gangways. Here and there, a fisherman was lowering his net into the muddy stream as unconcernedly as though the barracks, hospitals, and

monasteries bathing their loathsome feet in its waters, were so many verdant avenues of alders. The whirring factories of the busy city were still,—the glow of its furnaces extinguished for the night; and all he heard was, from the Beghynage afar, the

> ———"squilla di lontano
> Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore."

There was something mysterious and depressing in the mistiness of the scene;—where, among the passing multitudes, no single soul was cognizant of his name or race. Thanks, however, to the same inspiration which fostered the eloquence of his maiden speech,—(*i. e.* a bottle of excellent Neierstein with which he had armed his courage,—) Lord Buckhurst was in gay or rather in wanton spirits.

"The pretty girl of eighteen must have expanded into a lovely woman of three-and-twenty!"—mused he, by the road.—"I wonder whether I shall recognise her again, or she *me?*—Truth to say, we took pretty accurate measure of each other's personal merits. What hours I used to spend gazing into the depths of her hazel eyes, (sweet eyes the colour of tarnished silver, or rather the colour which no words can describe!) in order to fascinate her into an equally deliberate survey of my own!—After all, I see no cause to despair of bringing her to reason. She was unquestionably much attached to me; and though Lady Rachel maliciously contrived to send her out of my way, what *has* been, may be again. By this time she must be tired to death of her dungeon!—'Better a linnet in a bush, than an eagle in a cage,' quoth the proverb;—and poor Apol-blossom will most likely be full of gratitude to any one who affords her sufficient excuse for setting the wires of *hers* at defiance!"—

As his lordship muttered these self-encouragements, he was passing through the pointed archway of a venerable gatehouse of brick-work, into an extensive area divided by streets and structures with high pointed gables, resembling the olden colleges of Cambridge, or alms-houses of our cathedral towns. Strips and patches of turf ornamented the central courts;—in the midst of which, predominant over the other buildings with which its aspect was strictly in accordance, stood the church;—the light streaming through the illuminated windows of which, and the pealing organ faintly heard within, afforded the sole interruption to the stillness and dimness of the scene.

For at that hour, not a soul was stirring in the Beghynage!—Not a light to be seen throughout the windows of either the convents or detached houses!—Not a sister moving in the deserted streets!—According to the rule of the order, all were assembled for evening prayer, in the old church into which Lord

Buckhurst now made his way,—nothing doubting that his first glance would detect in the assemblage—

"The one fair face by nature mark'd his own."

But having penetrated the porch, he stood undeceived! Though the whole six hundred sisters of the Beghynage were before him, collected into a mass, not a face was visible!—All were on their knees;—the light of the lamps and tapers detaching the deathly whiteness of their stiff opaque wimples and veils, from the blackness of their gowns of serge. And as they knelt with their heads depressed, the white head-covering was drawn forward over their faces, so as to form a triangular and mystic hood, like the shadowy forms depicted in Rembrandt's picture of the angels descending the ladder, in Jacob's dream,—a sketch of which sublime conception may be admired in the Dulwich Gallery.

Six hundred human beings, praying as with a single soul, yet not a single human face apparent! How awful, how unearthly those sable figures with their cowled white heads, dimly visible by the light of glimmering lamps and tall tapers burning upon the altar; while in the organ-loft high above, in the centre of the church, the emanations of a still brighter light served to define in dark masses the persons of the Béguines officiating as choristers; their sweet voices supplying responses to the officiating priests, and emulating in their gentleness the voices of angels answering, in a higher sphere, the interrogation of a Being more august!—

Lord Buckhurst was so thoroughly panic-struck by the aspect of this cohort of kneeling headless beghyns, — from whose motionless trunks issued murmurs of prayer, amid clouds of incense mystic as the scent of the Volcameria, that, for a moment, he forgot the purport of his presence in the utter sickness of his soul; and was forced to lean for support against one of the columns of the church. Till then, he had not believed that the earth contained a spectacle capable of rousing him to emotion!

Having glanced along the line of sculptured saints obtruding, life-like, above the capitals of the columns, and extending their hands and the symbols of their faith as in benediction over the no less solemn assemblage prostrate below,—he suffered his eyes to follow the mass of kneeling figures vanishing in the distance into utter darkness; till, at the extremity below the organ-loft, a twinkling light suddenly started into life which slowly and steadily progressed towards him; exhibiting in its advance an aisle of motionless forms, on either side, each exactly resembling the other in form,—attitude,—immobility.

As the light slowly approached, he was unable to reason himself out of a feeling of awe at its ostensibly spontaneous movement. Even when, on reaching him, it proved to be merely a dark lantern borne by an aged beghyn, whose province it was to

enkindle the tapers at the various shrines, he could not divest himself of the breathless emotion by which he had been possessed.

By degrees, however, his senses accustomed themselves to the subdued light and peculiar atmosphere of the spot; and as a fine voluntary burst from the organ, pealing among the groined roofs of the church while the priest uplifted the Host and hundreds of closely swathed heads depressed themselves yet more humbly than before, Lord Buckhurst was moved by a strong conviction that the faith environed by so many soothing attributes,—so many touching illusions,—enhanced to the enervated senses by harmony and fragrance,—must exercise a doubly consolatory influence over the spirits of those holy women, who have retired from the world to renounce or repent its wilder enjoyments.

He could well understand the rapture with which the ears thus weaned from pleasurable words, must listen to those exalted and exalting strains. He could appreciate the ecstasy produced by those bewildering fumes, purporting to typify the emanations of a soul in grace uprising, in grateful tenderness, to the footstool of the Almighty!—

The electric chain of ideas which we call the soul, was touched within him, connecting him by unseen links with a more extended scale of animate and inanimate nature;—

"And he who came to scoff, remain'd to pray!"

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PHEASANT; OR, EVERY MAN HIS OWN THIEF.

A TALE OF OXFORD. BY LUNETTE.

"I SAY, Simmons, who stole the President's pheasant?" said Robert Augustus Short, bedmaker of St. Mary's College, Oxford, to the deputy under sub-cook's assistant of the same college.

"Oh, no 'un, o' cos," was Simmons's reply. "No 'un."

What an unfortunate fellow is that poor No-one, alias Nobody, says some philosophical moralist; he seems to have come in for everyone's faults and punishments, from the time when Ulysses poked out the Cyclop's eye—do but think what he has to set off against this misfortune. True it is, he has to bear many faults. Everyone, from Ulysses to the truant schoolboy, requires the aid of Nobody, as well as of Somebody. He, too, alone, comes into the world free from the primæval curse: *Nemo sive vitiis nascitur.* Remember, too, how happy his life is—*Nemo contentus vivat*—the old wine-bibbing Falernian knew what life was. "Nobody," sings he, "lives in contentment." That he was a gourmand, we have equally good authority. Grave old Æschylus tells how like Nobody (they called him oudeis in those days, only

another alias) was to John Bull. When John heard all Monsieur had to say about Nong tong paw, he patted his belly, and murmured, "I should like to dine with Nong tong paw." Just so, our friend Nobody. If he heard a man had a new cook, forthwith he wanted to dine with him. We give the Greek below;* it looks so learned, as the Black Brodder told Ahab Meldrum, (see Sam Slick, No. 3;) and as Nobody kindly presented him with his love—*Nemo præstat amorem*—doubtless, he did not miss his feed. "Excellent man was he," says some rejected author, whose MSS. are so well known that not even a printer's devil will read them. Excellent man! he reads my writings —*Nemo mea scripta legit.*

Stay, good panegyrist; you forget how wicked Nobody became, and how rapidly he fell into evil courses, free as he was from vice at his birth. Ah, how?—*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.* Pooh, pooh, my friend; that only means, *it takes five years to make an attorney.*

But to return whence we started, as the congreve rocket said when they fired him wrong—"Who stole the President's pheasant?"

He himself; and thereby hangs a tail, as there did once to the pheasant.

"Well, but Berkeley, how did you get this pheasant?" asked John Montague of his friend, as he formed a third round a warm fire in Berkeley's rooms, in the third quad of St. Mary's, one raw evening in October.

"Why, you see, fineish day, nice warm sun, skiffed down to Bagley, wandered through the wood, saw long tail on a branch, happened to have air-gun, up gun, good aim, over went longtail into my pea-jacket pocket; wander back to skiff, drop down with stream—all right—have him up for supper at nine, with et ceteras. Come, Monson, pass the black draught."

"Didn't any one see you?" drawled Monson, as he passed the port.

"No, no; took good care of that—close shave—old Dionysius came upon me, not a minute after—never a bit the wiser—made a bow—offered to skiff him back—very polite, and parted."

"Well, we'll do the bird justice—I feel peckish—though it does want an hour to supper," replied Montague—"Eh, Monson?"

"Oh, ay," chorused Monson, rubbing his hands.

"Come in," shouted Berkeley, as a modest tap was heard at the door, and in slided the President's flunky, a pleasant, red-faced, smirking man in blue, and all blue.

"President's compliments—" said the blueman, with a prodigious smirk.

"And wants to blow me up," murmured Berkeley.

"President's compliments, Mr. Berkeley, and is much obliged to you for the fine pheasant you left for him in the kitchen; and will be very glad if you will partake of it with him to-morrow at five precisely."

"Eh—oh—ah—yes—confound—much obliged—da—very well—pheasant—curse—dinner," muttered Berkeley, very open-mouthed; concluding his acceptance of the offer with a long string of excommunications in a short form. As soon as the messenger had closed the

* *ςυσσιτειϛ αὐτῳ οὐδειϛ 'ηθελεν.*—Æschylus. Who also tells us that the Wizard of the North was Nobody. Ecce signum:—"*οὐδειϛ πωποτε τοιουτοϛ μαγοϛ ἐστι.*"

door, Berkeley's indignation at being so outwitted was in the very act of exploding, when another rap at the door introduced Simmons.

"Please, sir—" began the deputy's deputy, in a humble tone.

"Well, fool!" growled Berkeley.

"Please, sir, the President sent for the longtail, soon after he come back from his walk."

"Well."

"And please, Muster Tompkins wants to know what you'll have for supper."

"Nothing!" roared Berkeley, with a rush towards the door that sent Simmons down stairs at a railroad pace.

"To think," growled Berkeley, as he stamped about his room—"to think of being outwitted by that fool, old Dennis."

"Ay, and so cleverly too—asked you to dine off your own bird—how you'll enjoy it, Berkeley!" said Montague, with a smile.

"Enjoy it—I'll have a cold—the measles—the small-pox—anything—I'll not go—I swear—yes, that I do."

"I am fully aware that you swear, Berkeley," rejoined Monson; "and pretty lustily too; but swearing wont help the longtail or my supper."

"I swear I wont eat any supper until I see that longtail on my table cooked and carved. Wont you join, Montague?"

"Put in a clause, not this term—friendship wont carry me further," replied his friend. "What say you, Monson?"

"Say for a week, and I'll make one of the conspiracy."

"Well, well, as you like," said Berkeley; "but now to get the bird—first let us see where he hangs. Come, Montague, come and reconnoitre. Come along, do!"

"I'm coming, as the rheumatism said to the teetotaller."

"He is in the pantry, John," said Berkeley, as they crossed the small court into which his rooms looked, and approached a grated window by the side of a green door in the opposite wall, respectively the air-hole and entrance to the back way to the President's house through the stone passage and pantry.

"There he is, Charley," replied Montague, peering in at the window. "Caught a glimpse of his appendage—that's him—*respice finem*—look at his tail."

Satisfied with their reconnoitre, the two friends returned to their council-chamber; and, after a good many pro's and cons, decided on the plot for the recovery of the bird. Dr. Dionysius Tardy, alias Slow Dennis, was by no means a fool, as his recapture of Berkeley's pheasant shewed; but he had his peculiarity—he hated to hurry matters. "Wait a day or two," he would say; "perhaps to-morrow will do better." He believed in the power of delay. It had once saved his life—he had been challenged—his antagonist wanted to fight directly. "Stay," said Dennis, "perhaps to-morrow will do better." That night, his murderous friend got very drunk, rode homewards on a tricky horse, and was found in a ditch on the morrow, not the better for a dislocation of the vertebræ of the neck. His wife was frightened with her first offspring—curious coincidence, they are seldom frightened with any but the first—and, in consequence, Miss Tardy arrived at the seventh month.

"Pity it wasn't a boy, Dennis," said an old friend.

"Yes," replied Dennis; "never knew any good come of being in a hurry; perhaps if she had waited, it might have been a boy."

It was midnight—the college clock chimed twelve; and Dennis, closing a heavy folio, prepared to retire to his solitary couch—for Mrs. D. T. was with her mother in Wales—no one was alive in the house but Dennis. "Better wait a little," he murmured, as he wrapped his dressing-gown round him, wheeled his arm-chair to the fire, and, placing a slippered foot on each hob, began teasing the fire with the small poker.

Rat-tat, rat-tat, went the knocker on the garden door.

Dennis rose—down he sat—"better wait a little," said he.

Rat-tat-rata-tat-tat, went the knocker.

Dennis rose, and candle in hand, descended the stairs, crossed the servant's hall, along the stone passage to the door.

"Who's there?" said Dennis. No answer was returned; so, after a short delay, Dennis opened the door, and found nothing. He returned to his room, and once more teased the fire.

Again the knocker began to make a noise.

"Hum," muttered Dennis—"some of those foolish boys—better in bed—hum—go down, wont catch them—go to the porter, and set him to watch."

With this determination, Dennis once more descended, candle in hand—for the night was pitch dark, and the college lights were gone to bed—he opened the door, and, of course, as he expected, found nothing. Drawing it to gently, so as not to close it quite—for he had not got his pass key—the Doctor proceeded across the small court to the archway that led into the outer quadrangle, where the porter lodged; he had hardly entered the passage, before his candle was knocked over, and a voice shouted—"Here's the thief!—after him, Montague!"

Away went the Doctor, all legs and wings, out of the passage, across the great quad, through the bishop's arch, round the inner quad, under the colonnade, round this pillar, by that, back again through the arch, over the great quad, through the kitchen passage towards his own back door. Close at his heels came Montague, always near, but never close, calling out, "Stop thief! stop thief!" at the top of his voice. Many a night-capped head looked out of window; and even the porter thought of getting up.

At length the archway to the third quad was gained by the panting Doctor, and home was in sight.

"I see him!" shouted a voice from above. "I'll teach you to rob, you rascal—take that!"

Down came a bucket full of water on the poor Doctor, who, drenched to the skin, rushed, half blinded, across the court, and flew into his passage, closing the door with a hearty bang.

"Have you got him, Charley?" asked Montague, in a low tone. "Ay, ay, slipt in, and unhooked the beauty in a jiffy."

"Now, then, for the second act—Monson, I shall want you," replied Montague, as his friend came down the stairs, and walked with him to the garden door.

Bang, bang, went the knocker, and ring, ting, the bell, most furiously; up came the aroused porter at last, and also the senior tutor.

"What's the matter, Mr. Montague?" said the tutor.

"A thief, sir, just leapt the garden wall," replied John, still knocking.

At last the door was opened: first appeared Dennis, very cold from the water, and not slightly cross; then the blueman, in very questionable skin covers; and lastly the females of the household in white array and white faces.

"What's the matter?" asked Dennis.

"A thief!" exclaimed Montague, the porter, and the tutor, *unà voce.*

"Where?" asked the Doctor, with a slight shiver—the night was cold, and so was the water.

"Saw a fellow come out of this door with a light, run after him round the quads, under the colonnade, back again through the buttery archway, and, just as I was laying hands on him, he bounced in here—he got a rare ducking first from Berkeley, who saw him coming."

"In here?" muttered the Doctor—"good ducking—hah! hah!—very good;" he tried to laugh, but his wet clothes would not let him.

"In here?" whispered the blueman, looking behind him.

"In here?" shrieked the females of the household—"we shall all be murdered!—Oh—oh—oh!"

"Shall we search the house, Mr. President?" asked Montague, "I should like to pay the fellow out for the dance he led me."

"No—no, I thank you, Mr. Montague; doubtless, he ran through the kitchen into the garden, and by this time is over the walls—better wait till to-morrow. Most likely he's got nothing."

"Oh, but he had, sir—it was some bird or other—it looked like a pheasant, Mr. President," replied Montague, most seriously.

"Eh—eh," muttered the Doctor—"he'd better have waited till it was drest."

"Please, sir, the pheasant is gone," said the blueman, with a queer look, half smile, half squint.

"Well—well, can't be helped—thank you, gentlemen—good night—we must bear the loss—better wait till to-morrow," replied Doctor Tardy, as he closed the green door, and retired to his bed.

* * * * *

"Tompkins," said Berkeley, about noon on the following day, as he entered the sanctum of the chef de cuisine of St. Mary's College.

"Yes, Mr. Berkeley," replied Tompkins, saluting military fashion.

"Let me have this pheasant for supper to-night, with a dish of scolloped oysters—at nine, as usual."

"Certainly, Mr. Berkeley," replied the chef, laying the bird down on the counter.

"Well," ejaculated Simmons, as he saw Berkeley well out of the culinary precincts—"I never—no, I never see'd sich a likeness afore."

"Likeness, Simmons?" said his superior.

"Ay, likeness, Muster T., 'atween that there bird as was prigged by the Doctor, and that there 'un as Muster Barklye has now a brought in to be drest."

"Pooh, pooh, Simmons—merely a family likeness."

"May be, may be—there's a pair on 'em, as the devil facetiously observed to his thumbs—family likeness—well, I never—I vonder who stole the Doctor's longtail?—eh, Muster Tompkins?"

TO ——.

BY MISS SKELTON.

They tell me thou art changed, indeed—thou that wert once so fair;
They say untimely streaks of white are mingling with thine hair;
Mine own hath lost its golden glow, yet both are in their prime—
Oh! surely Thought and Care have power to do the work of Time.

They say that those deep azure eyes, shorn of their lustrous might,
Shed ever on the thankless earth their sad and failing light;
And mine, while dimly thus is traced the record of past years,
See the vain vows almost effaced by their own burning tears.

They say thy smile but rarely comes, or cometh but to pain,
So mournfully the sadness steals back to thy lip again;
And I have learn'd through bitter years to hide with careless brow,
The passion and the agony that never rest below.

Ours is a tale too often told—a fate too widely known—
A weary tale of broken hearts, fond dreams, and hopes o'erthrown;
A fate which given by selfish men hath been so drear a doom,
We, in the grave, where we shall meet, shall find no deeper gloom.

Poor hearts! so loving, yet so weak—we had not strength to say,
"Ours is the wealth of perfect love—we give it not away;"
For refuge from the angry storm, we paid a fearful price,
Pouring a whole life's happiness on one vain sacrifice!

Now, gaining power from our despair, prouder in our regret,
Truly we keep our earliest vows—we change not, nor forget;
But marvel much that such a love—so deathless in its truth—
Strengthen'd not in that trying hour the timid vows of youth!

Alas! unconscious of the depth of feelings scarcely known,
Shrinking before the bitter scorn by worldly natures shewn—
Assail'd alike by friends and foes—by prayers—by threats—by tears!
Our unforeseeing duty gave the treasured hope of years!

Then came that second sacrifice, which held us to our fate,
Which made *thee* lonely—*me* a slave—widow'd in wedded state;
Then the long after-life of woe—this long, long, weary life—
I need not tell *thee* of its care, its pain, its hidden strife.

Its outward calm, its inward storms, its sorrow, and its crime,
Its quenchless passions, burning still—nay, gathering strength from time;
Its idle hopes, its guilty dreams, its yearnings towards the past,
Oh! this consuming agony *must* bring us rest at last.

Well, but they tell me thou art changed—'tis this that I would say;
And I—I would not see the night that follows such a day;
Thou! once so bright—so beautiful, I would not see thee *now*,
With all thy griefs, and all thy wrongs, so plain upon thy brow.

No! let us never meet again—this—*this* my only prayer
Would it not add a pang to each, to see what each must bear?
Come not to rob me of the all that cheers my path of gloom—
The Memory of what *thou* wert in Youth's unblemish'd bloom.

THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

"Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favour'd faults,
Looks handsome in three thousand pounds a-year."
SHAKSPERE.

"I own I cannot felicitate anybody that marries for love."—HORACE WALPOLE.

PETER BECKFORD wrote a large book upon Fox-hunting—poor Nimrod wrote treatises without end on Sporting—we have periodicals devoted to the cause of the horse and the hound—the chase of the stag, the fox, and the hare, but never a word, that we are aware of, on Fortune-hunting. Fortune-hunting!—that dear delightful will-o'-the-wisp pursuit!—that pleasantest of all pleasant delusions!—that most exciting of all exhilarating, soul-stirring, heart-bursting recreations!—that brilliant and irresistible torch at which so many gay moths and butterflies flicker, flutter, and burn their wings—never has Fortune-hunting been treated of as it ought.

Whether it is that the parties are unwilling to renew their disappointments, or whether the success of the successful makes them indifferent for after concerns, or whether the chase is so precarious, capricious, and uncertain, as to defy all rules and regulations, or whatever may be the cause for the silence we know not, but in these days of universal inkshed, it does seem somewhat surprising that no one should have attempted to bring a subject so popular, so comprehensive, and so widely alluring, down to something like rules. Not only does it embrace the schemes and subtlety of the hunter, but the wiles, the wariness, the watchfulness of the hunted.

The same hand that trimmed the hook, spread the net, and set the snare, can tell how near the victim took the bait, entered the meshes, or grazed the noose. Better far than the fox-hunter can he tell to what point he ran with a breast-high scent, when the ardour began to slacken, and how the game was ultimately lost. Lord! a good run, beginning with the acquaintance of the parties, the manœuvrings of a mother, the innocence of the father, the calculations of the gentleman, the deductions of the lady, the eggings-on of the aunt, the interrogatories of "the friend," the cross-purposings of both—above all, the plaudits of the lookers-on,—and then the cold blowings when the engagement is announced, with the eagerness with which former promoters assist the "break-off," would furnish a whole Encyclopædia of instruction for the young, and entertainment for our popular friend —the Million!

It certainly is an extraordinary attribute of women-kind, that some have quite as much pleasure in breaking-off a match as they have in promoting one—nay, more; we verily believe they like it better, and promote many hopeless ones for the sake of enjoying the mortifications, bewailings, and complainings of the parties. To be sure, there may be something favourable in the position; for a man just well

scarified, is much easier caught than a heart-whole one—just as a hare with a broken leg is easier taken than one without. The confidante has then a good chance; *she* it is who can pour the balm of consolation into his wounded spirit, hinting that her friend was not "good enough,"—that all things considered, he is well out of the mess—has had a lucky escape, and that he'll find plenty of women ready to jump at such a chance! Can a man be so ungallant as not test the confidante's sincerity by asking her to be that happy soother? Certainly not, especially *if she has as much tin as t'other.*

From this last sentence it will be inferred that we are not going to write a sighing, lackadaisical, marry-for-love-i-cal treatise. Certainly not; indeed, our title and mottoes would acquit us of so foul an aspersion. We will be very honest on that point—much honester than the ladies who are oftentimes quite as mercenary, without our candour. Of course, there are some bright exceptions, dear delightful little darlings, who think of nothing but the man himself; but then, 'od-rot it!—*they seldom have anything!* We don't blame any little dear for feeling happier with a man that can keep her four, than she would with another who could only keep her a pair of horses; but all we mean to say is, that upon the "balance," as the betting men say, women are quite as mercenary as men. They mayn't care for money—merely as money—golden sovereigns, and so on, but they think quite as much of the enjoyments to be procured with money—the diamonds, the opera-boxes, the barouche, the dash, the dinner-parties, the dance, and the devil knows what! Nay, more; for most men—*real* men, we mean, in contradistinction to boys—marry for *quiet;* whereas nine girls out of ten marry for the sake of being their own mistresses, and beginning to *racket.*

And upon our life, now that we have got the pen in our hand, we may add our belief that the less a girl brings, the more she thinks herself entitled to spend—upon the principle, most likely, of long previous privation.

Our uncle Solomon Skinflint, of Aldermanbury—a man whose name will be held in reverential esteem so long as money is adored, and the Monument on Fish-street Hill,

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies"—*

our uncle Solomon Skinflint, we say—a man of infinite prudence and frugality, albeit of the Goldsmith's Company, always said to us—"Whatever you do, Jack, marry an heiress; they are just as easy caught as other girls, and not *half so extravagant.*" But, Lord bless us! how is a man to be able to judge, unless he has a fortune of his own to catch one with. Our uncle had no receipt for heiress-catching—at least if he had, it was not left among his papers; still, that was the opinion of a man who knew "what was what," for he elbowed his way through life for eighty-two years, and left a hundred thousand behind him! Glorious man! It shews we have a real veneration for money, for though we didn't get a "stiver" of it, we still feel a sort of honour reflected on ourself, as being the nephew of a man who was "Proctored," and "Doctors' Commoned," to the melody of *one hundred thousand pounds!* There's music in the sound of it! But we digress—fortune-hunting is our theme. We look upon "fortune-

* Which it has now ceased to do.—Ed.

hunting" as quite as much a "science" as any of those that are taught in the schools—nay, more so; for many a proficient in mathematics and classics would cut but a sorry figure cramming a pupil for its pursuit. The main qualifications are, plenty of impudence, and a knowledge of human nature—a knowledge generally widely apart from scholastic attainments. Moreover, it's a peculiar branch of human nature, for every woman, as somebody has said, is a separate enigma; and we question whether Solomon Skinflint, with all his worldly experience and knowledge of the usury laws, could have made a successful venture among the girls. Between ourselves we think Jonathan couldn't, and that was the reason he preferred talking to trying. But let us get on with our subject—"fortune-hunting." Fortune-hunting! What a charming name it is; but oh, how many hearts will respond to the truism of the difficulty of achieving an heiress! Men that started in the pursuit with the fullest confidence in the invincibility of moustache, and big calves—dreadful sight to see such "nice young men" supplanted by lank-haired, weazel-eyed, mangy-looking mongrels, who happen to have been born first, or whose long purses make up for the deficiency of their persons! Odious cubs! How we hate all rich men!—all at least, except our uncle aforesaid; and we might as well hate him for any good we shall get of him. But, confound it! there we are digressing again!

In fortune-hunting the order of nature is reversed, and the male sex stands most in need of our council and consideration. To them, then, we purpose offering the first fruits of our observation, without interfering further with the fair sex at present than as they are necessarily interwoven with the web of our subject. When we have steered the youthful bark through the shoals and quicksands of fortune-hunting life, we may, perhaps, devote a few pages to the service of the gentler craft, not that we think they stand much in need of anything of the sort, for, to tell the truth, we never saw a monied woman yet that did not know uncommonly well how to take care of herself. And here we may explain that by "monied woman" we mean the woman with money in her own right—in absolute possession—"*seized in fee*," as the lawyers say—at once the noblest, the finest, most inspiriting game of all. By heavens! we fancy we see the majestic creature!—the buxom widow of yesterday!—childless, and well-jointured! She moves like the antlered monarch of the forest! Her eye beams radiant! There is a soft confidence in her look; and her footman and fat carriage-horses seem as if they lived for no other purpose than eating. Widows, without doubt, are the noblest and the wildest game, but, like the coursed hare, they are the most difficult to catch. They know what they are after; and perhaps former disappointments make them more cautious now. Boys, however, must not enter for widows; and the hackneyed man of the world knows how to go about his work quite as well as we can direct him. No; our instruction is for youth. Delightful task! to teach the young idea to fortune-hunt! We take it, there is not one of our usual abominable overgrown English families without some member of it, too good-looking to work, who must therefore go into the army and marry an heiress. The capture of an heiress is a sort of tacit condition annexed to the purchase of a commission. "A tall, good-looking young fellow that can marry anybody he likes!" says an indiscreet friend in

his hearing; and forthwith our hero makes up his mind that he has nothing to do but "propose." Luckless youth! did he but know the horror all steady-going drab-gaitered papas have of tall young subs, he would use less Macassar and practise less before the glass.

We believe we may say there is not one rich father in a thousand, sufficiently reasonable in his expectations to allow of his daughters marrying in his life-time, we will not, therefore, consider the bearings of so unusual a case. If we could fancy such a thing, as an affluent father complaisant enough to take his departure to the other world before his daughters got musty, we would say they were the grandest chance for a nice young man; but such things seldom are. We had almost forgotten to say—what perhaps is necessary to tell youth, though quite superfluous for age—that *real* fortunes—Solomon Skinflint sort of fortunes—are only to be found among merchants and City people, three per cent. to the day men, government security; four per cent. on parchment; ten per cent. on paper. Land is well enough to look at, but it doesn't "cut up" half so comfortable or convenient as money; besides which, your great landowners get absurd notions of their importance; and if they have not eldest sons to whom the land all goes, they think nothing under coronets will do for the girls. Landowners are very difficult to deal with, and look as much at a pound as a merchant does at a hundred—Solomon Skinflint excepted.

As we have undertaken to pilot youth in this all-dangerous, but exciting and popular pursuit, we perhaps had best begin with the *coverts*, or likeliest places for finding his game; then, Mrs. Glass-like, let him catch, or try to catch, his dear, for, like Grantley Berkeley's stag-hoppleing match, it's easier attempted than done.

First, of the coverts:—These, like the fox-hunters, may be divided into natural and artificial: the natural coverts are the home-houses, where a man is known and valued (for what he has, of course); the artificial ones, are your Brightons, Leamingtons, Cheltenhams, Hastings, the whole squad of bathing-places, and spas. The home-coverts certainly are the safest, but yet the most difficult to draw. We hardly know, if we were carrying the war into one of these almost impracticable fortresses, whether we would prefer having both father and mother on guard, or only a father, or only a mother. Let us see: a father and mother place delightful reality a good way in the distance; few old gentlemen put off their shoes before they are quite done with them themselves. And here, let us caution nice young men against the absurd stories constantly afloat about disinterested papas giving up three-fourths of their income for the purpose of making an amiable and beloved daughter happy by marrying her to one of our nice, penniless pupils. There is no such reality in life! Indeed, it looks almost absurd refuting such stories, were it not that they are in constant circulation, and doubtless gain credence from some—that "some" most likely being "some" of our nice young men, whose wish being father to the thought, makes them live in hopes of similar luck. Reader, if you are one of this class, we will tell you a secret—*You never see one of these matches come off!*

Hark back to the "old uns." Question proposed: Whether it is better to have to deal with a father and mother, or only a father, or only a mother?

"'Pon honour!" it's a difficult point. We really think, as old

women go, we would rather encounter a girl with a father alone. But then, 'od-rot it! he may marry again and destroy all our calculations.

Let us try the old girl by herself. She is safe from that sin, at all events; if she does marry again, she can't do us much harm; but, confound them! they've no sense of decency, and will throw a "nice young man" over at the last moment just as soon as the first.

In these days of universal promotion and prize-giving, we really think it would be worth offering a premium for the most impudent style of examining a nice young man as to his means—male or female, which could do it coolest.

Talk of sweating a jockey or a sovereign! We know of no process equal to that of sweating a nice young man!

What a shock "love's young dream" sustains, the first good £. *s.* *d.* overhauling it gets! How the blissful bowers, the perfumed walks consecrated by love's impassioned lips—the long vista of cloudless, sunbright days, vanish before old Plutus' touch—the fatal inquiry —"*What have you got?—and what will you do?*" dispels them all.

It is an awful question! It is like the bill after a white-bait dinner. "What have you got?—and what will you do?" Horrid inquiries! We reckon the author of "Cecil" the cleverest man at gold-beating an idea we know of; and we recommend a course of six volumes or nine, with that sentence for a thesis. Fancy a penniless nice young man, *tête-à-têteing* it with an old, drab-gaitered papa, just opening with that ominous inquiry. We only know one situation to compare to it—sitting down in friend Nasmyth's easy-chair to get one's eye-teeth taken out.

Upon the whole, we think we would rather undergo an overhauling by an old papa, were it not for the objection already mentioned of the possibility of a second marriage. Against that contingency, no calculations can be made; for—oh, nice young men! we blush to write it—there are lasses that would marry old Nick! Nothing but a *wooden surtout* makes you safe against that. However, putting that consideration aside, we adhere to the opinion already expressed—that we would rather be overhauled by a loyal father, than a mother. In the first place, they generally do it in a more business-like way; and not having the feminine passion for parading a triumph, can afford to take you up short at the first check, and so save you and themselves an infinity of trouble. The old women, lord love them! have no feeling of that sort. Their first object is to secure admiration for their daughters, conscious that admiration is the best way of producing competition. This is a feeling we all understand; it is the same with bipeds as quadrupeds. A dealer always has another "gen'lman" waiting "to take the oss if you don't."

Old sportsmen, we read, used to enter their fox-hounds at hares, martin-casts, badgers—all sorts of vermin, in fact—and then steady them off, by dint of rating and whip-cord, to the animal they were destined to hunt. Some old women pursue a similar course with their daughters, and run them at anything that comes in the way—foot-soldiers, curates, sucking lawyers—*detrimentals*, as they call them, of all sorts—just for the gratification of the personal vanity of seeing them admired, and in hopes of starting better game in the chase—as farmers run hares with their trencher-fed hounds, in hopes of starting a fox. Women like to make a show of a man, to parade him, as they call it,

—to assist their daughters in stringing together offers, just as idle boys string bird's eggs, with the exception that the lady's "biggest egg" is generally the last on the string. *The* egg, in fact.

Men and women argue differently on the point of offers. We have heard many "nice young men" exclaiming against the injury arising to girls from indiscriminate flirtations; but as offers cannot well be had without flirtations of some sort, and as offers are considered the criterion of merit—the victim's brush, in fact—we may infer that, like charitable donations, "the smallest offer is thankfully received." Nay, we believe we may go further, and say among ladies, letting a man escape without bringing him to "book," is very like losing a fox after digging him out. Their principle is—either to bag him, or account for him. Now, from this species of coquetry, old papas are free; they are generally of the same opinion as the nice young men, and think a girl none the better for handling: papa's object is to get an eligible offer, with as little trouble as possible. They must therefore necessarily be on the look out, and where such an anomaly in the country turns up, as an unappraised unappropriated follower, the sooner they bring him to book, with "What have you got?—and what will you do?" the sooner they get rid of his troublesome company, or close the bargain. We don't know a greater bore, than to have a fellow constantly hanging about one's house "spooning," as they call it, on the girls.

Mammas, however, think otherwise, and go on quite a different tack. To them (if they have nothing better in view) all nice young men are equally dear; *they* don't want money! Bless you, they'd rather have a man without! To be sure, there is generally a little mental reservation contained in a muttering something about competence, with not unfrequently a playful, point-blank inquiry, "What have you got?" but in no one instance, within the range of our experience do we know of an old lady closing a negotiation on the discovery of a deficiency of what tradespeople call "assets." They know better what to do with a man—how to *use* him in fact. They "hold him on," as a huntsman does his hounds with a weak scent; there is none of the "you won't do" style about them; for let the youth have nothing but his many virtues to settle, they always profess, as far as *they* are concerned, to be *perfectly* satisfied. But in those cases, their daughters are generally too young to marry just then. Let the nice young man wait a little, till Jemima knows her own mind—that is, till Jemima starts something better, or runs somebody in hand down with our friend, when they turn him over on his back, as coolly as a fisherman turns a trout. Some Englishmen, especially those with high-stool, mercantile minds, (which by the way are generally the best specs,) are oftentimes uncommonly slow at coming "to book," and monstrous anxious times the old women have with them. These men do everything by rule. When the funds are at ninety-three and a-half—when the Great Western shares are rising, or Spanish Bonds quotable, they begin to think of making love, and the quicksilver of their ardour keeps rising and falling according to the vagaries of their stock. They are dry, hard, matter-of-fact sort of men—men that would just as soon marry by sample as see the whole piece, provided a substantial broker would pass his word for its equality; but they are what bankers and old women call, MONSTROUS RESPECTABLE.

There's where old women use a "nice young man" to advantage—we mean, to their own advantage. The golden age then returns: money is a disqualification—affection and competence is all they seek, and under the pleasing delusion of being the preferred object, our "nice young man" is hurried into an offer, which acts like an extinguisher on a candle, by putting him out. John Plutus then walks in.

We know an old girl in the suburbs who kept "the spare bed" aired a whole winter, by a couple of suitors of this sort. First, came John Plutus—John was slow, calculating, dense, backward in coming, —funds were down in fact—no offer. He came and left, and came and left, and came and left, again, and again, and again,—they tried him in all shapes and ways, and with all sorts of dresses, but they never could get him into anything beyond brother and sistering. In this emergency the "nice young man" was called in. *At it* he went, like a house on fire—such kissing!—such squeezing!—such love in a cottageing!—such determined indifference for everything but their own two elegant selves! The old woman was all smiles and benevolence. *She* didn't wish for money!—not she! She never liked John Plutus after she heard he was so rich. "Tim Dapper was the man!" and Tim thought so too. In due course he came with a most flattering proposal, unadulterated ardour, and adoration *in presenti*—and concentrated essence of affection *in futuro;* but, devil a word about *tin*. The old girl smirked, and smiled, and stuck out her bustle, declared she was most flatteringly overjoyed—*competence* was *all* she sought, and she could not wish Matilda greater happiness than wedding into the Dapper family, who she made no doubt were *highly* respectable. Tim thought he'd "lit on his legs," and forthwith ordered a new blue coat with a Genoa velvet collar, and bright buttons, and unmentionables to match; but lo and behold! when he came to exhibit himself in them, he found John Plutus had the bed.

Now John had been standing on three events, as they say on the turf: first, that the funds would rise to ninety-two ex-dividend; secondly, that Berbice coffee would average seventy-five shillings a cask; and thirdly, that the Dey of Algiers would win the Derby. Now the first two events had taken place, and John's quicksilver, or *slow*-silver, had risen proportionately, when he received an anonymous twopenny, (for we needn't say the "Dey's year" was before the penny-postage was contrived,) saying that Miss Matilda Dodger was about to marry Mr. Timothy Dapper, an *exceedingly* "nice young man."

Now John, though he wasn't a sharp chap, still had a something about his carroty head that did the work of an idea; and he recollected having seen a portmanteau in the passage, addressed to "Timothy Dapper, Esq., High-street, Islington," the last time he "was down," and though no great believer in witchcraft and anonymous letters, he thought there might be "something in it." Well, John bored and blundered, and considering the unaccommodating tenets of our ecclesiastical law, which prevents a man taking a woman off another's hands, as one would a horse at Tattersall's, by a mere transfer in the books, John saw, if he didn't get Tilley then, he couldn't get her after; and having passed a resolution to that effect in his own mind, he next determined that it wouldn't do to lose his chance; so at last he came to the resolution, that though he was not exactly in the situation he had prescribed to himself, for purchasing Miss Matilda Dodger's affec-

tions, yet as two of the events had come off satisfactorily, and by applying to Crockey, or that prepossessing-looking old gentleman, the late Sir James Bland, as the Court Guide dubbed him, he could hedge the other, he thought he might (under present circumstances) be excused so irregular, untradesman-like a transaction as "not making love exactly by book." Accordingly, he took sixpenn'orth of "buss," and was very soon down at Peckham Rise. Mrs. Dodger was overjoyed at seeing him, for she saw the physic was beginning to work. Well, she was sure he'd be glad to hear that Tilley was going to be married to Mr. Timothy Dapper, an *exceedingly* "nice young man"—a young man quite after her own heart,—as all young men are in old women's eyes.

Well, John stared and gaped, and hemmed and hawed, and scratched his head, and blundered, and at last blurted out something about "having hoped to have had Miss Matilda himself;" and the old girl having got him so far, and knowing he was not a man of much blandishment, took up the running herself, and very soon squeezed a most unexceptionable offer out of him,—a hundred a-year, paid quarterly for clothes—a superb $6\frac{1}{2}$ octave rosewood grand cabinet pianoforte, with string plate and self-adjusting action—a pair of strawberry roans, and a milk-white palfrey for the park! A much better offer, in fact, than she'd have got if John had been allowed his own time, and Tim hadn't been there. To be sure, John had a look at Tilley, and we needn't say she hadn't her worst gown on; indeed, if the truth be told, it was her best, with lace cuffs, and a precious fine three-guinea collar into the bargain. Well, John entered it all in his book as a bargain, leaving the old girl to settle the matter with her daughter as she liked; and before Tim had got himself well into his blues, John had taken possession of the bed, which is just the point we threw up at.

Tim arrived, wanted the bed, and John had it.

Tim was shewn into the usual love-making room, where sat John Plutus alone on the sofa, though a critical eye might have detected a certain something like a swelling seat-mark rising up beside him. Be that as it may, the hare had left her form—no Tilley.

Each looked at t'other, as much as to say, "*I pity you*," and Timothy took a chair, and cocked up the toe of his nice shiny leather green-legged boot, as if he was looking to see that it was all ready for *kicking*. John presently creaked away in his great double-soles, and then Mrs. Dodger came, and took Timothy Dapper through hands.

Having smoothed down her apron, and given two or three preparatory hems, she said, "She trusted she need not assure Tim what unmitigated pleasure his society had afforded Miss Matilda and her. She might safely say, that no young man had ever bored such a hole in her daughter's heart as he had—a regular Thames Tunnel—and she looked forward with the greatest pleasure to the union of the Dodger and Dapper families; that union she trusted would involve the production of a score or two of little Dappers, and, to make a long story short, she wanted to know, '*What he had got, and what he would do?*'"

Tim stared with astonishment; for ever since he had made Miss Matilda's acquaintance at a ball at the Horns, at Kennington Common, he conceived he was taken up by an heiress, solely for his looks and accomplishments—hair-curling, dancing, flute-playing, poetry-repeating, eye-languishing propensities, and now to be thrown on his back—

new blue and all, with "What have you got, and what will you do?" was more than his philosophy reckoned upon.

Our readers, we dare say, will anticipate the result. Tim talked about "competence," and that Miss Matilda had it. Mrs. Dodger retorted that competence meant a carriage; competence, carriage—carriage, competence; just as poor old Mathews used to reiterate the Oxford joke of "pint of wine, and candle"—"candle, and pint of wine."*

In vain Tim talked of his unimpeachable character—his passionate adoration; vowed the strongest chain-cable vows that ever were riveted; called upon Venus, Juno, all the softer matrimonial sisters to witness the truth of his assertions; but old Mother Dodger was a true line-hunting old woman; she let Tim have his fling, but always brought him back to the old point, "What have you got?—and what will you do?"

Our readers, we dare say, can again anticipate the answer—"Nil"—"No effects."

In vain Tim urged that the flame of his love was unquenchable—that his mother never would forgive him. Mrs. Dodger didn't care a "dump" if she didn't. At last, heart-broken, distracted, and reckless, Tim took his departure, "bags and all," and shortly after married the barmaid of the Peacock, at Islington.

Poor Tim! we knew him well; he was a rising man among the genteel young people in Swan and Edgar's large establishment; and but for the unfortunate *rencontre* at the ball at the Horns, at Kennington Common, with Tilley Dodger's (now Tilley Plutus') dark eyes, might have been a great gun in the hosiery line. As it was, he threw away his chance, turned sot and sloven, and has never been good for anything since. Had he but said, "better luck next time," and tried his hand again, there is no saying how past experience might have profited him.

A man's never regularly *done* till he's married. So said our uncle, Solomon Skinflint. But Tim's wrongs have led us wide of our subject—a consideration, "whether it is better to have to deal with 'Pa' or with 'Ma?'"

Oh, we decidedly "opinionate," as the Americans say, that papas are better to deal with than mammas. A man has no chance with an old woman; they lie, they shuffle, they juggle, they stick at nothing to carry their points. We laugh at the French for their manner of conducting matrimonial matters, by the mutual arrangement of parents; but we really think it is infinitely better than the English, and must save the recording angel in Heaven's high chancery, that old Sterne talks about, an infinite deal of ink and trouble in registering all the lies that are told on such occasions. Now in England we do exactly the same thing as the French, with the hypocritical appearance of free

* Mathews being at the Angel, called for a pint of wine—a most uncollegiate order—as the waiter denoted, by accompanying it with a single candle. Mathews made some observation, about the stingyness of it, to which the knight of the napkin replied, "Pint of wine, sir, and a candle—candle, and a pint of wine, sir." Thereupon, Mathews ordered pen, ink, and paper, and wrote to as many Oxonions as he could think of, inviting them to wine with him, ordering a pint of wine for each as he arrived, insisting upon its being accompanied by a candle. "Pint of wine, and a candle—candle, and a pint of wine," said he, till the disconcerted waiter had placed all the candles in the house on Mathews's table.

choice. We all know, that with the exception of the daughters of labourers, and those who live by the sweat of their brow, all girls, at least all girls worth catching, are regularly drilled and tutored upon the subject of matrimony. No home-bred girl ever gets an offer without expecting it—at least, nothing that a woman would think of accepting. Our volatile neighbours of the Emerald Isle, to be sure, sometimes pop the question after a dance; but that is more a watering-place (artificial cover) proceeding, and one which we will treat of in its proper place. Your steady, regular-going family coaches, are never taken by surprise that way, especially in the country, where every marketable man's pretensions are weighed and considered as soon as he is born. From this clause soldiers should be excepted, and in the extreme of country retirement, they perhaps constitute the staple of anonymous flirtations, in contradistinction to the cousin-marrying—quid pro quo-ing—ordinary business-like routine of family arrangements.

Indeed, we often feel for soldiers, foot ones particularly; and numbering, as we make no doubt we shall, many nice young men in the army among our pupils, we will devote a few words to the hardships and peculiarity of their situation.

They are in the unfortunate situation of Lord Byron's critic—they

"Stand, soldiers—hated, yet caress'd;"

hated by fathers, as being unlicensed and most notorious poachers on their (daughters') preserves,—fêted by mothers, on account of their conversation, and lace-bedaubed coats. The consequence is, old Mr. Curmudgeon is driven to scattering his cards down the mess-table, or picking out names in the army list, to write on his pasteboards, and then comes the usual invitation to dinner, which we understand in country quarters involves (in honour at least) the invited's appearance at Mrs. Curmudgeon's tea and turn-out, or little carpet dance, whenever she chooses to give it. Now we would put it to any sensible, practical, matter-of-factical man, what a jolly young sub. can consider he's invited to old Mr. Curmudgeon's for, but to fall in love with one of the Miss Curmudgeons. Can the invitation, we ask, admit of any other construction? If we were Lord Chief Justice of England charging a jury—a special one, even—we would lay that down as straight as a railway. Well then, d—n me (God forgive us for swearing), what right has old Mr. Curmudgeon to express his surprise when he comes to the first question in papa's catechism—"What have you got?"—to be told, "Nothing but my pay;" or, "Nothing but my pay," and the usual "Great expectations from an uncle"? What right, we ask, has old Mr. Curmudgeon to be angry, seeing that the grievance was entirely of his own seeking? Wouldn't the young gentleman have deserved to be broke if he hadn't done exactly as he did—made fierce love to the lady? Assuredly he would.

Add to Curmudgeon's audacity, Mrs. Curmudgeon's mendacity, in "holding a young man on" under such circumstances, and we have a mass of depravity and wickedness too great for calm consideration—our honest indignation boils over. We adjourn the subject to another month.

A GERMAN SUNDAY.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

THE STUDENT AND HIS DOG—A RESPECTABLE ACQUAINTANCE—RE-UNION OF THE CLUBS—HEROES OF THE BEARD—A QUIET PARTY.

It was one afternoon in August, if I mistake not, the 15th—I like to be exact in my dates—that, in one of those calèches, common in Germany, slight, crazy, rattling, ill-calculated to resist wind or weather, and yet the only ones in which the natives travel,—I entered the old-fashioned town of Jena, and wound through its narrow, shabby, crooked, ill-paved streets. It was Sunday—a fête-day, and the population had resorted to the numerous villages within a walk, in order to indulge in ample potations of the favourite, almost sole beverage of the Jenese—for the wine is *miserabel*—brown, or rather straw-coloured, ale.

But if the streets were deserted, the *Markt-platz* was swarming with life and motion. It is the grand resort of the *Musensohnen*—their point of reunion, as the forum was to the Romans, at all hours, and at all times of the year. Here, then, were they assembled, and presented a novel, gay, and motley scene, which, to a painter, who would have been struck with their varied dresses and caps of all colours, had seemed a picturesque one. Some were lounging on the steps of the houses, or under the portico of the *Rath-hause;* nor were tables wanting, beneath the free air of heaven, where those seated round them might be seen to sip their coffee, or slake their *insatiable* thirst with the classical and accustomed cooling, or rather well cooled, *Labungstrank*, out of white wooden cans, or long glasses; or rattle dice, or play at dominoes. Some were disputing with animated gestures, as if life or death depended on the argument; others were fixing when their friends should go "*los*,"—that is, when such and such duels should come off—settling the weapons—number of rounds —time and place, &c. In the centre of the square a circle was formed about two athletes, who were having a set-to with foils; and the clashing of steel, the buzz of voices, the humming of tunes, were mingled with the barking of dogs in every gradation of tone, from the treble of the turnspit to the deep bass of the hound. There was a vacant chair in the shade, that looked inviting to me; for beside it I marked a student, with whom I hoped to hook in a conversation, and learn something about Jena. He was quietly smoking his long pipe, ornamented with silk tassels, containing the same colours as his cap; and on the seat which I was anxious to occupy lay his *mappe* (portfolio), and *rapier*, without which it is not the fashion to appear even at Lecture, in this University. Divining my thoughts, and seeing that I was a stranger, he placed them on the ground, and in his own language welcomed me to Jena. I filled the vacant chair; and taking out my cigar case, extracted therefrom one, that though made at Bremen, or Hamburg, was not unworthy of comparison with a real Havannah, possessing also this advantage, that it cost the smallest current coin in the British dominions; my neighbour

accommodated me with fire, and as I inhaled and exhaled the incense of the aromatic weed, I narrowly observed him. He was a man of twenty-eight or thirty, who in no crowd, would have passed without observation. Shakspeare says, that the dandies of his day were bearded like pards. It would have given no idea of the beard I was contemplating. It was *indeed* a beard ! *such* a beard ! the envy and despair of *Fuchses* (fresh-men), and the terror of *Knötens* (apprentices). It was *sui generis*—admitted of no denomination—had nothing either *simile aut secundum* to it—was a perfect forest—a wild jungle of stiff and bristly hair, that covered thickly, and without culture, the lips, chin, neck, and ears of its fortunate possessor. The only parts of his face untenanted by this exuberant excrescence, were his nose and cheek-bones, the first of which had been split in two in some encounter, and injured in its fair proportions by a *schlager hieb*, that had not stopped there, but severed the upper lip, somewhat contracted and drawn up in healing; and immediately under the eye the memorial of a wound received at Heidelberg, where the best *Paukers* are seen to find their level, was an indentation or trench, where might be buried one's little finger. I forgot to say that his beard was of a fiery red, and visible in its full disproportions by his open shirt-collar, that, innocent of starch, and not of spotless whiteness, lay unbuttoned over his shoulders, which, like those of most of his fellow-students, were *al fresco*—coats and waistcoats seeming to be considered as unnecessary restraints, or vain superfluities. Small grey eyes, but of much fire, and intelligence, twinkled beneath his bushy brows from out of the wells or caverns in which they were embedded, the latter betraying by their depth great and early dissipation. To render the picture completely characteristic, at his feet was lying an enormous wolf-dog, of a breed not uncommon in the Pyrenees.

There is nothing sets one so completely at ease with others, and satisfied with one's self, as smoking. The dog furnished me with subject matter for remarks. I admired his long grizzly hair, his great height, his muscular limbs, broad head, and sharp ears, and ended by saying, "You have got a fine animal, Mein Herr."

"That dog," replied he of the beard, "owns no one as a master ; he was left at Jena by a French student, and has continued for some years to frequent our *Kneipe*. Perhaps you may have heard that great hostility exists here between the *Burschenschaft* and *Landsmannschaft*, not only so, but between the different *Verbindungs;* and Hector, strange to say, adopts the sentiments of his club, and lives on the very worst terms with the dogs of our antagonists—indeed, with our antagonists themselves. He knows instinctively a *Frank* from a *Marker;* and has the finest nose in the world for a dun. Many a one has he sent scampering away from my door by a single growl. Have not you, my good Hector ?"

"I like," after a pause, added he," your nation—which by your accent I at once detected—especially the male part. Your women are handsome, it is true, but haughty: I will give you an instance of pride, and its fall. When I was a gay fellow at Heidelberg, I used to dandify to the cost of the tailors, be it spoken, and frequented the Museum balls. Formal introductions to partners are not required at them : there I saw a pretty girl—an Englishwoman, and obtained her promise to waltz ; but to my surprise, when the cotillon was over, and I claimed her hand,

she declined it, in consequence, as I found out, of her having heard from her last beau, that I was neither a count nor a baron. A young friend of mine was selected by me to revenge the insult; he engaged her to dance, and then excused himself, telling her that he never danced with any young ladies that were not noble."

"You must not judge of our fair ones by this specimen. Germany (especially the small towns) is full of vulgar English, who have never been in decent society at home, and do not know how to conduct themselves abroad. Your *lex talionis* proved, I hope, a salutary lesson to my countrywoman, whom I should wish to disown."

Whilst we were thus chatting, my neighbour rose, and said—"This evening we have an *Allgemeine*, a general reunion of the clubs, and if you are disposed to see the humours of it, though strangers are not generally admitted, you shall be my guest."

The invitation was too tempting a one to be declined: I accepted it at once, and, accompanied by Hector, who led the way, and knew as well as his friend, the day and place of assembly, we entered, arm-in-arm, an hotel, the name of which I have now forgotten, though it ended with *muhlerei*. The *local* appropriated to the scene I am about to describe was ornamented with evergreens for the occasion, the garlands being disposed with that taste for which the German gardeners are remarkable: on the wall, at the head of the table, the initials of the different *Landsmaunschafts* were designed, by dahlias, in the colours of the corps, and above them were interlaced their flags. The chair had already been taken, and the room was fast filling. A shout of "*Skreikenberger! Paukhahn! Beerhahn! Hoch-Hoch!*" saluted my companion in a volley, who, without taking the slightest notice of the compliment, brought me straight up to the president: a vacant chair had been reserved for him on his right; and seeing there was none for me, he bluntly desired a *Bursch*, who wore the same tri-coloured band as himself, green-white-red, to make room for the stranger. Behold me, then, one of the chairman's supporters, at an *Abschied's Commers*, so called, from its being held on the eve of the vacation—a parting meeting. The company might amount to three hundred; not that the corps themselves contained half that number of regular members, the remainder being made up of *Renonces*—candidates on trial for the honour of the band—*Fuchses*, and *Mitkneipanten*. No *Cameet Wildt*, or *Finke*, was of course admitted; and the *Burschenschaft* kept aloof, holding all other associations but their own in utter contempt. At the period of my visit to Jena, this freemasonry, which afterwards made so much noise in Germany, and buried in its ruins so many noble youths who deserved a better fate, had passed its zenith. What political convulsions could arise out of the banding together, and that only for a very short time, of a parcel of raw, mad-cap youths, is best known to those who persecuted them to imprisonment and death. Even then, a train had been laid, and the engines of despotism were in activity to overthrow the *Burschenschaft*. Traitors had slipped into their ranks; spies, who, in order to shew their activity to their employers, exaggerated the danger of the institution, and misinterpreted the motives and tenets of its adherents. Nor were they uniform in their ways of thinking, or bound together by one common league; revolutionists there undoubtedly were, who aimed at the destruction of all governments; republicans, who were for murdering all kings

and aristocrats—the spawn of the French revolution ; constitutionalists, who were for bringing Germany under the rule of one monarch ; and others, who howled to the wolves. This want of unity—this clashing of heterogeneous opinions, was alone a sufficient safeguard against revolution ; for the consequence was, dissension—disputes—recrimination—hostility, and fighting among the members themselves.

It is time I should return to my seat at the *Commers*. In a former paper I have called the East the Land of Beards, but I must correct myself. *There*, one universal monotonous standard prevails; but *here*—whether I looked to right or left—a perfect GALLERY OF BEARDS presented itself. Let me begin with the *Schnur bart*—the incipient and budding line of down; next proceed to the *Backen bart*—the simple whiskers; the *Shnaub bart*—or snout beard; the Imperial—the Rubens' beard, as he has drawn himself in his celebrated portrait with his second wife—much in fashion at Halle—until we come to the English aristocratic beard, which I have heard profanely termed the baboon beard; the Gustavus Adolphus beard, such as he wore at the Battle of Lutzen; the Wallenstein beard—a single pointed tuft pendent from the chin; the beard à la Henri IV., that needs no description; our Charles's beard, immortalized by Vandyke;—and after so wide a range, above all, and throwing all others into shade, let me come back, after this anti-climax, to the *non plus ultra*—the beard, *par excellence*, of my distinguished host and conductor, the pride and glory of the *Franconians*, Shreikenberger. What a glorious constellation of beards did the brother *Studios* display to my wondering optics—my own poor moustache faded into comparative insignificance. I was half ashamed of it. Harmonious meeting! thought I—fine fellows these Jenese! Where was the discord that I had been led to anticipate? I saw cheerful countenances beaming delight and reflecting it on all sides. The members of the different corps sate together, it is true,—but they took beer with each other, talked, jested, joked, laughed, and seemed on the most friendly terms, and in the best humour imaginable. The band—*blasende music* (wind instruments)—played, in the meanwhile, favourite *Kneipe* tunes. I admired the perfect obedience of the assembly to the chairman—his every word was law. At his command they thundered forth in chorus that stirring and noble anthem, " Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus;" then the different *Verbindungs* were ordered in turn to furnish a song, the burthen of which was *Ehre*, *Freikeit*, and *Vaterland*. My new acquaintance, the *Beerhahn*, who seemed cock of the walk, was in his proper element, and during the pauses of the strains set those about him in a roar with the account of his adventures. One of these appeared particularly to amuse, and circulated about the tables. I will endeavour to relate it in his own words, which were addressed to me:—

" The day before yesterday, I was at the fair of Amerbach. You must know, sir, that, German like, I have a strong predilection for sausages—a particular sort, especially, that is sold there. *Entre nous*, I had neither a *groschen* in my pocket for a *würst*, nor three *pfennings* for a *weike*, to eat it with; but as good luck would have it, who should pass by me but a sturdy peasant, who, with undisguised longing and keen appetite, was eyeing a hissing hot sausage and a white *semel* that he had just purchased. ' Friend,' said I, ' how much

might you pay for the sausage?' 'A *groschen, Herrschen.*' 'A *groschen!*' I replied. 'Shameful!—abominable! This is the way good folks are always duped. Sausages are fallen in price—they only cost nine pfennings a-piece! And how much did you give for the small loaf?' 'A *dreir.*' 'A *dreir*, indeed!' I exclaimed, indignantly—'rascally cheat! Why, the *tariff* is only two pfennings. Come, man, give me the *würst* and the *semmel*, I'll make the rogues pretty soon refund. I'm *Würst Inspector.*' The good easy fool readily put into my hands the tit-bits, and followed in my wake through the crowded fair. I kept him at full stretch, until I reached a spot where several rows of shops branched off in different directions. Here I gave my friend the slip, and bolted into the Eagle, where I had *pump* (tick), and ordered a bottle of Erlangen, to give a jest to the *bon bouche leckerbissin*, as he called it. The boor hunted and hunted all through the fair in search of the Würst Inspector. Distrust in his soul, he also, at last, entered the *Adler*, where he had put up his waggon, moralizing, in a philosophic mood, on the rascality of the world. To be in a minute twice robbed—doubly taken in—was ever man so unfortunate? He had not been in the *Public* half a minute before he perceived me—who had not yet done with the loaf and sausage, but was still discussing their merits with great *goût* over my ale. He approached sheepishly, and looked unutterable things—staring first at his property, then at me. Doubts assailed him. I was certainly drest like the *Herr Inspector*, but then my features were not the same; for, be it told, that I can distort my phiz (here he made a face worthy of Liston or John Reeve), so that my oldest friend shall not recognise me. This old trick of mine I put in practice. The boor at length gave vent to his pent-up feelings; and said to himself, as he turned on his heel, 'Well, if it was not for his ugly *mug*, I could have sworn he was the *Herr Würst Inspector!*'"

This anecdote, which shews that Shreikenberger made no very nice distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*—was followed up by a song of his own composition that excited general applause. It described the vain dunning of his creditors. But the scene soon changed:—the sea, erewhile, so smiling and placid, became unquiet and troubled. Different songs were sung at one and the same time by the different corps: some endeavoured to drown the others' voices by bellowing out of tune—the president called the refractory to order in vain; next came altercations and bandying of words, commonly ending with the *refrain*—"*Du bist ein dummer junge*"—a greenhorn or silly fellow; then followed from the offended party a repetition of the injury, implying a demand of satisfaction—some got on the tables, and bawled with cartels, right and left, with wild gestures; others ran backwards and forwards; and cries of "*No nach touche!—no nach touche!*"—meaning, that the challenge once accepted, further dispute was inadmissible—echoed from all parts of the hall—

"Where beards wagged all"—

save and except the renowned *Paukhahns*. He, during all this row and uproar, sate as though he was quite unconscious of the larum; he took no part in these disputes—smoked his pipe with perfect nonchalance and unconcern; nothing seemed capable of ruffling the serenity

of his soul. Hector, too, whose huge jowl now and then peeped forth from between his friend's and the president's chairs, and who, like many of the *Kniepe* dogs, had acquired a taste for ale, in which he was from time to time indulged from the beakers of both, took as little notice as Shreikenberger of the howling and growling and barking and baying of the dogs—almost every student had one—that formed a fitting accompaniment to the vocal concert of their masters, continually rising to *fortissimo*. Hogarth has drawn a fine moral picture of an electioneering dinner; but the orgies he depicts fell far short of those of Hockschulers. Uncoated, unwaistcoated, with their chests bare, and sleeves tucked up, they reminded me of butchers or helots: drunkenness here assumed all forms—each more disgusting than the last—over which I shall draw a veil; and only say, that, before I left the party, not a few of them had been carried into the *Todten-kammer*, the dead chamber, by the *Todten fuhrman*, the dead-*drunk*-bearer, a functionary appointed for that purpose, and there laid upon straw, where, wallowing side by side, friends and foes, in like insensibility, I shall leave them.

RUINS.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

O RUINS are lovely when o'er them is cast
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past!
When the rent and the chasm that fearfully yawn'd,
By the moss of the lichens are sweetly adorn'd,
When long grass doth carpet the desolate halls,
And trees have sprung up in the whitening walls,
And woven a curtain of liveliest green,
Where once the rich folds of the damask were seen.

Alas! for the sorrow some heart may have felt,
When *first* the rude blow of destruction was dealt,
When first the thrice-hallow'd hearth-stone was o'erturn'd,
And its embers were scatter'd as brightly they burn'd;
And e'en though insidious time may have given
The stroke whence the loved home of childhood was riven,
Alas! for their sorrow, who *first* traced in gloom,
Decay's fearful hand on their beautiful home.

But such thoughts are unheeded when idly we gaze
On the desolate grandeur of earlier days;
'Tis the wreck that is lovely, the wider the rent—
The fuller a view of the landscape is lent.
The wind that now sighs through the tenantless halls
No thoughts of loved voices to memory recalls;
Oh, ruins are lovely when o'er them is cast
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past!

And how like the shatter'd but ivy-clad tower,
Must the heart of man seem at his life's evening hour!
Deep chasms are there, which the lost ones have left—
The wreck of hope blighted, and misery's cleft;
But time, like the ivy, his mantle hath cast,
And the outline of sorrow is soften'd at last,
And sweet with the mind's eye, it seemeth to gaze
On the overpast sorrows of earlier days.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"*Jarvis.* Your uncle died last night.
"*Beverly.* Fame says I am rich, then."
THE GAMESTER.

XXIV.

THE timely success which had attended the production of "The Honeymoon," induced the directors of Drury Lane theatre to apply again to their piles of neglected MSS., and, like other coquettes, to turn their second thoughts towards some of those offers they had too unceremoniously slighted in past seasons. Rejected comedies, mouldy by despair, and we may truly say, torn by rough usage, were ogled from their obscurity; and as the frail managers contemplated the doleful ditty—

"Any one of these, which I slighted before,
Will do very well for me,"

they fortunately fixed on a second of the Tobin family, and the "Curfew" became, at once, the reigning favourite.

This drama having been forthwith put into rehearsal, was advertised for representation for the 14th of February (1807); two days previous to which, it was announced as indefinitely postponed, owing to the sudden absence of Mr. Elliston, who was to have performed the principal character.

The master of Sidney College (Dr. Elliston) had been for some weeks in declining health, and his illness having now become alarming, his nephew received intelligence which induced him at once to proceed to Cambridge. Elliston found his uncle rapidly sinking, and with no hope of recovery. He was received with great affection by his venerable relative, who, in pardoning his offences, had no slight category to remit, whilst the exhortation he gave him to honourable conduct testified the sincerity with which he forgave him.

The Doctor did not survive this interview many days. He died full of honour—in the respect of all men who had value for integrity and well-directed talents.

Elliston, in a letter to his wife, says,—"My uncle—my best friend, expired this morning, and God will bless him. These are moments to awaken the coldest spirit to expressions of fervid gratitude, and to a full sense of departed goodness—they are too common—and little respect is therefore due to feelings of so ordinary a nature as mine; but from the bottom of my heart I pray for him, and believe he will be happy.

"Two days before my uncle died, he put a passage from Dr. Johnson into my hands, which out of veneration to both I transcribe to you:—'Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time for doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorse.

He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.' "

The Doctor* directed by will 600*l.* to be divided equally between his nephews, R. W. Elliston and the son of Professor Martyn. To each of his grandchildren, of which there were twenty, he left 100*l.*, to be paid with accumulation, as they severally attained their twenty-first year. As residuary legatees, Elliston and his cousin Martyn received 1700*l.* each.

Out of the late occurrence, some of those wild reports, which like the rank, fat weed, find root in the thinnest soil, were presently spread through the dramatic circles of the metropolis;—first, that Elliston had been bequeathed 20,000*l.*, and an estate in Huntingdonshire, on condition of his quitting the stage; secondly, that he had repudiated the Muses, and embraced the Fathers—Thalia for St. Chrysostom—the Green-room for the Cloister; and a third rumour, that he was about to found a dramatic college, of which he was to be nominated provost, with power, under a charter, for admitting licentiates, and conferring histrionic degrees! Certainly he returned to London bearing on his brow the very stamp of an epoch—his very step was eventful, and he bore around him an atmosphere of fate. On the 19th, however, the misty conglomeration of surmises vanished from the public mind, and Tobin's "Curfew" was produced, Elliston having resumed his duties at Drury Lane, by sustaining the principal part in that drama. The "Curfew" was repeated for fifteen consecutive nights, and on a few additional occasions in the season. Triumphs are not met with in coveys—the plumage which distinguished the "Honeymoon," did not clothe this second flight of the poet; but the "Curfew" was at least successful, and brought money to the treasury.

For his benefit, Elliston played *Vapid*, *Vapour*, and *Don Juan*—the receipts being four hundred and seventy-six pounds!

Elliston being known to the Margravine of Anspach, having figured at one or two of her private dramatical entertainments, applied to her, on the part of a friend, about to publish a Theatrical Tour, for permission to introduce a notice of her tasteful *Salle Dramatique*, at Brandenberg House, into the work—to which her highness replies,—

"Sir,—In answer to y^r^ request, I inform you that there is likewise a Theatre in my Wood here of a Construction so peculiarly pretty, that it would perhaps be y^e^ most interesting Description in y^r^ friend's Tour. I shall write to my Housekeeper at B. House, to let him see the Theatre there; but I wish him not to print anything ab^t^ me or my Establishments, without first letting me see what he intends writ^g^. I have been much assailed by printed Falsehoods—the Newspapers appear to say what they please, and pack Stories as some people do the Cards, for the Pleasure of cheating, without any prospect of Gain.

"Bonham, n^r^ Newbury, Berks." "Elizabeth."

* Dr. William Elliston, Master of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Rector of Keyston, Huntingdonshire—in the gift of Earl Fitzwilliam—died 11th Feb. 1807, in his 75th year.

The Margravine's private theatricals excited quite a sensation at this period, and a taste in some fashionable coteries for this kind of amusement. On several of these occasions, Elliston was the very Coryphæus of the rout—particularly on one event, wherein there was an equal portion of the antic with the attic—and where there was certainly no deficiency of amusement, for the laugh which wit might have failed to excite, absurdity was pretty sure to elicit. Sir John Carr, who had lately been knighted by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, took a patronizing lead in this instance, and appeared so highly gratified both with himself and everything connected with the evening, that Hook, who was present, declared the play could be performed but for one *knight* only. "Ah! we shall never see such another," replied Sir John, *sans le savoir*.

On the 16th of March, Elliston signed articles of engagement with Mr. T. Sheridan, and other proprietors of Drury Lane theatre, for five years, at 28*l*. per week.

In the summer, Elliston being at Liverpool, he received the following letter from his friend Mr. Warner Phipps, which we insert, as experience has sufficiently proved the accuracy of his judgment and the fulfilment of his anticipations: it respects the merits of Mr. Young:—

"My dear Elliston,—You know the perpetual state of occupation in which I live, and I need not, therefore, apologize for not writing to you earlier. You have now nine Albion shares—the last seven have cost 55*l*. each, transfer stamps included.

"Mr. Rundall paid for three of these	£165
"And Mr. Jones for the remaining four . . .	220
	£385

"I have lost no opportunity of seeing Mr. Young. It would be offensive to friendship, were I to pander to any vanity you may have, by underrating a man whom I look on in one branch of his profession, to be a most formidable rival to you. In tragedy, Mr. Young has made a very strong, and, I think, a well-deserved impression on the public mind. He has fairly won the favour he enjoys. His *Hamlet* contains beauties of a very high order, and his acting in the *Stranger* is powerfully, irresistibly impressive. As a tragic actor, he cannot but succeed; but in light comedy, it is as clear he must inevitably fail. His *Don Felix* is a very volume of failures—and his acting as much out of character as an undertaker's scarf on a bridal attire. Nature has thrown such a solemnity about his form and aspect, that Thalia will neither yield to his entreaties nor be forced into his embraces—so much for the *stage;* but unless I am much mistaken, there is *still* a vein of fun running through his constitution, which to his friends at home is rich and yielding. I do not doubt his *perceptions* of comedy —they may be as fine as of that branch in which he certainly excels; but he can never be a comedian.

"He has a good figure, but not an heroic form. His voice, by art, I apprehend, has become of the good quality we find it. He has a kind of chanting intonation, which however it may first strike the ear, is soon grateful to it; I fancy it has been acquired in diligent attempts to overcome defect of articulation. Mr. Young frequently sheds over his text a brilliant lustre—there is a bold honesty in his manner which

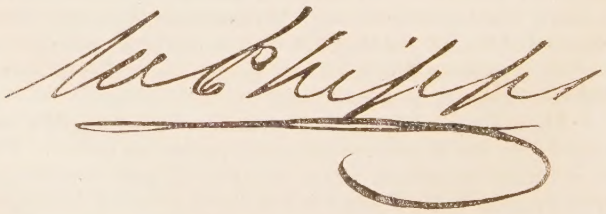
persuades he is right—you *believe* him in all he says and does. In tenderness he is deficient—he can vindicate female honour, but he cannot condole with the sufferer—he can championize the dignity of blood, but he cannot mingle tears with tears.

"Graham and Tom Sheridan have been watching him nightly, and I have no doubt the Drury Lane merchants are speculating on this new commodity. Sheridan saw him last night in *Hamlet,* and went behind the scenes at the conclusion of the play. The Haymarket has produced so good a specimen in yourself, that I am not surprised at the credit given to its young actors.*

"I went, two days ago, with Mr. Rundall, to look at the house he proposed for you in Stratford Place. The terms are certainly not high, but I hesitate in respect of the situation. You are the best judge whether so great a distance from the theatre would not be fatiguing and expensive to you, and whether your views also, with respect to Mrs. Elliston, would be promoted by a residence on this spot. I think there would be a discretion in your not taking the exact ground with families of rank and title. The very people who might become patrons of yourself and wife, would look coldly, disdainfully on you, as next-door neighbours. The great world may be pleased in being followed, but will not forgive being encroached on; in plain English, you have no business in Stratford Place: every house, I believe, in this street, is occupied by rank or wealth; and though no law forbids Mr. Elliston taking up his abode here, yet his good sense should prevent it.

"Remember Lord Erskine's advice on your Lincoln's-inn-fields project, and take that to be a pretty correct view of this similar proposition. As an actor and a gentleman, you are entitled to respect, but as an aristocrat or a man of fashion, you would be laughed at. The Duke of St. Albans, your next-door neighbour, might gratify your vanity for a day, but if you have any feeling, he would be a thorn in your side for many. Garrick with all his fame, sought and courted as he was, did not presume to place himself in immediate contact with nobility, though his fortune was equal to a handsome residence, which he, in fact, had in the Adelphi Terrace; and Kemble does not venture beyond the bourne of Bloomsbury. I would suggest Bedford Place to you—the houses are spacious and convenient—admirably suited to Mrs. Elliston and her academy. But for God's sake do not let any duke overhear the fiddle of a dancing school, or your neighbour the countess, observe the actor stepping into a hackney-coach. The very principle of the ridiculous is in things being out of place.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,



* Mr. Young's first appearance in London was at the Haymarket, June 22, 1807.

Being at Liverpool, Elliston could scarcely have forgotten his two accommodating friends, the host and hostess of the "Star;" such defection indeed would have been the basest ingratitude, for he had received on the last Christmas a "very *duck* of a *turkey*" (as his cook had expressed it) from this good easy pair, accompanied by a practical joke at the hands of the laughter-loving landlady, who had also enclosed him a black bottle, superscribed "Dantzic," which on being opened proved to be the translucent produce of the Liver—pool.

Elliston had arrived in this city at about the usual hour of the family dinner within the bar, and having deposited his luggage in the neighbourhood, presented himself suddenly, as the well-remembered party were seated at table. The lady, who was operatively engaged on a broiled whiting at the very moment, no sooner had fixed her eyes on the apparition before her, than she uttered a piercing scream, when her terrified husband, unconscious of the real cause, and believing but in the possibility of one alone—namely, a fish-bone in the pharynx, jumped from his chair, and began to belabour the broad back of his helpless spouse, as though he were gratifying some other feeling than the mere desire of giving relief.

Two screams being, however, explained, (for with a woman a scream is the indiscriminate index of pain or pleasure, as "No" is sometimes preferred to express assent,) Elliston was received with raptures by his hostess, to which he was made welcome by *Tow-wouse* himself, with the same sense of hospitality, as to the first cut of the shoulder of mutton. But certain impressions had now seized our hero, which had the effect of taking away his appetite without satisfying his hunger. Time works in various ways. The lady, who four years since, as our readers may remember, had "promised to be fat," was now discovered no *less* than her word; she had, in fact, increased (or as we believe the term is, "spread") to a most unsymmetrical extent, so that she who had hitherto been only her good man's *better* half, was now become, in the predial sense, a positive "prize."

Elliston, however, had far too much generosity to betray his *peine d'esprit*, but, like an experienced actor, "played the agreeable" so well, that nothing was wanting to gratify the vanity of his fair companion, which in point of fact had kept excellent pace with the rapid increase of her person. Nay, it is a doubt whether she were not more gratified than in past days; for fearing he might be guilty of coldness, Elliston, in all probability, a little overacted his part, illustrating that scene of Fielding, (or if not Fielding, so very like him,) in which a certain lady observes—"Your love, I fear, is not sincere;" to which replies her suitor,—"Ah, Madam! if you did but know how incomparably the imitation surpasses the reality, you would never desire the insipidity of a true lover again."

The "Star" *menage* was much as usual. *Tow-wouse* moved off with the cloth, having first placed two tumblers, the spirit-stand, and a kettle of boiling water, at the disposal of his "comfortable" mistress and her visitor.

Elliston having expressed his thanks over and over again for the Christmas turkey, and laughed as frequently at the bottle of transparent "Dantzic," felt he could really return no longer to that subject, and now looked about for some fresh matter of *belle parolle*, for which at other times he would have needed no prompting. The liquor was

certainly a good refuge, which each time he sipped, suggested some lively sally. The hit at backgammon was not forgotten—again was he at the cheerful *board*, when the lady suddenly exclaiming, "The stakes as usual!" he was seized with that sort of sensation which is generally produced by a hard crust, or perhaps a pebble, coming in contact with an angry tooth. If once he had played for kisses, he fain now would have played for "love"—he was at least determined to play like a man of honour. To it they went, rattled were the dice, repeated was the sly equivoque, and though his arm could describe but a sorry segment of Juno's zone, yet he pressed the apron-strings of his fair antagonist, and paid his debts in the old coin, though, Heaven help him, with about the same good-will he would have satisfied damages in the Sheriff's Court.

There was, however, no coquetting with the "Dantzic"—all there was pure devotion; and when, on mingling the third rummer, our animated guest apostrophized the bottle, "Shrunk to this little measure!" his eye twinkled again in its own peculiar humour, as it fell on the expansive equator which girded the merry planet at his side. But by degrees this *garconnerie* underwent considerable condensation—a certain offuscation crept over the imagination of our hero, and his spherical friend having fallen into a comfortable doze, Elliston, who was ever grand and sententious when under the Thyrsus of "the god," rose from his chair, and summoning the landlord into the room, commenced, in a true Areopagite style, to read him so tremendous a lecture on the duties of hospitality, that long before he had finished, poor *Tow-wouse* was perfectly convinced Elliston had been the most misused guest that had ever entered his house! Fain would we drop a curtain on the shame of our hero—a shame to which only chanticleer recalled him, when he opened his eyes eight hours afterwards, in a back parlour, overlooking the stable-yard of the "Star" at Liverpool.

XXV.

Elliston's theatrical reception at Liverpool was flattering, and he played his round of characters in far better spirit than might have been expected on those boards which he had so recently desired to tread as proprietor. But Elliston's was not a temper to be affected with *malaise;* on the contrary, discomfitted in one project, he was only hurried on to another, and defeat to him was the very assay of his energies.

Having concluded his short engagement at this city, he made a sort of detour on his return to London, taking Buxton on his circuit, at which place he acted for a few nights. The theatre here was one of those wretched little buildings, resembling nearly the "Globe" of Jonson's day, "open to the sky," wherein the modern idler has too frequently been found to cull his own pastime from the misery of others, and glorify his self-esteem by the greater humility he witnesses. Sport is it to him which is death to them; and irresistibly ridiculous as are sometimes the hard shifts of the poor players, he should remember that the price of his momentary laugh may be a pang by no means as fleeting from the hearts of others, and the hollow pleasure he has reaped to-day, had been sown in the long privations of those whose claims on Providence were perhaps fully equal to his own.

The spirit of the ridiculous, however, is a moral combustible, which, like gunpowder, will force the seals of its prison, and so long as the splinters wound not, we must be content that it explode. Of its component parts, there are no richer beds than country theatricals, though we presume not to offer the following by any means as an extraordinary example.

Miserable was the theatre, and the actors "*Iro pauperiores.*" The capabilities of the former consisted of two scenes, which, like *Master Solomon's* waistcoat, had been turned for many occasions, and from their state of near obliteration had arrived at such a point of utility as to pass for anything. A few stage "foot-lamps" illumed the whole house, throwing a dim *ir*religious light upon the fresco brick wall, which supported both the roof of the building and the back of the spectator. The pit floor was composed of a line of hurdles, which kept the feet of the groundlings at some distance from that only overflow which good fortune ever permitted, but which, owing to the low position of the building, never failed in the rainy season. The scant wardrobe, to the last thread and button, was, it is true, employed in every piece, but which, being a contribution of all costumes under the sun, was at least, in some single character, like the child's sham watch, right once during the evening. The company was numerically small, unless the numericals had reference to their sum of years, for, with the exception of two urchins, who had but one hat between them, there was not an actor or actress much under seventy years of age.

The entertainment on the night of Elliston's arrival at Buxton was the "Castle Spectre." In the course of this play, it will be recollected, *Earl Percy* is detained prisoner in *Lord Osmond's* tower, whose movements are overwatched by *Muley* and *Saib*, two of *Osmond's* black slaves. Whilst these Africans are playing at dice in front of the stage, and the *Earl* feigning sleep on his couch, fishermen without the walls of the castle sing a chorus, which gives the *Earl* a cue for his escape; this he accomplishes by climbing a window, unseen by the blacks, and dropping into the boat supposed to be floating under the casement. On this night, however, the said scene was thus acted, or rather the progress of it thus inauspiciously interrupted.

In the first place, the two slaves were represented by one actor—"doubled," as it is called, (two and double, however, are much the same thing,) and the dialogue he carried on with himself, supposing the presence of the second person—"Hark! music!"—here the first strain of the distant chorus is understood, but as there was not one in the company who could express a note but himself, the actor turned his head over his shoulders and slyly chanted it, *Percy* still feigning sleep. The black continues—"I'll see what it is!"—he now, by means of a table, ascended to the casement, and thrusting his head and shoulders through the same, a fiddle from behind was handed up to him, on which, out of sight of the audience, he worked his elbows, singing and playing—

> "Sleep you or wake you, lady bright,
> Sing Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee!"

Concealing, then, his instrument, and withdrawing his head, he turned to the audience—

"Surely I know that voice. Still my prisoner sleeps. I'll listen again."

Once again, head and shoulders through the window, the fiddle raised to his hands, on he went—

> "To spring below then never dread,
> Our arms to catch you shall be spread;
> A boat now waits to set you free,
> Sing Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee!"

But, alas! just at this moment, when in act of a second time pulling in his body from the narrow aperture, the exertion necessary to the operation, together with the fragile state of the antique scenery, produced a most awful crash—the whole side of *Osmond's* castle wall, with *Muley* sticking in the window-frame, like a rat caught by his neck, fell inwards on the stage, disclosing at one view an heterogeneous state of things beyond, beggaring all powers of description. Hogarth's "Strollers Dressing in a Barn," is not more fantastically conceived—pipkins and helmets, wigs and smallclothes, paint and petticoats, bread and cheese, and thunder and lightning—ladies and gentlemen, full-dressed, half-dressed, undressed, in all the various stages of hurried interchange of joint-stock attire—love and discord, fondling and fighting—chalk, tallow, poison, Cupids, and brickbats—hips, beards, bosoms, bottles, glue-pots, and broken-headed drums—garlands, gallipots, ghosts, moonbeams, play-books, and brimstone! It was an "Art-Union" which no recent days have been able to parallel; but the consternation was that of an earthquake! As to the "double" black, still in his state of pillory, and who yet lay sprawling on the stage, we might indeed repeat—

> "Now Fear, his hand its skill to try,
> Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
> And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
> E'en at the sound himself had made."

But such is the horizon in which the London "star" is occasionally to be witnessed, and theatrical astronomers will calculate their return, with Newtonian accuracy, to the same quarter. On the night following the above disaster, Elliston played at the same theatre his favourite *Aranza*. Extraordinary efforts were of course made to render the play worthy the patronage expected—in fact, a honeymoon had become a rare phenomenon in the place, and favours were not wanting on the present occasion. The house had an overflow, though a dry night; and matters went for a time swimmingly, as it is called—there was neither break down in scenery nor acting. *Juliana* (in the costume of *Fatima!*) was, it is true, as imperfect in her part as person; yet, had she retained every syllable of her author, she would scarcely have been more distinct, for she had lost every tooth in her head, which rendered her articulation so obscure, that default of precise words was of little detriment to the scene, so long as she filled up a stated time and shewed a spirit. All went on amazingly well, until the scene with the *Mock Duke*, in the fourth act. Here *Jaques* is discovered sitting in a large arm-chair, which, to give it dignity, had been covered over with an old curtain hanging. On rising from his seat, the hilt of the *Mock Duke's* sword most inopportunely was entangled in one of the sundry holes of the loose coverlid, which, on

the actor's walking towards the front of the stage,

"Like a wounded snake, dragg'd its slow length along."

This certainly provoked something more than a smile; but it so happened, that the chair in question, had been borrowed for the occasion, from a neighbouring inn, and being originally fashioned for the incidental purposes of a sick chamber, its available conversion, was so palpably disclosed to the whole body of spectators, that the roar produced was far more resembling thunder than any paltry imitation ever before witnessed in a theatre. The people absolutely screamed with merriment—in fact, they laughed for a whole week afterwards.

Of the acting-company at Buxton, the greater part, as we have observed, though low in gold, were at least rich in those "silver hairs which purchase good opinion;" and amongst them, a Mr. Ladbroke, who had fallen into the infirmity, not altogether through years, of forgetting the words of parts he was constantly in the habit of playing. Of this, there are many instances on record. When Tom Walker was performing *Macheath* for the seventieth time, he was a little imperfect, which Rich observing, said, "Hallo! Mister! your memory ought to be pretty good by this time!"—"And so it is," replied Walker; "but zounds! it cannot last for ever!" Mr. Ladbroke, however, was generally perfect at rehearsals, but his mystification at night arose probably from this cause—his *rôle* was always the old men; and these, whether *Sir A. Absolute*, *Don Lopez*, *Foresight*, or *Adam Winterton*, he acted in the same suit of clothes, so that when he gazed on his own figure, ready dressed for any particular one of these, all Bell's Edition crowded to the threshold of his memory, which not unnaturally led to some confusion in the interior. Thus, for instance, would he proceed, on making his bow as *Sir Peter Teazle*.

"When an old bachelor marries a young wife . . . . Ah! you pretty rogue, you shall outshine the queen's box on an opera night . . . . His Pagod, his Poluphlosboio, his Monsieur Musphonos, and his devil knows what . . . . It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in *Mrs. Frizzle's* face—" so that, here we had a compound of *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Sir Francis Gripe*, *Periwinkle*, and *old Hardcastle*; all delightful when taken "neat," but as little relished in the admixture, as old Burgundy, whisky punch, dry sherry, and Staffordshire ale, in aliquot parts, for an afternoon's draught.

On his third night, Elliston played *Archer* in the "Beaux Stratagem;"* a stratagem, we doubt not, far inferior to that by which the comedy was got over. He concluded with "Tag"—the *rag* and *bobtail* were ready to answer for themselves.

* Farquhar was not only a dramatist of great wit, but a companion of infinite humour. Wilks relates, that when Farquhar was in Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a friend to borrow Burnet's "History of the Reformation," but his friend replied he never lent any book out of his chamber, but if he would come there, he might make use of it as long as he pleased. Some time after, the owner of the book sent to borrow Farquhar's bellows—the dramatist returned as answer, he never lent his bellows out of his chamber, but if his neighbour would please to come there he might make use of them as long as he pleased.

During this short sojourn, Elliston made a visit to the celebrated Poole's Cavern. Here he fell in with an elderly gentleman and his two daughters, one a little *riante* Bacchante, and the other of a graver cast, bearing about the same character to each other as a Novel to a Romance. Elliston made himself at once agreeable. Being in excellent spirits, he exerted his inventive powers in telling historical facts; narrating a whole volume of legendary exploits of the daring outlaw (Poole), which threw into the shade all the "Gesta Romanorum" and monkish superstitions ever recorded.

"That," said he, addressing the younger of the *Minerva Press*, and at the same time pointing to one of the many fantastic forms of lime-stone within the cavern—"that is the petrifaction of the renowned 'Lady of the Land,' who remained a dragoness because no one had the hardihood to kiss her lips and disenchant her." But not even here had Nature anything so sublime as himself—a point on which he employed all the sugar and nutmeg of his eloquence. The same lady venturing, some time afterwards, to ask him to whom they were obliged, and laughingly to demand what he was—

"To tell the plain truth, madam," replied our hero, "I am a usurer. I lay out my happiness to exorbitant interest, for, in contributing to your pleasure, which I flatter myself I do, I receive at least one hundred per cent.!" Things went trippingly on in this manner for some time, when deliberately, and with no small exhibition of humour, the old gentleman, with a countenance vitreous and polished as the surrounding spa, drew from his pocket a Buxton play-bill, and exultingly pointing to the same, cried out, "Ah, ah! here we have you again to night—but we cannot see too much of you, *Elliston!*"—a *plaisanterie*, at which our actor himself had the good sense to laugh immoderately.

Elliston had driven over to Poole's Cavern with a friend, in a gig, and on his return to Buxton, was strolling on foot leisurely up one of the hills, (his companion having the reins of the horse,) when a figure approached him from the hedge-side, the most wretched, the most emaciated of beings he had ever beheld. The man was evidently dying of hunger and exhaustion. The object which presented himself was a poor Frenchman, who, having escaped from one of the prisons, had wandered about a country of which he knew nothing, for four days and nights, with no money, no means of assuaging the cravings of nature, but rather avoiding every one, notwithstanding his destitution, from the dread that the succour he might seek would presently be converted into severer penalties than he had yet experienced.

Commiserating the poor creature as he did, Elliston knew not how to proceed, or into what serious dilemma he might bring himself by sheltering an escaped prisoner of war. He at least determined not to abuse the rights of confidence—in other words, to maintain strictly the rules of dramatic justice, and entitle himself to the applause of his own conscience. Desiring the poor Frenchman to lie snug in the field from which he had just crawled, (like the great Monmouth, with a few peas only in his pocket,) Elliston and his friend drove back to Castleton, where, purchasing a couple of loaves, a little bacon, and a bottle of wine, he returned to the spot where the famishing foreigner lay concealed. The wretched creature, (who, in his days of plumage,

would scarcely have been a match for "*Captain Weasel*,") having long since given himself up for lost, now began to blubber in tears of gratitude, and express his *battements du cœur* in as much pantomime as his weakness would permit. The evening was fast closing in, but the weather warm and lovely, and Elliston, teeming with melodramatic fervour, hurried the trembling refugee to a low copse below the brow of a contiguous dell, and boxing him snugly in a heap of furze, completely obscured from the public eye, spread before him the restoratives he had just obtained. The little Frenchman's head peeping from his prickly nest—the bread and bacon—the bottle of "neat wine," and the true stage importance in which, no doubt, Elliston had fully invested himself, must have represented a most characteristic picture. Elliston, of course, delivered a speech or two, more apposite to the occasion than intelligible to his listener, and dropping, at the same time, a small sum of money into the lap of the nidulated man of war, commended him to the caprice of Fortune, who sometimes, when in a pleasant mood, exerts herself in extraordinary means for the benefit of the most insignificant of her votaries.

THE EMPEROR OF HAYTI AND THE SKIPPER.

BY BENSON HILL.

The good ship Catherine, one of the finest vessels out of the port of Liverpool, was some years ago commanded by a young man named Baker, who was also part owner. On one of his many voyages to the West Indies, he found himself suddenly obliged to lay to, from stress of weather, off that part of the Island of St. Domingo which had thrown off the European yoke. The skipper—or, as in courtesy we will call him, the captain—kept his craft in first-rate order, and not knowing what sort of customers might inhabit the shore, his ten or a dozen small pieces of ordnance were furbished up in fighting trim. He was well provisioned and watered, but had not the slightest objection to take in as much fruit as the ship's crew would like to purchase, should such come off from the land.

Very early on the morning after the captain had thus anchored, a boat came alongside, containing four stout black fellows, their only covering being loose canvas trowsers, and broad-brimmed straw hats; they hailed, and asked leave to come aboard. The mate gave them the desired permission, and the niggers expressed great delight at the beautiful condition in which they found everything that met their gaze; they spoke English with considerable fluency, and as they appeared so pleased with what they saw, the mate determined on taking them below, and exhibiting all that could be shown of the craft in which he so much prided.

Captain Baker coming on deck soon learnt the arrival of his sable visitors, and desired to see them; he listened with great complacency to the encomiums bestowed on his ship, in language very far above the common colloquy of black men. One of the party, a tall, well-formed figure, with features not strictly African, appeared to take greater interest in all he saw than his companions. They were

invited into the cabin, where the captain's breakfast was waiting for him, and asked to partake of the coffee and cocoa steaming on the board; apparently much flattered by this marked attention, they shared the repast, and after a profusion of thanks, took their leaves.

As they were making their way to the ship's side, the captain, struck with the fine muscular development of the man who had appeared most gratified with his visit, said to the mate,—"What a d—d fine fellow that is! I should like to have him on a *Vendu* table; he'd fetch a good lot of dollars."

To this the mate assented. Blackies got into their boat, and away they rowed.

The wind was dead calm, and Baker only awaited the springing up of a breeze to take his departure. Before mid-day another boat was descried coming towards the Catherine; this was pulled by a dozen rowers, and had a handsome awning astern. The captain, judging that it might convey some official personage, stood at the gangway to receive the new visitor.

A negro, attired in a magnificent uniform, profusely covered with lace, and wearing more than one decoration, stepped on board. He lifted his huge cocked-hat, surmounted by a feather of immense length, and with considerable dignity desired to speak to "Massa Cap-pun." Baker advanced to the ebony chevalier, and learnt that his majesty the Emperor of Hayti commanded to see him and his first officer, at the Palace of *Sans Souci;* that no apprehension need arise, the object of the emperor being solely to learn any news the captain might be able to communicate. It was also intimated that the military man had received orders to convey them both on shore, as soon as they could conveniently leave the ship.

Though this arrangement was as unwelcome as unlooked-for, Baker thought it would be the best policy to obey the imperial mandate; so ushering the bedizened messenger into the cabin, he left him to amuse himself whilst some necessary alterations at the toilet were made. Being a merchant sailor only, he did not feel quite authorized in wearing side-arms, yet deemed it as well to put a brace of small pistols into his pocket, and direct the mate to provide himself with similar weapons.

The rowers soon pulled the trio to the beach, and the guard upon the wharf saluted their conductor, proving that the Englishmen were under the guidance of a man of consequence. A carriage was in waiting, the military man mounted a handsomely caparisoned charger, and rode by their side. After ascending a precipitous road for some time, they reached the outward walls of the palace, their guide's presence insuring them a ready passport through the various gates in advance of the royal residence. On reaching it, they were conducted through a suite of rooms furnished in a fashion befitting the climate, though the colours of the materials were of a gaudy character. In an ante-room the officer left them, whilst he announced their arrival to his majesty. The captain took this opportunity of observing to his companion—"Well, here we are in a tolerably strong trap, out of which we could never hope to get with our lives, considering the number of troops at the different gates; but, should things come to the worst, they shan't put an end to me without the discharge of a brace of bullets at the head of the first nigger that lays his flipper upon me; to that I've made up my mind."

"I shall follow your example, as in duty bound," rejoined the mate.

The black master of the ceremonies now re-appeared, to usher them into the presence-chamber; they found it occupied by one person only, and in him they instantly recognised the intelligent negro who had been their morning visitor.

He was wrapped in a loose silk dressing-gown, and listlessly reclining upon a cane settée, with the air of one habituated to a life of idle repose. The Englishmen bowed respectfully. His emperor-ship, for it was no less a personage, addressed them in cordial tones, "Cap'tin, you really so good-naturd to shew me all your clever ship, and give me part of your breakfast, though you think me only poor black sailor man, I 'termined to ask you and kind mister there, to dine with me in return. The Emp'ror of Hayti has much good will to Englishmen; he like them as he no like Spaniard-men, 'cause them set of cruel devils. Frenchy-men and 'Merican-men not much better. Hope the Marquis Gauva pay you all civility as you come long?"

They bowed assent. At the sound of a small silver hand-bell, another highly-dressed officer entered.

"Count Marmalade, let the dinner be served directly; these gentlemen may wish to go a-board afore it dark."

Saying this his majesty retired, leaving the sailors to express their surprise at the oddity of the adventure. A short period only elapsed when their former *cicerone*, the marquis, signified that they were expected in the *salle à manger*.

Entering a superbly furnished apartment, they perceived that their host had attired himself in a splendid costume, glittering with diamonds, and profusely embroidered. He placed the captain on his right hand, and the mate on the opposite side; the banquet was composed of exquisite viands, the wines of the choicest character, and the magnificently dressed persons who occupied the table, amounting to some ten or twelve, included the three other partakers of the captain's cocoa.

Every one present vied with each other in shewing the strangers attention. Time passed rapidly. Baker began to cast longing looks towards the sea, and as he perceived the glassy surface break into gentle ripples, heartily wished himself on board the Catherine, and taking due advantage of the breeze.

The emperor observing the direction of the sailor's gaze, anticipated his wishes before they were expressed, giving orders that the calash should be prepared directly, adding, with extreme good-humour,—"You will not find the road half so long in returning, it is all down hill; you will reach your ship in very good time."

The carriage was announced, the Englishmen rose and expressed, after their own fashion, their deep and grateful sense of the signal honour his majesty had conferred upon them, and were retiring from the imperial presence, when the emperor separating himself from his courtiers, stepped forward, shook them both heartily by the hand, and in a low tone, but with great quaintness of manner, demanded of Baker, "Don't you think with all these jewels on my person, I should *fetch a few more dollars on a Vendu table?*"

He smiled as he finished his question, and then resuming his dignity bowed out his visitors, who were so completely "taken aback," that they scarcely exchanged even a monosyllable, till they found themselves safe on the deck of the Catherine—such effect had the parting query of the emperor taken on both of them.

BABYLON.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

A SMALL party of us left Baghdad, the evening of June 8, 1836, to join the Euphrates steamer, then at Hillah, an Arab town, a little south of the ruins of ancient Babylon. We had charge of what, in mercantile language, is called groups, but, in more common parlance, funds for the expedition; and as the monies to circulate among the Arab peasantry were in coins of very small value, an inconsiderable sum sufficed to constitute a donkey-load. The first part of our journey was accomplished in one of the barges belonging to the British residency, by which we descended the river Tigris. Horses had been despatched early in the morning; but owing to the detours rendered necessary by the flooded state of the plain, we overtook them, about an hour after dark, at a spot where they were swimming across the river; and here we brought to and awaited till daylight, when we mounted our steeds to enjoy the cool of the morning, and followed the banks of the stream.

On our way, we came to a canal containing water, which was mentioned as being the Náhr Malék, "the Royal River," a name which it has obtained from all antiquity. Passing through the heart of Babylonia, it was, according to Herodotus, and other historians, navigated by the Chaldeans, at a time when "they took a pride in their ships," and emptying itself into the Tigris, at a point where the Macedonian Seleucia arose upon the fall of Babylon; it was, according to Ammianus, the historian of Julian's exploits, the channel by which the Roman legions, under Trajan and Severus, as well as those of the Eastern empire, under the apostate emperor, invaded the Greek colony and its opposite rival, the city of the Parthians.

After fording this canal, we entered the precincts of Seleucia, by a gap in the long ridge of crumbling soil which, thinly streaked with scraggy thorn, marks out the ancient walls of the city. A few low mounds of rubbish, with fragments of pottery, is all that now remains of the capital of the Macedonian conquests, which retained, according to Gibbon, many years after the fall of their empire, the genuine characteristics of a Greek colony — "arts, military virtue, and the love of freedom"—but sacked and burnt by the Romans, and enfeebled by the neighbourhood of a too powerful rival; it was already a ruin in the time of Julian; at which time there was near to it a hunting-park of the Persian kings, replete with long-maned lions, boars, and bears. But while only low mounds of earth and brick remain to attest the former magnificence of Seleucia, there still arises on the opposite bank of the river the tall arch and lofty fragment of the palace inhabited by the Sassanian kings.

We turned from the contemplation of these now naked plains, once the home of two renowned and rival populations, to proceed across Babylonia, coasting an extensive inundation, such as is mentioned to have existed in the time of Julian, and thence gaining barren and sandy plains, whose only vegetation was the ever-abundant camel-thorn, enlivened here and there by the showy bloom of the caper-plant. On our progress, we met a large caravan of Persians returning from pilgrimage to the tomb of Ali. There were many ladies, as usual, carefully enclosed in curtained recesses, and many pilgrims of the poorer classes followed the caravan painfully on foot.

Shortly after this, when the plain was so level that scarcely an undulation was to be perceived for miles around, on looking for the donkey which was under charge of an Arab, it was nowhere to be seen. A few miles to the north of us was a small encampment of Bedwins, a horse picketed, and a black tasselled spear erect before each tent; so a Kawass, attached to the residency, who was with us, started in that direction, while another galloped away to scour the plain to the south. The sun was now so powerful as almost to burn the skin when exposed to it; so, pendant the search for the money-bags, we got off our horses, and endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain some shelter by lying beneath the caper-bushes. In a few minutes our Kawass was seen tearing down full speed across the plain, a mounted Arab behind him galloping, as if in full pursuit, with his spear bent upon the flying Turk. I was a novice at that time in Oriental manners, and mounting my Kochanli, a beautiful creature belonging to Colonel Taylor, took a pistol from the holsters, and sped away to intercept the Arab; but I only made a fool of myself; for, observing this movement, both parties drew up, indicating that their equestrian evolutions were only by way of pastime. Shortly after this, the donkey was brought up, from the southward; it had been going, according to the driver's report, the most direct course, and had been for the time, hid behind a gentle sandy undulation, such as are common on the plain, and behind which, slight as they are, and almost imperceptible to an unpractised eye, a party of Arabs will hide themselves, where no living thing is thought to be moving in the horizon. We now proceeded on our journey, and past a spot where the sand-grouse were nestling. The eggs were laid in slight cavities in the sand, without a blade of grass, and were so numerous, that it was difficult to ride without destroying some. Towards evening we came to a pathway; much burrowed by the bee-eater, which lives in colonies; but although the poor creature selects the trodden ground, as more difficult for the jackall, to dig in pursuit of its nest, many of these appeared to have been recently dug up, and the elegant wings of this beautiful bird were plentifully strewed around. This pathway led us in a short time to Alexander's Khan, where tradition says the Macedonian hero was buried. Tradition and history are, however, at discount here; but if the body of Alexander was really removed from Babylon to Alexandria, is it not curious that Severus is described as immediately on his arrival at the former city *sealing up* the hero's tomb, which had been impiously broken open by the Barbarians? We spent the early part of the night within the walls of the khan, reposing upon the stone-work raised in its centre for the Muhammedans to pray upon, by which we avoided many of the inconveniences of the sheltered and dirty alcoves.

We started again at early dawn, and passing a canal, came to the mounds of Toheïbáh, by some considered as constituting the north-east boundary of ancient Babylon. Beyond this, we stopped for breakfast at Khán Nassariyeh, where was a village amid a grove of date trees, and thence passing another khan and canal, we came upon a great mound of sun-dried bricks, designated as that of Bâbel, by the natives —a name which, according to Buckingham, is also sometimes given to the mound of the Kásr, or palace. It is also sometimes called Mukalíb, "the overthrown, or overturned."

The sensation experienced in finding myself on the summit of the

first of the gigantic mounds of ancient Babylon, from whence I could discern nothing around me, but a succession of similar masses of every shape and size, ruins of a city which has now only a home in the imagination, were of a very mixed character. Whatever had been my previous expectations, I more than found them realized, by the size and solidity and the immensity of labour, contained in these great piles and platforms thus artificially raised upon the plain; yet, I could not help mingling with this feeling some disappointment, at there not being some more perfect traces of the principal structures of this once mighty city.

It is true that a few great mounds, loftier, better defined, and somewhat more insulated than the others, if they do not indicate the extent of ancient Babylon, may at least be supposed to have belonged to its more distinguished portions, and to be the remains of the palaces and temples so renowned in antiquity; but these were by no means really so insulated and distinct as I had been led to opine from previous descriptions, the whole face of the country around was covered with vestiges of buildings, and with such a number of mounds of rubbish of indeterminate figures, variety, and extent, as to involve the person who begins to theorize, in inextricable confusion. The shapeless heaps on which the traveller gazes, cannot suggest in any degree either the nature or object of the structures of which they are the relics, and what is equally remarkable, no two authors, as Rich and Porter, who after long toil and trouble have ventured upon a description of these mounds, have agreed in their account of their dimensions, or in the more simple facts of their co-relation.

The first or most northerly mound would by its name, be one of the most interesting of the Babylonian ruins. Where all is hypothesis and mere speculation, it may just as well lay claim to being the remnant of the tower of Babel, or the foundation of the temple of Bel, as any other mound, especially if so indicated by tradition.

This mound has indeed already been considered by Pietro della Valle and Rennell, as the site of the temple of Bel; a theory, however, which is combated by both Rich and Porter, who identify that temple with the Bir's Nimrúd, although fifteen miles from the mound, designated as that of Babel.

It is a curious fact, as illustrative of the Arabian name of Mukalib, or the overthrown, sometimes given to the mound of Babel, and according to Rich, also sometimes applied to the Kásr, or palace, that although such a catastrophe is not alluded to in Holy Writ, that the profane historian Josephus, relates upon the testimony of a sibyl (which Rollin remarks, must have been very ancient, and whose fictions cannot be imputed to the indiscreet zeal of any Christians) that the gods threw down the tower of Babel by an impetuous wind or a violent hurricane. Now, with regard to the temple of Bel, which rose upon the same mound, it is related by Newton from Vitringa, that it was burnt and destroyed by the Parthians; and the surface of the mound of Babel is covered with scoriæ, burnt bricks, bricks vitrified with bitumen, and glazed by fusion with the same, while it is well known that the gigantic ruins of Bir's Nimrúd present every appearance of having been destroyed by lightning. A temple of Bel may, however, also have existed at Birs, or Bursif, (the Borsippa of the Romans,) and that after the destruction of the temple at Babylon; for Pliny mentions that there existed a temple of Jupiter Belus long after the destruction

of Babylon, and which was at a greater distance from Seleucia; a statement which led the learned commentators on Pliny, in Pancoucke's edition, to assume that the latter temple existed at Bâlis, on the Euphrates, altogether inconsistent with the distance given of that temple from Seleucia by the Roman historian.

The argument most dwelt on, by those who identify the Bir's Nimrúd with the temple of Bel, of Babylon, and not of Bursif, is, that the mound of Babel is formed of sun-dried bricks, whereas the temple is said to have been constructed of burnt bricks; but the mound as now existing, can only be viewed in the light of a great platform, like that of Persepolis, as indeed it is viewed by Sir R. Kerr Porter, on which the other building or buildings stood. We know from the historian Arrian, that after the destruction of the temple of Belus, Alexander employed 10,000 men to remove the ruins, which they were not able to do after two months labour, such was their extent.

Another and less plausible theory which has been advanced upon the northerly great mound of Babylon is founded upon its Arab etymology, which is sometimes given as Mujalíb, plural of Jalíb—"a slave;" and expressive, when adjectively used in Mujalíbah, as the "home of the captives;" and whence it might be supposed that this was some great dwelling appropriated to the captive Israelites. This theory is rather curiously illustrated by another name, also given by the natives to the same mound—viz., that of Harút and Marút, from a tradition, as narrated by D'Herbelot, that near the foot of the ruin there is an invisible pit, where the rebellious people are hung with their heels upwards until the day of judgment.*

About a mile from the mound of Babel is another set of mounds, connected together by a broad ridge, like a causeway, and also flanked by an embankment along the river. The same mounds are embraced to the eastward by a low series of mounds, extending from a point about two miles north of Hilláh, for a distance of nearly three miles towards the south-east corner of Babel. The direction of these mounds is, however, so indefinite, that they have been looked upon by Rich as circularly disposed, and by Porter as two straight lines converging to an angle. We are inclined to look upon them as Buckingham does, as embracing the space and buildings which, according to Diodorus and Strabo, were surrounded by three walls, of which the external was sixty stadia, or six miles, in circuit.

There are two great massive mounds contained within this space; the northerly one is about 700 yards in width and breadth, and has, from a ruin on its summit, been designated the Kásr, or palace. This mound is the most remarkable of the Babylonian ruins, from the apparently superior character of its buildings. The bricks were moulded, burned, and ornamented with inscriptions, and fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthenware, marble, beautifully varnished tiles, sepulchral urns, and even sculptures have been found there. On its summit is a pile

* There is still another Babylonian structure which the Mukalíb might represent, and which has not yet been suggested by travellers. This is the sepulchre of Bel, variously looked upon as the father of Nimrod, and as Nimrod himself. It is well known that Darius I. overthrew that structure in his stratagem to gain the city, and this mound stands at the very point where the Euphrates would have passed the walls to flow between the two palaces. It was a structure of much pretension, and Strabo calls it "an admirable work." Mr. Rich's researches tend to shew, that like the pyramids of Egypt, this huge mound was also a sepulchral monument.

of building consisting of walls and piers which face the cardinal points, eight feet in thickness, in some places ornamented with niches, and in others strengthened by pilasters and buttresses, built of fine burnt brick. Not far from this ruin, the officers of the expedition had disinterred, a few days before our arrival, a rude sculpture of colossal dimensions, and much mutilated, which had been called a lion by Rich, but which they agreed in considering as an elephant, of which the trunk was broken off. On this mound is also a solitary tamarisk tree, which I was the first to determine to be a species frequent in Persia, but not growing on the banks of the Euphrates. An interesting fact, as shewing, whether sprung from a seed or roots of the old hanging gardens or not, that still it, or its ancestors, were originally transported to this spot. To this tree tradition relates that Ali, the prophet of the Shütes, tied his horse after the battle of Hilláh.

The next great mound within the enclosure, is called Amrán, from a small-domed building upon its summit, said to be the tomb of "Amrán the son of Ali." The figure of this mound approaches that of a quadrangle, and has been much dug into in the search for bricks, amulets, and other antiquities; it is separated from the Kásr by a valley covered with tufts of rank grass, and crossed by a low ridge of ruins. This, which is called a causeway by Buckingham, may be the ruins of a bridge, which succeeded to the sub-aquatic tunnel of Semiramis. The Kásr and Amrán mounds are also separated from the river embankment, by a winding valley and ravine, the bottom of which, like that of the ravine between the two mounds themselves, is covered either with saline plants or nitrous efflorescences, and apparently never had any buildings in it.

All travellers have recognised in these ruins the probable remains of some of the palaces of Babylon; but a difficulty arose from the recorded fact that the two palaces renowned in antiquity, stood upon opposite sides of the river. This difficulty would be obviated if we admitted with Rennell that the Euphrates was brought to flow between the two mounds, when the Kásr would represent the western, and the Amrán the eastern palace—the one the old, the other the new palace, to which were attached the hanging gardens. Porter, probably from the connecting mound, which, as previously observed, may be the ruins of a fallen bridge, considers this idea of the river's course as totally chimerical. There is, however, much to be said in its favour; and besides that it is supported by actual appearances, it would serve to explain many facts connected with the history of the sieges of Babylon, and of the disposition of its ruins.

Besides the ruins here described, there are several other lofty mounds which rise up and around upon the plain of Babylon. The two most remarkable of these are the Birs Nimrúd, and the mound called Al Heimár, both having on their summits the usual structures of brick-work, like the Akka Kúf, probably the local temples of Babylonian cities long gone by. The Birs Nimrúd has been looked upon by many as the real Babel. It is a venerable ruin, which seen against the clear sky, never fails to excite a sentiment of awe, and is the more remarkable for its utter loneliness. By the name, which is not Arabic, and from the circumstance of the distance of the Birs from the Babylonian mounds, strictly speaking, I have identified this ruin with the temple of Bursíf of the Chaldeans, and the Borsippa of Strabo,

who places it fifteen miles from Babylon;* and where Nabonnedus flying from Cyrus shut himself up, or was imprisoned. It was a famous manufacturing town of the Chaldeans, and it was from the Birsæan looms that were obtained the richest clothes used in Babylon, and dyed in Tyrian purple. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Frazer, who has discussed the various theories and hypotheses which have been advanced regarding the ruins at Babylon, without bias or any wish to dogmatize upon what will probably never be satisfactorily determined, has nevertheless inclined towards this view of the subject. "The distance," he says, "which we find between the Birs and the Kásr, can never be made to correspond with that which would appear to have existed between these celebrated edifices according to every description of Babylon that has reached our times." If we admit the mound of Al Heïmár, as is done by many, as among the ruins of Babylon, the obstacles to including the Birs among the same ruins are increased; the only difficulty Mr. Fraser could not get over was, "if the Birs be pronounced a relic of Borsippa, where are we to look for the temple of Belus?" this has been hypothetically answered in the previous details.

A peculiarity which cannot fail to strike every traveller, when roaming among the ruins of Babylon, is the very remarkable fulfilment of the prediction, that it should become the home of the wild beasts of the desert, and that doleful creatures should take up their abode there. There is, indeed, scarcely a cave or hollow at which the traveller is not repelled at the entrance by the stench of wild beasts. At sunset, the loneliness and silence of the neighbourhood is broke upon by the piteous and unpleasant calls of hyænas, wolves, and jackalls. The rubbish everywhere reveals lizards, scorpions, and centipedes; porcupines live in the rents and fissures, bats cling to the crumbling walls, and owls sit moping all day long on the same ruined fragment. Rich further mentions that the Arabs told him of the existence of satyrs (no doubt monkeys), which they hunted with dogs, and eat the lower part, abstaining from the upper portion, on account of its resemblance to the human figure.

Hilláh is a large Arab town, occupying both sides of the river, the bazaars being on the left bank, and the castellated mansion of the Turkish governor, with the large portion of habitations on the right. The population, I should think, exceeds 15,000; being chiefly Arab, with a sprinkling of Christian and Jewish traders and Turk officials. The two towns are united by a bridge, and the steamer was brought to in front of the governor's residence. The Arabs of Hilláh, although residing in a town, were many of them Bedwins from the desert, and they had shewn much jealousy at the arrival of the steamer there: their anger venting itself against our Arab pilot, without whose assistance they thought we should never have been able to find our way so far. The poor man was accordingly kept out of the way till the morning of our departure, when he was to go ashore, as previously arranged, under the protection of the governor. The revengeful Arabs had, however, watched their opportunity; and one of them rushed at him, in the transit between the vessel and the castle, and nearly killed him with a blow of his war-hatchet. Luckily for us, the steam was just up; and such was the indignation felt at this gross

* Researches, &c. p. 167.

outrage, that every one prepared himself for active retaliation. We had left on shore Mr. Ross, of the Baghdad residency, who had accompanied our party from that city, and he came alongside the ship, to inform Colonel Chesney that the Arabs were arming, which, indeed, was easily visible, for the dense crowd that lined the shore had disappeared; and only here and there the Arabs were seen in their dusty cloaks, skulking from house to house, or taking up a position behind some crumbling wall, or fence of date-branches. The governor had ordered the bridge to be thrown open, so that there was no communication except in their circular little gopher-boats, between the two parts of the town.

Quitting the banks, where our position was most unfavourable to dictate terms, or to engage, if necessary, the steamer sped its way down the channel, and passed through the bridge. Observing this, and thinking that we were going away, the Arabs came out of their vantage position, and lined the banks, forming a dense body of musketeers, several thousands in number, and extending nearly a mile along the river. Their triumphant shouts of defiance rang through the date-groves, and from side to side of the broad Euphrates. "There are a good many of them," I quietly remarked to the Colonel, who was standing near me, on the quarter-deck. It was, perhaps, the first word that had been spoken since we left the bank, for every one was too intent on his duty to find time for conversation. "The more we shall have to kill," answered the Colonel; a rare mode of speech with him, who was always so favourable to the Arabs, and most particularly opposed to quarrelling or fighting with them; but perhaps he did it, as he thought, to keep up my spirits. Orders to bring the steamer about, and turn her head up the stream, were now given; and to our great satisfaction, and to the infinite surprise of the dusky warriors who lined the banks, the black (Eblis) looking ship, now took her way up against the current, with almost the same facility that she had gone down the stream, and again passing the bridge, took up a commanding position in mid-waters between the hostile parties. This was one of the most interesting moments that had occurred during the navigation of the river; we had never been opposed to such a number, and that on both sides of us, and we waited in intense anxiety for the commencement of hostilities. But the Arabs had triumphed too soon; they saw the advantage of our position; they had been drawn, by ignorance of the steamer's power to stem the current, from out of their cover; they knew that we had great guns on board, and not a musket was lifted against us. So, after a short pause, the ship was steered up to the castle, and Colonel Estcourt and Mr. Rassam started on the rather dangerous mission of going ashore in a boat, but they landed in safety; and gaining the governor's presence, assured themselves, first, that the guilty parties had been made prisoners of; and secondly, that they should be sent for trial to the Pasha of Baghdad, so that justice would be done under the eye of the British authorities. This was most positively engaged to be done by the Turkish governor; and we then quitted the city, where, previous to this untoward event, much friendly intercommunication had existed between the ship's crews and the natives, more especially the Christian and Jewish traders; and a good feeling had been established, which happily, from after experience, we found that the savage conduct of a few Bedwins was not able to destroy.

THE HEIRESS OF RABY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

In Raby Hall sits the heiress of the lands of Raby, with the sunlight streaming through the latticed-windows upon a brow and cheek, which, from that rich glow, take all they own of colour. Pale is that cheek—pale with thought and care! Sad is that brow—sad with the sickness of the heart! The heiress of Raby is young, and beautiful, and rich; her home is fair; her wide domains are such as might dower a princess.

Noble is the hall of Raby; the lofty ceiling is rich with costly painting; the carving of the oaken cornice is wondrous to behold; the sunlight gleams upon its burnished gilding; the gay compartments of the walls are traced by wreaths of carved and gilded flowers; in each recess some mirror dazzles, or some matchless picture charms the eye; —the wealth of ages is lavished upon that room. In the centre of one side of the apartment, the huge fire-place was bright with polished marble; the mantel-piece was surrounded with flowers and figures, carved, and standing forth in high relief—the compartments being filled up with exquisite paintings—this mantel-piece was loaded with splendid porcelain, while above it, smiling from the massive frame, shone the sweet face of a Madonna—each tint, each touch, telling of the hand of Raphael. The whole apartment was surrounded with evidences of taste and wealth; the furniture was rich with velvet, burning with gold; the carpet, soft as softest turf, painted of a thousand colours, admitted not the sound of a footfall; luxurious couches, massive tables, all that was requisite for comfort, and all that could add to effect, were crowded into this gay chamber. On the opposite side to the fire-place, rose to the ceiling four stately windows, in deep recesses, the stained glass latticed-paned. Through these the sunbeams shone; through these came that warm sunset glow, touching, with heaven-born tints, the sweet face of the Madonna, tinging the sad, upturned brow, tinging the white hollow cheek of the *one* who owned all this.

Gazing forth from these stately windows, she looked into the beauty and the pomp of her own broad domains, her well-trimmed gardens, her sweeping lawns, her noble woods waving in the distance, the shining of the rolling river, the glory of the far-off sea! Her eyes were filled with tears; she saw not the beauty and the pomp before her; for *her* no sunbeams shone; for *her* purple lights were dim—the glory had departed!

The orphan-heiress loved, and he she loved was far away. Away, she knew not where. Danger was around his path. Danger, and the dread of death—proscribed—an outlawed man! Wilfred de Winston lurked in secret places—a price upon his head! For he had joined the followers of the rash and misguided Monmouth, in whose short-lived success he had shared, with whom he had suffered defeat, with whom he had fled, and whose fate of captivity he had narrowly escaped! Monmouth went to a shameful death—the doom of a traitor; and Wilfred, with money offered for his blood, was hiding in woods and caves, in the hourly dread of detection! Wonder not that Isabel was sad, and pale, and tearful, for weeks had passed, and she knew not aught of Wilfred. The grief that knows—assured, inevitable—strikes

at the very roots of life and happiness—is scarcely worse to bear than that suspense which holds the heart upon a constant rack of torture and of doubt. Compared to this suspense, the certainty of ill is almost repose. Dreadful may be the blow; but at least, the worst is known. So with Isabella; the torments of hope deferred—the anguish of well-founded fear,—these ate into her very soul, stealing, day by day, her beauty and her bloom away. For she was beautiful indeed. And even *now*, with that white cheek and trembling lip, that clouded brow, and those tear-laden eyes, is she not most lovely?

The sunlight fades, the twilight comes apace, the purple mists are on the river, the streak of light grows faint upon the sea, the gloom is gathering round her brow, is deep within her heart. Suddenly, she rises to her feet—her quick ear has caught the distant sound of coming hoofs; the clatter of a flying steed grows nearer and more near; she hears it in the windings of the road—now rising with the rising wind—now sinking with the sinking blast—now loud across the open heath—now lost and deadened amid the thick trees of the park. Nearer and more near it comes. How wildly beats her heart. It dies from the hard road; it is again renewed upon the softer gravel of the avenue to Raby Hall. The horseman rides for Raby, and rides in haste. He may bring her tidings of her lover. Nay, her lover may himself be near.

"Lights! lights!" she cries; and lights are brought. "Open the door!—open! and that soon! One comes in haste! and he may bring me tidings! Throw wide the gate, and let the stranger enter!" And the stranger entered. Springing from his weary steed, he rushed into the hall—another moment, Isabella was in his arms! No stranger, but Wilfred de Winston!

The first warm greetings over, Wilfred seated himself by her side; he took her hand in his; he gazed upon her face, that face which to him had been the star of happier years, and which, in waning lustre, still looked with unchanged truth upon his waning fortunes.

Wilfred was apparently about thirty years of age, with a face most beautiful in feature and in hues, but wearing a wild recklessness of expression meet for one of such desperate fortunes, such blighted hopes and efforts. *Now*, his face was pale and wan, but his eye was full of fire unquenched—full, as it turned upon her, of an undiminished love.

"I have come, Isabel, to say farewell. I go upon a journey, from which there is no returning. Long is the way—dark, and untrodden; and I must go alone,—and ere I go, I would say farewell."

"Nay, Wilfred, thou goest not alone. Whither thou fleest, there flee I also. We have been parted; but it shall be for the last time. We part no more."

"It must be so, Isabella. Listen to my tale—brief the space I have to spare—but those last moments shall be given to thee. Listen to my tale:—

"For long weeks have I hidden amid woods and rocks, looking momently for capture or death. A price is on my head; and the searchers for blood have been unwearied in their efforts. Many a time have I seen them pass the spots where I have been concealed, so closely, that I might have touched them, often dragging in their bonds some wretched comrade of mine, who had been less fortunate than myself in his choice of hiding-place. And often have I longed for *one* only of these hunters after men to cross my path, that, hand to

hand, fighting bravely, I might cast away the life of which I was weary. Well, but sickening of this miserable existence, I resolved to make one effort for liberty, for hope, for happiness. I have cast all upon the die, and I have lost! Entering the town of Somerton by night, I proceeded to a house where I believed I should be safe. I procured this dress—the costume of a plain country gentleman. I remained concealed until towards the close of day. I then purchased a horse of my landlord, and rode boldly from the town. So calm and unconcerned was my bearing, that the few soldiers of the king's army remaining in the town did not dare to stop me, taking me, no doubt, for some loyal adherent of the government riding towards Bridgewater on business with the court then sitting. I had but one intent in this conduct—it was to visit *thee*. I hoped we might have fled together to the sea-coast, and thence found shipping for some distant land. But all is in vain: I was discovered. I believe, betrayed by my entertainer in Somerton. The hell-hounds of the chase are on my track. Another hour, and we shall be for ever parted!"

Isabella started to her feet. "Fly, Wilfred!—fly! At least, conceal thyself. They will not seek thee here. Or let us fly into the woods. Stay not thus, in the very face of danger!" And she glanced towards the windows, through which, still enclosed, the trembling moonbeams streamed upon the floor, mingling with the yellow light of the tapers around the room.

"'Tis too late, the house is already surrounded. I saw the men behind me defiling into the park and towards the shrubberies, as I dashed into the avenue. They are on foot, and come but slowly. But they are sure of their prey. They know I cannot leave thy lands without falling among the dragoons now on the patrol. I am in a trap—caught at last. Concealment—flight—might delay, cannot now prevent, the fate that must be mine. Let me with thee linger to the last. Oh!" he added, springing from his seat, and flinging his arm wildly upwards—"Oh! to die thus—*thus*, in the very dawn of life—with so much happiness within my grasp—so beloved—so full of love—to lose *all!* 'Tis indeed bitter! Would that I had never been!—would that we had never met! Oh, Isabella! I fear thou wilt suffer much for me—thou wilt not soon forget thy Wilfred! Would to God, for *thy* sake, dearest, we had *never* met!"

Motionless as a statue, pale—pale as marble—with clasped hands, and wild, staring eyes, she gazed upon him. Only did she murmur—"Is there *no* resource?" And all he said was—"There is none."

But other sounds came upon the night air which moans so sadly round the Hall of Raby; and that white streak of moonlight which trembles on the floor is darkened by a shadow crossing it from without. Twice did the shadow pass. Both saw it as it swept in silence by—the herald of a coming doom! Then rose the storm, shrieks, and shouts, and imprecations, loud demands for admittance—threats, clamours, violence. No admittance was afforded them; the terrified domestics awaited the orders of their mistress; and *she* seemed turned to stone. But the iron bolts gave way, the heavy staples yield, the ponderous door falls inward with a crash.

The soldiers of the king are in the hall and passages—are in that noble room—arms and uniforms are glittering in the mingled lights—scarlet, steel, and gold. Through the window streams the moonlight,

touching crest and corslet, drawn sword, and gleaming helm. From the golden lamps, from the waxen tapers, nearer beams are shed, lighting each war-worn visage, each remorseless brow, while crest and corslet, drawn sword and gleaming helm, dark face and war-worn brow, flash back from countless mirrors, each shape a hundred times repeated. Loud were their voices as they entered the room; but in a moment, all is hushed in wonderment and pity. No fierce rebel waits with weapon bared to fight for life and liberty,—only two lovers, clasped in mute embrace, kneel on the painted floor.

The leader advances. "Yield thyself, De Winston! In the king's name we make thee prisoner!"

Up rises Isabella, bursting from her lover's arms. "Spare him—spare him! Let him go free, and all I have is thine!"

Eagerly she turns towards the commander—turns from De Winston—who, still upon his knees, heeds not aught. "Spare him—spare him! Let us go hence in peace, and all I have is thine!"

Sadly that stern leader gazed in her face. He lays his hand upon her arm. "Lady, 'tis too late." He draws her on one side, he points to the floor—*there* the life-blood is already red; and as she turns, her lover, who had fallen upon his sword, rolls lifeless to her feet!—no, not lifeless, sense and feeling yet remain, though both are ebbing fast away. Still, as she kneels, in anguish by his side, he lifts his eyes to hers—still, by mute gesture, or by broken murmurs, shews forth his dying love. His head is on her breast—with his passing breath, her heavy sighs are mingled. His eyes, death-swimming, speak deeper anguish as they meet the anguish in the eyes above. Vainly she strives to stanch the gushing life-blood—her long dark hair is dabbled in the crimson stream. But the death-swimming eyes grow fixed and glassy—the blood more slowly flows—the hand, so cold and damp, relaxes in its rigid grasp—the breath is ceasing—now, hath wholly ceased! Down rolls that heavy weight upon the floor—down sinks Isabella, her face upon his breast. Then they raise them: they bear her to her couch,—they bear him to his grave!

Through the long night—the long, long, weary night—rose her loud, fearful cries; the weeping maidens gather round their mistress; those sounds bring thought and sadness even to that rude band of soldiers; they thrill with horror the pale watchers by the dead!

But for that spirit's agony there cometh a rest at last—the struggle and the conflict shall soon be over—soon shall cease those bitter sobs—those heart-rending shrieks. Faint grow the shrieks, more low the heavy sighs; now the faint shrieks are over; hushed the heavy sighs. And she is dying—she is dead! So rest—so rest at last, poor broken heart!

O'er *his* neglected grave the summer grass waves thickly—the winter snow lies deep. Over her stately rest, the groined roof is dim in awful height. Princes and nobles are beside her in her slumbers. Where she lieth alone in death, morning and night, that mighty fane fills with the voice of prayer. Morning and night its echoing aisles peal to rich choral music. But *he*, with nothing o'er him but the sky, with none beside him but the poor and lowly, with no sound near him but the rushing of the storm, or the low singing of the mourning wind, sleepeth as still a sleep.

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

LAMENT not for the vanish'd! Earth to him
Is now a faltering star, far off and dim,
And Life a spectre, volatile and grim.

Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost!
Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—
Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—
No tear!—for Death and He are parted now,
And life sits thronèd on his conscious brow.

Oh, mourn not! Yet remember what has been—
How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,
The pathways of his spirit always green!

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;—
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers!

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
The gentle will to others' soon resign'd;
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

His soul was a vast sea, wide, clear, serene,
Deep in whose breast the mirror'd Heaven was seen,
Yet picturing Earth, and all her valleys green.

Fancy was his, and learning, and fine sense;—
Were these the secret of his power intense?
No, it was Love that gave him eloquence.

Sweet were his words; the lark's song high above
They rivall'd now, and now the forest-dove;
The various tones had one inspirer—Love!

His brow, illumined with the sage's fire,
His voice, out-ringing like a poet's lyre—
The aged heard a friend, the child a sire.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,
He deem'd that love of God was best array'd
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deem'd man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He shew'd how wisdom turns its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an Angel stood and smiled—
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple Child.

MYSTERY.

A TRADITION OF TEMPLE-BAR.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"*Lovewit.* When saw you him?
Neighbour. We saw him not this month. Pray God, he be not made away.
Lovewit. Ha! It's no time to question then.
Neighbour. About three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry, as I sate up.
Lovewit. 'Tis strange that none will answer. What trade art thou?
Neighbour. A smith, an't please your worship.
Lovewit. Then lend me thy help to get this door open."—BEN JONSON.

"LONDON is once again before me!" soliloquized a travel-worn young man, as he stood on the summit of Highgate Hill, a little after dawn, on a clear September day, in the year 1746, and looked towards the metropolis, of which the form and extent were sharply defined in early transparent light. The morning mists, frequent in Autumn, had been cleared away by the uprising sun's horizontal beams; and these, striking against the dome of St. Paul's, revealed, with singular beauty of effect, the grace and majesty belonging to this portion of Wren's masterpiece.

"How noble, how holy," thought our traveller, "does that mighty cathedral look amidst the labyrinth of houses at its foot—towering over them as if in protection! From the serenity which wraps the vast city at present, one would little expect that in another hour its million chimneys will send up into the clear air their columns of black smoke, under whose canopy countless men will wake to the turmoil of business, or the riot of dissipation, or the pangs of want. Alas! how different are the thoughts that distract me now, from those by which I was animated in my former long visit to the capital! Let me not, however, think of that; but nerve myself to the fulfilment of a stern and ghastly purpose."

Having rested awhile—for, wishing to be alone on the road, he had journeyed all night on foot, and was weary—the young man resumed his course towards London, which he entered by Gray's Inn Lane; when, crossing Holborn, and passing down Chancery-lane, he reached Temple Bar. Here he stopped, and pressed his hands over his eyes, as if under the influence of some strong terror. At length, recovering himself, and summoning a kind of convulsive resolution, he gazed up shudderingly to the horrible spectacle on the summit of the gate—a row of three heads on iron poles, which had been severed from the bodies of some of the Manchester rebels, executed at Kennington, on the 30th of July, in the year of which we write. James Dawson, whose fate furnished Shenstone with the subject of a ballad, suffered at the same time.

The young man groaned in bitterness of heart, as he surveyed this grisly prospect. Seeing several people about with spy-glasses, which they let out to gratify the strange curiosity of those who wished to scan such horrid relics,* he hired one of the telescopes, and, having

* See an allusion to this practice, in Horace Walpole's Letter to George Montagu, Esq., dated Aug. 16, 1746.

looked intently through it for some time, heaved a deep sigh, wiped away the tears that had gathered in his eyes, returned the glass, paid the itinerant speculator, and struck up one of the narrow lanes, on the north-east side of Temple Bar. Here he engaged a furnished apartment, and procured food and repose—such repose, at least, as the excited state of his heart and soul would permit.

His landlord, a venerable personage, insisted on waiting on him; and he was much pleased by the unremitting attentions of this individual, though to others, perhaps, such assiduities might have seemed like prying. On his host demanding the name of his lodger, the young man called himself Andrew Lidiard; and, in return, the former designated himself as Gervas Estridge. Our new acquaintances soon became intimate; and for the first few days, conversed with each other, hour after hour.

But a change ensued in the manner of their intercourse. Persons of the same religious persuasion soon detect each other's faith; and none are readier in this kind of recognition than Roman Catholics, whose expressions, tenour of thought, allusions, adjurations, &c., speedily make them known to their brethren. Thus it was with our landlord and his lodger; and no small comfort was afforded to the latter when he discovered that he was located in the house of a popish priest. This complacency, however, was not shared by the reverend personage himself; who, instead of associating more than ever with his inmate, as might have been expected upon learning his faith, grew strange to him, though the young man was never absent from home except after night-fall.

"I like not this papistical lodger of mine," ruminated Estridge, one wild and boisterous night, about a fortnight after Lidiard had taken up his abode in London; "it behoved me to keep clear of Roman Catholics. Would he had never come hither! The extravagant price I asked for my rooms, I hoped would deter any one from taking them. Lidiard, however, made no question about terms; but paid me at once, absurdly large as the sum was, a month's rent in advance. He must have some strong motive for coming to this spot. Would the month was up! I'll then get rid of him. He is not safe company. Can he be here in disguise? His manner and his dress are not consistent. I fear him. Shall I leave my house? No! 'Twould be madness! No other dwelling in London contains such —— Ah! is not that his footstep on the stairs?"

A gentle tap was heard at the room door. "Come in!" said Estridge.

The person who entered was not Lidiard, as the priest expected, but a female servant who, since her girlhood, had lived with Father Estridge. She was now about three-and-twenty years of age—a lumpish, half-idiotic sort of woman, whom incessant watchfulness and perpetual scheming had gifted with cunning.

"So, Rachael," said Estridge, "you are come home at last. I am sorry, my girl, you should have been out in such weather. I'm right glad to see you back. Tell me everything."

"You'd a' seen me afore, master, had there been any danger," returned the girl, running her front finger along the edge of her bonnet to throw off the rain-drops that hung there.

"I know it, good Rachael," rejoined Estridge.

"I was close upon their heels, all the time," continued the girl. "They went into a good many houses; but when they asked at the chandler's-shop down the court, who 'twas as lived in our house, and was told as 'twas an old man as letted lodgings, they didn't want to know no more, and scoured right away. I was buying of a piece of bacon all the time they was axing their questions at the shop, so they never suspected nothing of me."

"Well done, Rachael," returned the priest; "now you perceive the wisdom of my offering to let lodgings. Still, it is a daring thing, and may involve much risk. Do you know, my girl, I'm not exactly easy about this lodger of ours. He evidently distrusts *us*, for he has placed a new lock on one of the closets in his room."

"Oh, there's no harm in he," responded Rachael. "If I thought there was——"

"Well, well, you are a faithful creature," interrupted the priest. "Now go and change your clothes. You are wet through."

The woman disappeared, and left Estridge to resume his cogitations about Lidiard. He paced for some minutes up and down his room. At length, his apprehensions seemed to be somewhat relieved. "After all," thought he, "my dread of this young stranger may be vain. Nothing is so perversely ingenious as fear in conjuring up false phantoms. God send the present may be so! Yet, what is it that tempts this Lidiard out to his night-perambulations? Fool that I am! I can perhaps know that, and everything else which may be necessary to me, if I draw him to confession in my character of priest. I will try it this very night. He will hardly sally forth in such desperate weather. The tempest is increasing; the rain comes down in torrents; the lightning grows more quick, more dazzling, more perilous; and, hark! the dreadful thunder smites our roof, as though it would hammer it to fragments. It is very late. Lidiard *must* be in his room. I will even now go to him, and endeavour to fathom his secret.

With this view, Father Estridge repaired to Lidiard's apartment. Having knocked, and received no answer, he opened the door, and walked in. No one was there. The terrors of the night had not kept the young man in door. "I will sit up for him," ejaculated Estridge, "though he has the means of admitting himself. If possible, I will tempt him to repose confidence in me."

Estridge accordingly remained for upwards of an hour on the watch, when hearing the outer door opened, he presented himself in the passage, and kindly accosted Lidiard as he entered, enveloped in his cloak. The young man fell back for a moment as he saw his host; but, soon recovering composure, he passed along the passage, and would have ascended the stairs to his own chamber, had he not been stopped by his landlord.

"What, not a single word of greeting, and on such a night, too!" exclaimed Estridge. "As I knew you were out in this commotion of the elements, I have remained up to receive you, and to administer to your comforts."

"Thank you," replied the young man; "but all I want to-night is my bed."

"You have not supped, I dare say," returned Estridge; "for you look pale and exhausted. I am sure you need refreshment. Come to my room; you will there find food and a fire."

"I do not need them," said Lidiard. "Let me pass, I beg."

"Come," pursued the priest, laying his hand on Lidiard's arm, "do not thus cast off the well-meant offices of a friend. Depend on it, you will sleep the better after being refreshed with meat and drink."

"Let me pass, I say!" thundered the young man, impatiently pushing his host aside, and rushing up the stairs to his own room. Estridge was about to follow him, when he heard the door of his lodger's chamber locked.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" thought Estridge. "His absence till such an hour on such a night—his perturbation—his determination to be alone, are all unaccountable; and the roughness of his manner to me personally, bodes no good. I am all impatience—all apprehension. But I must endeavour to lull my disquietude for the remainder of the night."

With this reflection, the priest retired to his bed, though not to sleep.

In the morning, the whole neighbourhood of Temple Bar was in commotion. One of the heads on the gate was missing, and conjecture was at a loss to account for its disappearance. That it should be displaced, could not be attributed to the turbulence of the preceding night; for the violent thunder and lightning had been accompanied by very little wind, and neither of the other heads were in the least shaken from their position. Besides, they had only recently been fixed on the spikes, and were so firmly placed as not to be easily dislodged. Inquiry was made in every direction; but no information could be gained. One of the neighbours, indeed, a drunken fellow, pretended that as he was returning home at a late hour, he had seen, or imagined he had seen, during a flash of lightning, a tall, dim figure on the summit of the gate; but the gleam was only momentary, and the quickly-succeeding darkness veiled the object from his view. This story was not believed, especially as the authority was so doubtful; it was held to be one of those marvellous relations incident to every unaccountable event. How, indeed, could any person scale such a place as the Bar without ladders? and had ladders been used, the watchmen must have seen them. That the head could nowhere be found, was certain; but the ghostly story of the tall, dim figure on the summit of the gate, obtained no credence. It was evidently the morning dream of a drunkard. Young Lidiard appeared as busy as others in endeavouring to fathom the mystery; but investigation was fruitless.

The circumstance, however, in a few days was almost forgotten, except by Estridge, to whom it caused considerable alarm. His uneasiness visibly increased, and he estranged himself more and more from his lodger. This was attributed by Lidiard to resentment at the impetuous conduct he had shewn to his host on the night of the storm, when exhaustion and weariness had overcome his usual good manners; and he watched for an opportunity to make some apology for his rudeness. But all his applications for an interview were met by excuses that the priest was engaged in spiritual matters, or was not at home. Lidiard, therefore, trusted that chance would furnish the means of reconcilement.

One afternoon, while taking his dinner at a tavern, the young man, who was now more frequently abroad during day-time, saw in the *Gazette* a reward offered for the apprehension of a man who had com-

mitted felony. The minute description of the delinquent's person and age (thirty-five years) arrested Lidiard's attention; and it was moreover stated, that the accused was supposed to be concealed either in London, or its vicinity. One of the objects which drew Lidiard to town was to hunt out a man whose personal characteristics, as they had been stated to him, were identical with those in the advertisement. It was not, however, in reference to this felony that Lidiard desired to find the person in question; a far different motive instigated him; and he was resolved, if possible, to see the fugitive before he should be captured by the officers of the law. But what measures could he adopt to approach an individual so closely concealed?

"Shall I consult my landlord?" thought Lidiard. "He is a man who, from his advanced age, must have seen much of the world. As the fugitive is of our own religion, Estridge may be the means of bringing us together. I'll try him; that is, if he'll give me an interview, which his late reserved and distant conduct almost forbids me to hope."

Resolving, however, to make the attempt, Lidiard procured a copy of the *Gazette*, returned to his lodgings, and having sent a pressing request to Estridge, was, after a time, summoned by Rachael to the priest's sitting-room.

"I have intruded on you, reverend Sir," said the young man, as he went into the priest's presence, "to ask your counsel on a matter touching which I feel great anxiety. But first, let me crave pardon for my rudeness on the night when you were so good as to sit up for me, and when your proffered civilities were uncourteously repelled. Your charity, I hope, will find some palliation for my conduct in the fatigue I then suffered, and in my long exposure to the roughest weather I was ever out in. Forgive me, I pray."

"Enough," replied the priest, extending his hand, which the other grasped. "Let us not again advert to the subject. In what way can I now serve you?"

"You have, no doubt, noticed," pursued Lidiard, "that I am a stranger in London, and that I pass my time solitarily. Perhaps, you may have wondered what brings me hither. I will tell you. I have an anxious and pressing motive to trace out an individual, who I believe is lurking somewhere in this great wilderness of houses. Like you and I, he is of the Romish church; and it has occurred to me that, in your priestly character, you may have a much wider circle of acquaintance among the limited number of adherents to our persecuted faith at present in London, than a mere layman can boast."

"Very likely," responded Estridge. "But who is the man of whom you are in search?"

"Why, I am sorry to say, his fame is not very good at present," replied Lidiard. "In this paper," he continued, handing the *Gazette* to Estridge, "you will see not only the offence he is charged with, and that he now goes by the name of Brabant, but a statement of his religion, and a description of his person."

Estridge took the paper, and read the advertisement two or three times attentively, as if he would get it by heart. "I know this man," said he. "For what purpose do you require to see him?"

Lidiard paused for some little time. At length he said in rather a tremulous voice, "Why, it seems that he has been hunted from place

to place, perhaps by protestant malignity. The charge of felony may be trumped up against him. The persecution of bigotry is without limit. I would bring him rest."

The priest scanned his lodger's features as though he would look into his very soul. "Good!" said he. "You shall see Brabant to-morrow evening at this time."

"Where?" eagerly demanded Lidiard.

"Here," replied the priest. "That Brabant is unhappy, I have long perceived; though I cannot believe he has sinned so deeply as this paper states. I will bring him to confession. Whatever may be his guilt, much or little, he must not want for spiritual comfort; after which, you may, if it be in your power, fulfil your views by insuring his secular repose."

"Leave that to me, good father," rejoined Lidiard. "If you send him to my room after your sacred ministrations are over, it will be enough."

"It shall be done," replied Estridge. "You will now, my good friend, excuse me if I say, that business of an urgent nature requires me to be alone."

"Do not let me be a trespasser," said the young man, retiring. "Then I shall see you and Brabant to-morrow evening?"

"Yes; good night."

Lidiard returned to his own room, not a little excited by the prospect that the purpose of his visit to London was so near fruition. He sat some time in meditation. It grew late. The house was perfectly quiet. He lay down in his bed; but without offering up his usual prayers. The night passed without bringing him sleep; and he was glad when morning was sufficiently advanced for him to rise. Rachael placed his breakfast before him, but he could not eat; and though the girl watched him narrowly, his mind was too much pre-occupied to permit his noticing her keen scrutiny. Mid-day passed, and evening drew nigh. Lidiard sat at his window to watch for the approach of him whom he had been taught to expect. But no one came, nor did he see anything of Estridge. At length, tormented with suspense, he rang his bell, and brought Rachael to his room.

"Can I see your master?" inquired he.

"Master!" echoed the girl. "Why, bless you, Sir, master took and went out of town—a matter of ten miles off—very early this morning. Didn't you know it?"

"No, indeed," replied Lidiard. "He is gone for Brabant," thought he to himself. Then addressing Rachael, he said, "You expect him back every moment, don't you?"

"Dear me, no!" was the reply. "He is very poorly—very bad; and is gone into the country for change of air. He won't come home for a matter of three weeks."

Lidiard could hardly believe his ears. "Why," said he, "your master made an appointment with me for this very evening. Strange that he should depart without any explanation! Did he leave no message for me?"

"No," replied the girl.

"I fear I have acted unwisely," said Lidiard to himself, when Rachael had left the room. "I have played into Brabant's hands. It is evident to me that Estridge has gone to put his man on the alert.

What folly, what madness, could have possessed me to disclose my wish to any one? Curse on my stupidity! I have foiled myself!"

In such bitter reflections and self-upbraidings, the young man passed the time till after midnight. He thought not of going to bed, weary as the preceding night's sleeplessness had made him. As he sat wrapped in painful meditations, he heard a key turned stealthily in the street-door, followed by cautious footsteps along the passage, and down the kitchen stairs. "Who can this be at such an hour?" thought the young man. "Estridge? No. Why should he enter his own house like a night-thief? And yet let me not be too hasty in conclusions. He has played me falsely, that's evident. A man who commits one deception, will practise another. Who is this Estridge? A priest? I begin to doubt it. The manner of his life differs from that of every clergyman I have known. The story of his having gone into the country may be a lie of that sinister-looking wench. If I thought it was he who had just entered the house, I would confront him at all hazards, and rebuke his duplicity. Ay, and I *will* go down, come what, come may," continued he, starting on his feet. "My ear traced the steps to the kitchen. Better anything than this bewildering suspense! If the stealthy visitant be indeed Estridge, I will never leave him till he has put Brabant in my power."

Lidiard now took off his shoes, and descended the stairs on tip-toe, till he arrived at the kitchen-door. Had it been locked, he was prepared, in the frenzy of his excitement, to burst it open. On turning the handle, however, the door gave way, and he entered. Estridge was, indeed, there; but though his aspect differed from that which he usually had, there was little difficulty in recognising him. A temporary bed was at his side; his coat and waistcoat were off; and a wig of grey hair lay on the table. Estridge, moreover, looked considerably younger than Lidiard had ever seen him.

Confounded as the man was, he sought to mask, by an indignant manner, the effect of his surprise at so sudden and unexpected an intrusion. "How dare you, sir," vociferated he to Lidiard, in a tone very different from what he had before assumed—"how dare you break in on my privacy in this way?"

"Mr. Estridge," said Lidiard, with forced calmness, between his set teeth, "you have deceived me in two things. Firstly, by promising I should meet you and Brabant this evening; and secondly, by instructing your servant to say you had gone to the country for three weeks. Sir, you are a liar—a mean liar!—your assumption of priesthood is also a lie. Nay, do not start, nor attempt to bully me, for worse sounds are yet to ring in your ears. Villain! I suspect, from your present appearance, that you are Brabant himself—though even that name is a shuffling alias!"

"Mr. Lidiard," returned Estridge, in a trembling and broken voice, "you talk wildly—you know not what you say."

"It is just possible, sir," responded the young man, "that I may be wrong in my surmise. If so, I will make a humble atonement, craving pardon at your very feet; for I am sadly bewildered with long suffering, and may be rash—very rash. God help me! But the matter may be tested, if you will come with me to my room."

"I will not be disturbed at my hour of rest," said Estridge. "Leave me, sir. I refuse to go with you."

"Then, by the heaven above us! I will drag you thither by the hair of your head! Mark me! I am desperate. If you would avoid the fatal acts of one goaded almost to madness—if you love your life, and are conscious that I accuse you wrongly—come with me, and do not tempt me to strangle you there where you sit."

"You hector in brave style," said Estridge, faintly; "but you forget that one man is as good as another."

"Wretch!" vociferated Lidiard, seizing the other by the throat, and lifting him from his chair with almost superhuman strength—"you must, you *shall*, come with me!"

"Loose your grasp, sir, and I will follow."

"Nay, you shall go *before* me. Out of my sight you do not pass, till you and I have had further discourse."

As the two men ascended the stairs, Rachael, who had overheard their loud altercation, followed them at a distance, and, on their entering Lidiard's room, planted herself at the door, and listened intently to what was going on. Faithful to her master, she had taken a loaded pistol, either to use herself, in case of extremity, or to put into Estridge's hands.

"Now," said Lidiard, heaving a deep sigh, when the door had closed on him and his landlord—"now, I will soon ascertain if my suspicion is correct." Taking a lamp from his table, he unlocked a closet, and drew a black cloth from an object placed there, when the head which had been taken from the summit of Temple Bar, was disclosed. "Look here! look here!" gasped he.

Estridge's eyes fell on the grim relic, which could easily be identified by a peculiar scar on the forehead, inflicted on the deceased when fighting, at the head of his regiment, against the butcher, Cumberland, for the miserable pretender. One glance was enough: Estridge's eye-lids dropped; his countenance changed; he shrieked with dismay; and sank on a seat, uttering incoherent exclamations of despair.

"I am right!" shouted Lidiard. "Thou art he! Murderer, your time is come! Here is a fearful witness of your treachery—sordid, base, degenerate treachery, for filthy gold! I am your victim's son. Ah, now you know *my* real name, as I know *yours!*"

"Mercy, mercy!" ejaculated Estridge, falling on his knees.

"You supplicate in vain," rejoined the young man, with features deformed by passion, and eyes glaring with an almost insane expression. "My father's spirit sees me, and demands a sacrifice. I have rescued his head from the infamy of public exposure, and will now wreak a bloody revenge on his destroyer. Had you not betrayed *him* who trusted in you, he might now be living. O, that I had been with him! See, how short-sighted is treachery! Abandoned by your party for perfidy, you have been driven to eke out a miserable existence by felonious practices; and unerring Fate has guided my blind steps to your very door. If you have grace to pray, pray now," he continued, brandishing a poniard; "for, by the blessed saints in heaven, you shall not live many minutes!"

Estridge was convulsed with terror. One chance, however, remained for escape. The door was suddenly thrown open from without by Rachael, and, darting towards it, Estridge received a pistol from the girl's hand. But, even thus armed, he dared not turn on his assailant; but, mad with the spasms of fear, rushed headlong down the stairs. Lidiard followed him at equal speed.

A dead silence ensued. The girl kept her post. Hour after hour did she remain in breathless agony. Nothing occurred to break the loneliness of the night.

At last, resolved to know the worst, she descended to the kitchen. The melancholy, ghost-like dawn, was making its first shivering approaches. It was a solemn hour for so dreadful a quest. No human being was there. She went to the outer door, and found it bolted inside. She next examined the parlours and the cellars. Like the rest, all was quiet and empty. She went again to Lidiard's room, and there her terror was increased on seeing the ghastly head. All was drear perplexity and horror!

Rachael remained at home the entire succeeding day; but as night came on, she abandoned the place over which a spell seemed to hover.

To the surprise of the neighbours, day after day passed, and Estridge's house was not unclosed, nor did a soul go in or come out. So strange a circumstance could not fail to become the subject of much wondering conversation; and at last, on application being made to a magistrate, the door was broken open, and the dwelling searched. Every room was furnished; but they were untenanted. What could it all mean? But the greatest surprise was the discovery of the head which had been stolen from the Bar. Extensive inquiry was made; though nothing to elucidate the mystery came to light; and for years the deserted house, and the Jacobite's head, furnished food for gossip and wonder, and for the speculations of writers in newspapers, of ballad-mongers, and of pamphleteers, some of whom ascribed the sudden disappearance of tenant, servant, and lodger, to the witchcraft of the scarlet lady of Babylon, and others to the personal agency of his Satanic majesty.

About twenty years after the above event, as some workmen were excavating the ground near Temple Bar, for the purpose of making a sewer, they broke into a subterranean chamber curiously fashioned, and which, from the remains of an altar, had probably been used by recusants, as a hidden place of worship. In this apartment two skeletons were found; a rusty knife or dagger, and a pistol were lying beside them. On searching further, the men discovered a door made of strong quarterings filled with bricks on edge, firmly cemented, and evidently contrived to look like the wall, and elude observation. On pushing this, the rusty hinges gave way, and further examination shewed that the door had been formerly opened and closed by a spring. An entrance was now gained into other vaults, the course of which being pursued, led to the cellars belonging to a house in a court near Shire Lane. This house was identified as the one wherein the mysterious transaction of 1746 had occurred. It was supposed, therefore, that Estridge, knowing of this place of refuge, had taken the house which commanded it; and being pursued by Lidiard, had flown thither, though not quickly enough to gain the sanctuary so as to exclude his enemy. In this deep and hidden recess, the opponents had probably fallen by the hands of each other.*

* An old subterranean catholic chapel was lately discovered under a house in the city, which had most likely been used as a secret place of worship by recusants during the severe persecution of the papists. (See "The Year Book.")

Our Library Table.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES OFF THE STAGE.

The Stage-Coach; or, the Road of Life. By John Mills, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn. —It is not more true that "all the world's a stage," than that all the world's a stage-coach; and Shakspere would doubtless have said the one thing as well as the other, if he had enjoyed the advantage possessed by Mr. Mills, of living in an age when the stage-coach was not unjustly ranked among modern miracles of improvement, as an approach within a hair's breadth of perfectibility—when, in short, it was very properly numbered among the invaluable institutions of this favoured country.

There are, in the manifold circumstances attending the start and management of the stage-coach, in the associations connected with its comings and goings, with its triumphs and its upsets—its passengers inside and out, its constant relays and ever-changing drivers, its hangers-on and helpers infinite —a series of pictures in which it is not difficult to discern so many component parts of a representation of human life; we see, as the machinery passes, the dust of Time and the rolling wheels of Destiny. The "Road," in fact, is a realization, and an exact one enough, of the way of the world.

But, alas!—for it is impossible to make mention of a stage-coach in these days without having speedy resource to this expressive interjection,—Alas!— Why, it sounds like the name of one of the comparatively few forlorn and lingering runners yet left on the Queen's drearier highways! The exclamation follows the idea of the coach, like its title. It is high-time to obliterate the names of the remaining vehicles; to rechristen the remnant of the mighty and far-extending line of the long-stagers; to paint out the "Regulator," the "Champion," and the "Triumph," wherever we find the words—substituting in conspicuous letters the distinctive appellations of the "Heu Mihi!" the "Woe-is-me!" and the "All-dickey!"

As the old York waggon was to its successors, the "Celerity" and the "Alert"—so have these in turn become to the "Flash of Lightning," by which we now travel.

What a flash, crash, and dash were there in the flying stage-coach of our boyhood; and what a dull, dingy creeper it seems now. It looks ever to the criticising and pitying eye as though it had started long after its proper time, and was industriously trying to be too late—with every chance in that respect of being perfectly successful.

Nothing reminds us so forcibly of the astonishing onward progress of things —of the amazing rapidity with which we are leaving the Past behind, and rushing, while we are yet but the Present, into the actual Future—as the stage-coach, when making its daily movement as of old towards some scarce road, which the rail, strange to say, has not yet reached.

But though the glory of stage-coaching Europe be extinguished for ever— or, as Wordsworth may be supposed to sing, in his great ode—

> "What though the glory that was once so bright,
> Be now for ever vanish'd from my sight;
> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of glory in the 'Gem,' and splendour in the 'Flower,'"

the road of life, as Mr. Mills calls it, runs on still; and as the wise philosophy learned upon it, should be, to turn everything to the best account, so here we have the stage-coach doing duty in another capacity, and serving as a literary vehicle for all passengers who happen to have strong predilections for romance and revelry, and are disposed to seek all sorts of flying adventures, by dint of sitting quietly in the summer-shade up to the very eyes in "light reading."

How much a thing of the past, a vehicle of untimely neglect, the stage-coach is becoming, we gather from the very opening lines of these tales of the

road, descriptive of the scene amidst which they are told. Fancy an old inn in the vicinity of Aldgate, the entrance just sufficiently wide to admit a coach, the outside passengers bending their heads low to escape that well-known favour, "a bumper at parting;" the building, a contracted oblong, of great height, with large gable-ends jutting out everywhere—an old wide, carved, smoke-black balcony running across midway, exhibiting a faded creaking sign—corridors sweeping through the edifice, flanked with doors whose numbers bear a sad disproportion to the scarcity of inmates—the yard having its large stables, with empty stalls. Scarcely a flattened straw remains upon the sunken bricks; a battered horn-lantern still hangs in one of the abandoned places, and blue mould stifles up the inch of candle that remains unconsumed in the socket. In this mournful and desolate description, how plainly we read the triumph of the Railway—the downfall of the Coach! The spot may be further seen in the portraits of two of its tenants. The first, John Hogg—

"A man slowly descended a ladder, from a hay-loft over one of the stalls just described, and, with a lazy yawn, lifted his hands above his head, and stretched his legs upon the pavement. He was short and sturdy built, with shins that inclined to form a curve. His head seemed placed upon his shoulders as if Nature had economized, and dispensed with the superfluity of a neck. Crisp hair stood upon his head, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' One full black eye alone performed the office of vision, the other having been cut out with the thong of a four-in-hand whip, intended by a novice to lift a stinging fly from the tip of a leader's ear. His arms were so long that when standing upright he could polish the knees of his drab breeches—a habit very constantly practised by him. A round greasy cloth cap, stuck on one side of his head, gave him a careless, swaggering appearance; while a bright scarlet neckerchief, twisted once round where his throat ought to have been, added to the knowing, ostlerish costume."

The second, one Mr. Wirkem, of whose office in connexion with a coach, there can be no more mistake than in the other case; albeit, he is jolly to the last, in spite of the foul fiend, Steam.

"The speaker was a tall, corpulent man, who had entered the room unperceived by the soliloquizer. His ruddy, weather-beaten visage was partly shaded by a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and a fat double-chin was encased in the ample folds of a blue-spotted shawl. A long striped waistcoat, approaching his knees, was buttoned closely over a portly body, and a pair of drab breeches, with fawn-coloured ribands dangling in graceful negligence at the knees, adorned a couple of tubby-looking legs. The coat, which afforded protection not only to his ample shoulders, but to his heels, was of faded brown, and highly-polished laced-up shoes completed the attire."

It is in such an inn, in company suited to this pair—(a free-and-easy congregation of whips who have seen better days, but much of everything in the world, both in town and country) that the adventures are related which bear so aptly the designation of the "Road of Life." Each of a score assembled, in turn relates his tale of sad or jolly experience—the fox-hunter succeeds to the cad, the swell follows the ostler—the crack of the whip is heard in all, and scraps of characteristic conversation fill up the frequent pauses in the more romantic and connected narrative. The result is, a succession of tales, fanciful and facetious, embracing an immense variety of scenes, incidents and characters in actual life—together with others of a more polished and imaginative quality, as often as a broken-down gentleman takes his turn to contribute to the fund of entertainment. Of this latter class, is a tale entitled the Betrothed (the longest, perhaps, in the work), containing some features of painful and exciting, if scarcely legitimate interest; and many scenes touched with pathos, or dashed with brilliant colour. Freshness and animation are over all; and the fine animal spirits of the writer, though naturally at their greatest height when sporting-subjects are a-foot, evidently accompany him throughout his ever-shifting scene.

All the subjects and descriptions in this work will not equally charm all parties, but in their variety there is a sure resource. Every reader, however, will be struck with the grace and buoyancy of some pages, as well as with the

tenderness and sentiment of others; qualities which Mr. Mills can not only introduce into prose, but exercise in verse, as a short specimen of the poetical elegances, scattered through the stories, like flowers by the road-side, will serve to shew:—

"Now, while love, and hope, and feeling,
Into every vein are stealing,
Say, what shall I with books?
Then, dearest lady, come with me,
I'll not neglect philosophy,
But read it in thy looks.

"Evening primroses are blowing;
Come, and since no star is glowing,
I'll gaze within thine eye;
Among the smiles that sparkle there,
As bright as starlight, but more fair,
Is my astronomy.

"We will walk, long silent hours,
Brushing dew from heavy flow'rs;
And though you turn from me,
Low bowing with a bashful grace,
New creeds I'll gather from thy face
Of sweet philosophy."

IRELAND AND HER LAKES.

A Week at Killarney. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Engravings. How.—The large and handsome work from the same popular and fertile source —"Ireland," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—is, we hope, familiar to most of our readers. By its illustrations, literary and pictorial, it has claims upon permanent favour, as its authors have upon public gratitude, for the spirit in which they have executed their most difficult and honourable task. It is a book which has a tendency to lessen the distance between the English and the Irish people. It indicates a feeling which, if fairly met on the other side of St. George's Channel, can hardly fail in its general diffusion to hold together the two sister-nations in a bond to which the mere letter of the legislative union is weakness itself.

The amount of historical and statistical information drawn within the scope of the varied and agreeable narrative, denotes the utmost care and research; the extent of inquiry into the influences of late changes, and the condition and prospects of the peasantry under the many forms which neglect and oppression take in that much-suffering country, shews with what zeal and sympathy personal investigation was carried on throughout the island by its literary illustrators; while the felicitous pictures of social and domestic life, the fresh and vigorous portraitures of character, the picturesque sketches, whimsical anecdotes, and above all, perhaps, the irresistible examples of Irish pathos as well as humour, evince the happiest union in the two authors of qualities rarely found, but most essential in their fullest force to the production of a clear, bold, animated, and impartial work upon Ireland.

In the "Week at Killarney," we have, as it were, a chapter of the large work, amplified and made complete, so as to be better adapted for its purpose —that of serving as companion to the Lakes—than the work whence it is chiefly derived could, in the nature of things, be. It is in truth a guide-book to Killarney's famous waters; and by its superior beauty—beauty both of the pen and the pencil — far outshining the united radiance of all guide-books hitherto devised—is worthy to represent the splendours of the matchless lakes themselves.

There are frequent traces in these agreeable pages that due pains have been taken to ensure accuracy upon points on which it is imperatively essential to the tourist; the advice and instruction given are manifestly the result of much

experience, and prudent calculation and reflection; while the exposition of the natural beauties of the place, the interest discoverable on the routes, and the ease and convenience with which one of the most delightful of all excursions may be taken, are well calculated to heighten our already-elevated impressions of Killarney, and to stimulate curiosity in its favour.

The different routes to the far-famed waters are pleasantly described and illustrated; engravings exhibit the peculiar features of the road, and maps come in aid of the useful work. How much is to be seen in a day, is carefully explained; and beauties are so parcelled out, that abundant as they are, it is clear that all may be easily viewed. Then the historical summaries and references are just of the proper length; and the descriptive accounts are interspersed with those literary graces—sparkles of fancy and touches of deep and natural feeling—which few of the writers' pages are without.

For one passage, we have promised ourselves a little space,—it is evidently from the pen of the lady, to whom we are all so indebted for sketches, and pictures, and essays now very numerous, and destined, we hope, to be multiplied for years to come—writings which do more than exhibit, with exquisite truth and discrimination, the Irish habit and the Irish heart—they are as often types of all humanity, and expositors of the heart universal.

What we refer to, is a picture of that which every tourist is pretty sure to encounter at the Lakes—

A WET DAY.

"Pour—pour—pour!—a thorough day of Killarney rain—pour—pour—pour—unceasingly! The noble trees of Mucross absolutely bend beneath the weight of waters. The cock who crowed so proudly yesterday, and carried his tail as if it were a Repeal-banner, has just tottered past, his crested neck stooped, and his long feathers trailing in the mud;—the hens have disappeared altogether. The pigs!—no one ever did see a pig at liberty about Cloghreen;—compulsatory stay-at-homes! But there is a pony waiting to carry some one up to Mangerton—his ears laid back, and the water flowing down his sides. Three of the glen girls, with their goats'-milk and potteen, having stood for at least two hours under what, in ordinary weather, would be called 'the shelter of the trees,'—but now the trees look as if they themselves wanted shelter. And so the glen girls, with their yellow streaming hair, and piggins and bottles, and cracked tea-cups, have disappeared. Dill, poor little fuzzy-faced dog, has crept into the parlour wet and shivering, and is now looking up at the fire, composed of logs of holly, and huge lumps of turf,—in a *distrait* sort of way, not grinning as usual—the nearest approach to a human laugh we ever saw on a dog's face. The men who passed and repassed yesterday, carrying hampers of turf slung across their shoulders—what has become of them? Certainly, they did not hurry at their occupation, but took it easy—'very asy;' lounging along in a somnambulist sort of style, indicative of a strong desire for repose. A few of the village children have passed to the pretty school; and they have either gallopped through the rain like young rough-shod colts, or gone in detachments—threes and fours, sheltered beneath their mother's cloak—a moving tent of grey or blue cloth. Everything appears shivering and nerveless—nature's energies seem washed away—the calf that was 'mooing' all yesterday to its mother has not the spirit now to move its tasselled tail, or raise its ears, or ask for a drop of milk. The gentle, patient 'fishing gentleman,' whom three years ago we left in a boat on Torc Lake, and discovered on the very same spot this summer—he whose name is never mentioned without a blessing, has come forth, looked up, shook his head twice at the clouds, then disappeared altogether, to tie flies, or perhaps count, as we have been doing, the number of rain-drops hanging from the window-frame, and wondering which will fall first. A little shock-headed girl, whose wild eyes glitter from out her hair, her cloak hanging in what artists call *wet drapery* around her, has just brought in news that the bridge is under water. . .

"How different is the soft splashy sound of the bare-footed peasants, who, at long intervals, slop past the windows, to the sharp clinking pattens of English dwellers in country villages! . . . .

"We migrate from the dwelling-house to the covered car. It is a sort of miniature wagon; and though the wind still blows, and the rain still pours, we heed neither, but drive through the Mucross Gate, opened by the civil Nolan. Certainly, the Kerry people are the civilest and gentlest in all Ireland—ever ready and good-natured. It pours incessantly; yet the driver Jerry, heedless of the

rain, only hopes we shall get a view of something, for we deserve it. The beautiful cows are grouped under the trees that so often afford them shelter—but now each leaf is a water-spout. We can only distinguish the outline of the Abbey—pour—pour—the lake has overflowed all its banks, and we splash through the water where the road is generally high and dry. Suddenly, as we arrive at Brickeen Bridge, the rain ceases, and while we get out of the car the sun bursts forth through the gorged clouds; his face has a damp, drowned aspect, yet words convey no idea of the effects of the sudden sunshine on the landscape; the view both to the right and left, created as it were, in a moment by the sudden burst of light, is magical; the clouds roll up the mountains—woods, hills, valleys, rocks, cascades, are all illuminated; but, in less time than it has taken us to write this line, the sun is again enclosed by a wall of black clouds; the vapours pour down the mountains, and we are thankful, as we ought to be, for the shelter of the 'covered car.' We dash through the drive that encircles the beautiful demesne—up hill and down dale—Jerry pausing now and then, and exclaiming, 'Oh! den, but it is a pity! dere is a beautiful view, just there!—Well praise to de Almighty, but it is a wonderful day of rain, and no end to it.' We get out at Dinis Island, and walk through the pouring shower to the best point for seeing the Old Weir. Ay! that is indeed worth seeing—it is almost impossible to believe we have ever glided under that arch, as if floating on air; the mountain streams are rushing down on every side; they have roused the lake; torrent meets torrent in fierce encounter; they lash each other, and foam and raise their crested heads, until the Old Weir Bridge seems to sink into the raging flood. It is really very glorious—'well worth the trouble'—yes, certainly, *very* well worth seeing, although it be of all others the thing in nature most distasteful—a beauty in a passion."

THE LATE SENIOR POET.

Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edmund Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S. Who may now be the father of the living poets (properly so called) is a point which we leave the reader to find out; but few probably, if asked the question a short time ago, would have accorded the honours of seniority in the poetical department to the excellent inventor of the power-loom. We believe, however, that until recently the wreath due to the eldest living poet would have been justly bestowed on Dr. Cartwright.

In a letter addressed in later years to James Montgomery, the fine old enthusiast, (for such he was to the last,) one of the worthiest and most rightly honoured labourers in the fields of science that England has had the good fortune to possess, dates his poetical paternity from the year 1762. It was eight years afterwards that he published his *Armine and Elvira*, a legendary tale that went through seven editions in little more than a year, at a time (he says) "when few of my poetical sons now living could have held a pen or probably were born." But great days for poets they assuredly were. Seven editions in a twelvemonth! To be sure, we are to recollect that poets were scarce. Having but few bards, men were obliged to multiply editions of their songs. "When I first appeared," says good old Cartwright, "in the poetical horizon, there were scarcely a dozen poets, good or bad; now they are as numerous as the stars of heaven." And thence comes a paucity of editions; for in our day, this ballad tale of the school of "Edwin and Emma" would hardly arrive at a second—yet it is excellent of its kind, and is very rightly included in some of the collections. The graceful fancy of the following exhibits its spirit fairly:—

"If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh,
And memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye;

"Then pious hope and duty praised
The wisdom of th' Unerring Sway;
And while his eye to heaven he raised,
Its silent waters stole away."

The pleasing powers of Cartwright as a poet deserve the honouring mention they have found in this interesting volume; a tribute to, and record of, a man whose claims to remembrance are founded on far more important achievements than legendary poems. A brief account of Edmund Cartwright may be acceptable to many readers.

Born in 1743, he entered University College, Oxford; and though earnestly bent towards the sea, was forced to exchange all thoughts of the quarter-deck for the feelings belonging to the pulpit. Holding two livings successively, in Derbyshire and Leicestershire, he was, at forty, a country parson, and something of a poet; a decided Whig, and a contributor to the "Monthly Review." Cartwright wrote the criticism on Crabbe's first poem, and also the notice of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

In 1784, being on a visit at Matlock, Arkwright's method of spinning cotton by machinery, then recently established in the neighbourhood, became a subject of controversy, and, with Cartwright, of contemplation. Some speculations respecting it led him to reflect. Why not, thought he, apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving, and contrive looms to work up the yarn as fast as the spindle produced it? The notion was laughed at. But he went home, worked steadily, and in seven months took out a patent for the first power-loom.

He was less lucky in his machinery than in his legends; for no such rewards followed, although he added improvements, and had unquestionably accomplished a most important invention. No discouragement, however, could dull the edge of his ardour; he went on projecting and improving; and in the space of seven years from the time of his ceasing to be a mere quiet poetical country parson, he had taken out nine patents, built extensive works, and received an order from a wealthy house in Manchester for the use of four hundred of his looms. These had hardly been set to work, when the mill was burnt down. The poor inventor and poet made an assignment of his property, and came to London.

Here speculations relative to steam navigation occupied his mind, and afterwards various improvements in agricultural implements procured him popularity, if not profit. His greater services in Manchester, however, were not forgotten by the manufacturers; and they memorialized parliament for a recompence, which came, to the extent of ten thousand pounds; he had lost thirty. He was in his eightieth year when he died—the impulse and the ingenuity being still strong upon him; for he was inventing still, when death quietly summoned the cheerful, gifted, honourable labourer in the fields of science.

The British Ballads, which Mr. S. C. Hall proposed to collect for the honours of illustration some considerable time ago, have now made much progress. All the specimens we have not seen, but commend heartily we must, and do, the seventh and eighth parts which we have just met with. Mr. Hall has made wise and tasteful choice of his subjects, and the illustrative notes are appropriate and interesting. The pictures with which most of these rare old ballads abound seem to have awakened the emulative genius of the artists. In the last part how excellent they all are. The startling ballad of "Rudiger," (E. M. Ward;) the "Eve of St. John," so admirably illustrated, (J. N. Paton;) and "Barthram's Bridge," with its touching points, (F. McIan;) are all worthy, like many of their companions, of long preservation. Mr. Franklin, and other artists besides those just named, are in great force, and the result promises to be a work interesting both in point of literature and art.

Twelve Views in Corsica include Napoleon's house, the room in which he was born, the grotto wherein he had his first studies, and various scenes illustrative of his early military career. These are drawn and etched in excellent style by Mr. W. Cowen, who may boast of having made a valuable addition to the Napoleon memorials.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER IX.

VULGAR ROBBERY OBJECTIONABLE.—THE AMATEUR HIGHWAYMEN TRACED.—THE PEER DISCOVERS HIS PLUNDERER.

Our gentlemen of the road, having decided upon leaving nothing in Lord Silverstick's carriage that was worth carrying away, now hastened off to the "Bird and Baby," to meet Lord Randy, leaving their trusty ally Dick Hibblethwaite, to watch over the fallen earl and his attendants, and in due season to liberate them—gratitude to the son prompting this gentlemanly tenderness for the father.

A virtuous deed is rarely unrewarded; and accordingly Dick was duly recompensed, after the lapse of a few minutes, during which he was arranging in his mind the mode and order of emancipation consistent with his own safety, by an elegant dissertation in his lordship's best manner, on the necessity of observing the rules of Chesterfield in every pursuit and relation of life. He lamented the extremely un-Chesterfieldian nature of the *fracas*. The loss of the money, &c. —this he was too polite to express concern for; he only felt pained by the reflection that there had been so gross a deviation from those established rules of etiquette which even that class of persons vulgarly known as highwaymen could never be pardoned for forgetting.

"Such a redeeming grace is there in the principles of that great master, whom I flatter myself I have the honour to follow," pursued the earl, "that I am not certain but that a robber sedulously observing them, might so far exalt himself in the estimation of all cultivated minds——"

But here, insensible to the exhortation, Dick, who had liberated the postboys, unceremoniously interrupted Lord Silverstick, by announcing that his lordship was at that instant free to depart, and lecture on politeness in any county in Christendom. With one touch of the spur he was out of sight, leaving the earl to the contemplation of another breach of etiquette,—which was, the deep sleep which had fallen upon Mr. Snap,—that gentleman having taken advantage of the discovery of a stray half-bottle of brandy, to drink, in one overwhelming draught, confusion to the robbers.

Roused by an intimation from his patron, that to the "Bird and Baby," as the nearest respectable inn, it had become desirable to proceed, Snap in his turn delivered an harangue, anticipatory, in a very small voice, of the coming thunders of the law, which presently brought the party to the inn-door. Here, a sensation was instantly produced; the landlord's profound respect for his distinguished guest being succeeded by a shock of horror at hearing the news of the robbery; of which event the ostlers spread the exciting intelligence so rapidly through the house, that it penetrated like air into the very apartment wherein the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who had just before been joined by the gallant Dick, were festively assembled.

Consternation was the feeling, and departure was the word; but unhappily, Dick (such is the fate of good-nature) was recognised by his voice, while ordering his horse, by one of the ungrateful postillions whom he had stayed behind to liberate. To denounce him as one of the robbers was easy, but to obtain credence in this case difficult. The landlord was ready to swear to the honour of his guest; and Dick was not without many friends just then, ready to render him a similar service. The postboy was therefore laughed at, and the gay party of horsemen took their departure.

But there was one person left behind—besides the postboy—who silently believed the tale, and admitted the identity. This was no other than that zealous person, whose exhortation to Sam Orton, touching strong drink, had startled the party on the highway, while the latter gentleman was acting as guardian to Lord Silverstick. It was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Rowbotham. The strong suspicion, once lodged in the mind of that moralist, was as good as gold to him—and like gold, not to be lightly flung away. First ascertaining the office held by Snap, and the connexion between him and the plundered nobleman, Ebenezer cautiously intimated the existence of a secret; but as to the nature of it, indeed, the impatient and manifold questions of the lawyer elicited no explanation.

"Verily," said the good man, "it is not for a minister of peace to create confusion and anarchy between the brethren on earth."

A bribe, however, after a little decent delay, did its work, and the information given led to the landlord being summoned into the presence of the earl, his attorney, and his witness. From mine host, the inquirers learnt the character of the company and the events of the morning—involving a mention of Hibblethwaite, and eliciting an inquiry from Rowbotham as to his claim to the appellation of "Gallows Dick." The reply in the affirmative to this query, was the signal for one of those vehement and fiery harangues by which the distinguishing designation of the orator, "Ranting Row," had been so deservedly obtained. Dick's enormities since he impiously quitted the fold of Seal-street and the firm of Manesty being duly celebrated, the host completed his narrative of the movements of his guests; and at its conclusion, he having intimated that the party of roysterers were even then at a neighbouring inn, (a fact which they had confided to him, that he might send Lord Randy after them on his lordship's arrival,) Rowbotham and Snap repaired to the hostelry in question, where by simply secreting themselves near the open window of a room in which a lively conversation was being carried on, they, after a due exercise of patience, in the easiest and most natural manner in the world, became perfectly convinced that the gentlemen-revellers were the robbers of the earl, and that Lord Randy himself was not wholly unimplicated in an act of plunder, more daring, if not more direct, than earls usually experience at the hands of their affectionate and duteous heirs.

With this news, the respectable pair of listeners returned to the astonished and bewildered Lord Silverstick. That noble Earl, however, hearkened to the unpleasant tidings with as much composure, and as conformably to the strict rules of etiquette, as the great Chesterfield himself could possibly have done; and then, by severe admonitions, and much more effective appeals to that sense of interest which was particularly strong in both his hearers, he prevailed upon

them to promise to observe silence touching this discovery, and to suppress all mention of the name of his son, then and for ever, in relation to so rude and vulgar a proceeding as a highway robbery. Handing a gratuity to the good Ebenezer, he occupied his lawyer in drawing up a deed, which, when completed, gave to Lord Randy the formal and perfectly legal possession (if he should happen to get it) of that said sum of two thousand pounds, which it was pretty clear, would never find its way back into his own.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.—DEBATE ON THE DIVISION OF THE BOOTY.—FATAL DUEL, AND FLIGHT.

By this time, Lord Randy, according to agreement made some hours previous, arrived at the "Bird and Baby;" but instead of the message which his flashy friends, who had flown so judiciously, had left for him in the landlord's keeping, that functionary, obedient to a command of the earl's, apprised the new comer that a great nobleman was anxious for an interview with his lordship, and the next instant, a valet, not unfamiliar to his eyes, intimated that his father the Earl desired his presence up-stairs. As soon as the young lord recovered his breath, which fairly left him as this announcement entered his ears, he signified, with all the grace he could muster, his prompt compliance; and, ushered into the presence of the dignified author of his being, who received him with a stately coolness, he formally tendered his condolence to the earl on the unfortunate and disgraceful event of which he professed to have just cursorily heard below-stairs, adding a fervent wish that his lordship would instantly suffer him to depart, that he might endeavour to trace the villains, and bring them to condign punishment.

"The only way," returned Lord Silverstick, with amiable composure, and a bland smile—"the only way in which you can effectually trace the villains to the bar of justice, without incurring the degradation of a midnight pursuit, to the utter sacrifice of all personal dignity, would be by taking upon yourself the honourable duty of playing 'king's evidence' on the occasion."

Lord Randy put on, all things considered, a very creditable air of astonishment, touched with a pretty expression of anger at the unheard-of insinuation. He proceeded to descant on the topic of the wrong thus done to him by his revered parent, in a manner so energetic, and with such a disorderly rapidity of utterance, that his noble father was truly shocked.

"Lord Chesterfield," said he, quietly, "whose law is the true code of all politeness, never advocated force of expression or hastiness of language. I must beg you, therefore, to desist. I do not mind the denial of your guilt, but your gesticulations and rapid utterance offend me in the last degree."

Lord Silverstick then explained how the tale of plunder had been overheard, and by whom—and the consequent necessity of the assignment (already effected) of the stolen sum to Lord Randy, to stop the loquacity of the lawyer and the saint.

"I would not," said the excellent Lord Silverstick, "have this

affair transpire for the world. Apart from the robbery, and the immoral character of the parties, I should be shocked that my Lord Chesterfield should ever hear that you had selected for your companions such ill-mannered persons, the greatest boors in Lancashire."

Poor Randy, clearly convicted, could deny nothing; but listened quietly while the earl went on to explain that the two thousand pounds thus stolen, was a sum intended as the purchase-money of the estate which Lord Randy intended to sell—that he had designed originally, having bought the property, to return it as a present to his son—but that this parental pleasure he must now forego, as his agent was unprepared to meet another demand. His lordship suggested, however, but in much politer phraseology, that Lord Randy should instantly set to work to secure to himself as large a share of the plunder as he possibly could; and then taking leave of his son, as Lord Chesterfield would have parted from his, announced his intention of departing in the morning on a visit which he designed to do himself the pleasure of paying to his cousin Sir Hildebrand Stanley, in Cheshire.

This meeting and parting were agreeable neither to Snap nor Ebenezer. The former, however, was comforted with the promise of a large fee from Lord Randy, on condition of prevailing upon the Earl to complete the purchase of the estate according to the first arrangement; and the latter was soothed with the reflection that he was pretty sure of obtaining a larger reward from Manesty, for his secret affecting Dick Hibblethwaite and his associates, than Lord Silverstick had given him for his silence. He determined, therefore, to sound Manesty on the subject, and with that laudable purpose in view, he started for Liverpool.

Before we can yet escape with the reader into other company, which is awaiting us elsewhere, we are constrained to follow Lord Randy on his prudent mission to secure a share of the booty—a share all the more necessary to console him now that he had discovered the melancholy fact, of which Morality, not yet in full possession of its estate, would do well to take especial notice, that, in assenting to the robbery of his father, he had been in reality the instigator of a robbery committed upon himself.

On repairing to the appointed place of meeting, which he readily found the next morning, he discovered the party reviving after their revel of the night, and was received with a roar of welcome. They described the glorious exploit, and dwelt upon the golden gains with a feeling little below rapture. He applauded their spirit, their courage, their cleverness—vowed that if instead of coming of gentle blood they had all been born to be hanged, the affair could not have been managed better; and concluded by handsomely promising every hero in company the sum of fifty pounds, in token of admiration and esteem. But generous feeling like this is not understood in all companies, and a scene of extraordinary confusion immediately ensued.

Let it be understood that this disorder arose not in any degree from surprise at his lordship's liberality, or reluctance to share the money which they had received as his agents; but from indignation at the insignificance of the per centage. Many mouths were open, but only one voice came forth. All in a breath asked him what he meant. Sam Orton, moved in an extreme degree by the audacity of the case, felt compelled to call for a tumbler of punch, and drink a speedy

George Cruikshank

The Fatal Duel between Lord Randy and Sir Toby.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, 1845.

downfall to all monopolists. Sir Toby swore, Sir Roger stared, and Dick was quite positive that his friend was merely jesting—or had gone stark mad. In vain did altogether represent that his lordship had been perfectly safe, while they ran all the risk, and that whether they gave him a farthing, or a guinea, or nothing, depended upon their friendship and generosity—although they *had* arranged previously to present him with a round five hundred. This was in vain. Lord Randy reminded them in reply, that if he chose to give evidence, their necks were in jeopardy—informed them of the intended appropriation of the money, produced the deed of assignment, and argued at such length, that the day had drawn to an end ere the quarrel rose to its height. This came in the form of a challenge from Sir Toby.

Sam Orton, seconded by an extra tumbler of punch, acted as the second of the challenger, and Dick Hibblethwaite as the friend of Lord Randy. Swords were the weapons. They met next morning in an adjoining field, and the combat was long and skilfully sustained, until, at length, Lord Randy, pressed hard himself, but not desirous of such success, terminated all Sir Toby's follies, vices, and vexations, by running him through the heart. The poor baronet's death was instantaneous, but not more quick in coming than the consternation that sprang up among the surviving group.

In those days, duelling did not attract quite so large a share of public attention and anxiety, as in these later times it is apt to do; and a fatal rencounter would often happen without creating any particular sensation beyond the limits of the neighbourhood witnessing it, or the family suffering by its sad end. Yet all, nevertheless, agreed that Lord Randy's only safe course consisted in flight, and he himself was of the same opinion. Dick Hibblethwaite slipped his share of the now blood-stained booty into his hand, to meet present emergencies, and hurried him off to Liverpool, there to lie secreted until an opportunity for escape should offer. With the other second he remained upon the spot, to hear the coroner issue his warrant for the apprehension of the guilty absentee, and to put in bail to answer for his own part in the sudden and lamentable tragedy.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR HILDEBRAND'S GUESTS.—PROGRESS OF A SILENT PASSION.—A RIVAL STARTS UP.—TRUE LOVE'S GREATEST DIFFICULTY TO HOLD ITS TONGUE.—SOLID JOHN'S RETURN.

Young Manesty continued, during the absence of his uncle, to be a frequent, indeed a constant guest, of the good old master of Eaglemont; Sir Hildebrand's attachment to him being strengthened by experience of his conduct and observation of his character. But by one dweller in that noble mansion—so gossips, at least, would say—Hugh was invariably met with a still warmer welcome, though it never was trusted perhaps to words; and all might notice far more accurately that the beautiful Mary Stanley appeared to have no disrelish for the gentle but manly discourse of the youthful visitor. The baronet, little suspecting what other eyes were seeing, or fancying they saw, cultivated the young man's acquaintance; not dreaming even, that any one connected with trade could ever conceive the idea of an alliance

with his lofty house, but feeling pleasure in opportunities of patronising the nephew of one to whom he was under pecuniary obligations.

On one occasion, when he had joined, as he frequently did in Sir Hildebrand's field sports, Hugh's horse stumbled and threw him. His hurt appeared serious, and he was carried to the hall with sorrow depicted on every countenance. As they bore him in, there was an arrival at the hall-door—a guest of some distinction of presence, who was warmly greeted by the sorrowing master of the mansion, and much less warmly—with marked coldness rather—even amidst the agitation and distress which the accident to Hugh had occasioned—by its youthful mistress.

The new comer, the first ceremonials of greeting over, inquired relative to the invalid; and on learning his name, an expression of anything but pleasure passed over his face. Having ascertained that the young guest was related to "Solid John," the questions rather pointedly addressed were,—how long they had been acquainted with him, how often he visited, how long he stayed—and the closing remark, conveyed in a quiet and subdued voice, was, an intimation of his surprise that such a person should for a moment have been allowed to remain an inmate at Eaglemont!

The person thus arriving, and exhibiting with so little disguise his unfavourable opinion of Hugh, was Colonel Stanley, a nephew of Sir Hildebrand. Whatever sense of family importance might attach to the race of the Stanleys, was to the very full participated in by the colonel, who inherited besides, an aptitude for not under-rating in any degree his own personal merits. He had but a slender stock of that suavity which throws such a grace on aristocracy; nor was his character or bearing rendered more amiable by his professional associations, or his pursuits in the gay world, which were of a somewhat bold and dissipated turn even in the first flush of youth—a flush that might now be said to have partially faded.

Colonel Stanley took up his residence at the hall; and if those people who always *will* be talking, imagined symptoms of attachment on the part of Hugh to Mary Stanley, they might have spoken freely, without any influence of the imagination, of the passion with which it was evident she had in a very short time indeed inspired the colonel. His attentions to her became marked and constant; and the military lover had, it was quite clear, the favouring wishes, or at least the quiet approval of Sir Hildebrand himself.

But this was all. The decided coolness with which he had at first been received by the beautiful object of his adoration and his hopes, never warmed upon any occasion into cordiality; and formal politeness was, and promised to be, the only return accorded to his passion.

Hugh Manesty, in the meantime, operated upon, perhaps, as beneficially by the constant inquiries vouchsafed by Mary, as by the measures taken by the surgeon, recovered rapidly, and again made his appearance in the family circle. The necessary introduction to Colonel Stanley took place, and was characterized by extreme restraint and hauteur on the part of the high-born officer—a manner which Hugh was not slow to observe, though cautious in interpreting.

The cause of the evident dislike with which he was regarded, soon flashed upon his understanding, when Hugh discerned the apparent object of the colonel's visit, and the designs which he cherished with

respect to Miss Stanley. Something in Hugh's heart—a feeling not tinctured by vanity or presumption in the least—told him that he himself, though he could hardly dare hope to be a dangerous rival, might nevertheless be looked upon as one by the restless and suspicious eyes of Mary's relative and admirer.

It was this discovery, and the surmise which followed it, that determined him to be totally blind if possible to the cold indifference or even the marked rudeness of Colonel Stanley; and without forfeiting his own self-respect, to win the regard of others rather by the exercise of a superior sense, than an impatient and resentful spirit, in his unavoidable intercourse with his friend's guest.

Thus matters stood when Lord Silverstick arrived at Eaglemont, to gild the refined gold of the polite circle assembled there. The incident afforded a diversion for a moment to the antipathy which Colonel Stanley continued to display, and which soon settled with almost equal earnestness upon the earl himself, whose exquisite notions of politeness clashed fatally with his own, and threw into awkward relief his uncourteous and intolerant demeanour.

Lord Silverstick was too sensitive on all such points not to notice this peculiarity in the military member of the Stanley family; and was for the same reason, perhaps, struck with the true politeness and sensible spirit of Hugh Manesty, towards whom he soon evinced a partiality. This, on the other hand, had its influence upon the slighted son of trade, who, seeing the earl's good-breeding and complaisance to all, while they were particularly manifested towards himself, observed at the same time the peculiar foible of the old nobleman, and rather than hurt his feelings by needless contradiction, bent to the humour which he found amusing as well as amiable.

The good understanding between these two opposite persons, to say nothing of the progress which both had very palpably made in the good graces of the fair creature to whom he was assiduously paying court, stung Colonel Stanley as often as he witnessed proofs of it. It inflamed his feeling of jealousy and aversion to Hugh, and gave to his jeers and taunts, when these could be quite safely hazarded, a sharper point and a more inveterate aim. He affected, where he could, to laugh at the "toadyism" of the young trader, and pityingly remarked that it was natural such a person should pay his court to a Lord Silverstick, with the view of obtaining a securer footing in respectable society.

The object of these insults was quite unable all this time to guess at their extent; what he knew of them he seemed totally indifferent to, choosing, in consistency with his resolution, to avoid the colonel, and address him but upon compulsion, rather than by an open rupture hasten his departure, and doom himself to take a final farewell of the Stanley family—in other words, of kind, gracious, and enchanting Mary.

While he thus steadily persevered, it was plain that Colonel Stanley was, by his unscrupulous, yet often insidious, attacks on the young man, destroying every hope of improving his suit with Miss Stanley, while her sympathy for Hugh as naturally increased. Yielding to her father's wishes, and caught in the nets which the colonel was incessantly spreading, she was obliged too frequently to have her disagreeable cousin for her companion in her daily rides—Sir Hildebrand

insisting upon retaining the genial company of Hugh, who was rarely permitted to be alone with her for a moment.

Sometimes, however, to escape the colonel, she would propose to accompany the earl in his daily drive; and then it was that she never failed to experience a throb of inward delight, in listening to an elaborate contrast drawn between the un-Chesterfield-like rudeness of her cousin, and the polite manners of her father's young visitor, of whose striking resemblance to somebody or other—(the name, influenced possibly by some instinct or maxim of politeness, the earl never mentioned)—whom he had the honour of knowing in his youth.

More than once he cautioned her, in a grave but delicate manner, against thinking of a union with Colonel Stanley, assuring her that Sir Hildebrand would never promote such an alliance if he knew it to be contrary to her wishes; and more than once, in trembling but yet earnest maidenly tones, did Miss Stanley assure him that her feelings towards her cousin had singularly little resemblance to those of love. It was for this reason, perhaps, that Lord Silverstick continued to suspect that she secretly favoured the inclinations of the colonel.

The good baronet, in the meantime, grew more in love with the design he had formed—the union of Mary with his nephew; and in one of his morning rambles, brooding upon the thought, with Hugh Manesty for his companion, he suddenly opened up his whole mind upon the subject to that agitated young gentleman himself. Hugh, true to the promise he had made to his uncle at their separation, was silent—though his heart swelled almost to bursting with its precious secret—regarding his own attachment; yet with parched lips, and in uneasy tones, he ventured to suggest that Miss Stanley, if undesirous of such an alliance, should never be coerced, and with an intimation that her earthly happiness might possibly be destroyed merely to secure her cousin's, excused himself from further converse on so delicate a subject.

Breaking from the baronet, to spare himself a further trial of his resolution, Hugh encountered Lord Silverstick. Strange to say, that nobleman was in search of him, intent on gratifying his particular dislike of the brusque manners of the colonel, by engaging his young friend in some fair plot for preventing the match, unless indeed, which he feared was the case, the lady was already entangled to some extent by her wily cousin. This fear disconcerted poor Manesty more than the hopes of Sir Hildebrand had done; and with less outward observance of the earl's maxims of etiquette than usual, he started off suddenly, determined to seek some early opportunity of touching tenderly on a subject now so openly spoken upon—of introducing it even in Mary's own presence, and to her ear only.

Nor—for true love runs very smoothly sometimes—was such an opportunity long wanting. The light air and tone which he assumed, when the moment came and the subject was glanced at, could not for a single moment conceal the earnestness of the feeling with which he spoke, and which redeemed every word he uttered from indelicacy or presumption. By Miss Stanley, at least an equal earnestness was openly expressed, without the pretence of concealment—a bright flush upon her brow proclaimed her indignation that any idea of her contemplating such an alliance should have arisen; and the decision of

her tone—most musical, but now not most melancholy to the ear of Hugh—sealed, beyond all question, the destiny of her gallant cousin and wooer.

The feeling of delight in Hugh's heart could not but lighten up his face. It flashed at once into his eyes—and as those of Miss Stanley turned and met their expressive gaze, he felt that he had almost violated a sacred promise; while, so well did she understand that look that she almost fancied his voice had accompanied it, making the same confession.

Yet not a word was spoken; not a hint, not a whisper of what was doubtless throbbing in the hearts of both, passed between them; and Hugh departed for Liverpool, satisfied with the glory and pain of his silence, and caring less than ever for the contempt of the colonel.

His visits to Eaglemont were too welcome to Sir Hildebrand, and of course too delightful to himself, not to be continued at short intervals. At each repetition, he found the same tokens of untiring passion displayed, the same advantages enjoyed, by the colonel; and, of course, although pretty confident that the enemy was unsuccessful still, he was not wholly free from those fits of superfluous trembling and alarm, those spasms of jealous apprehension, which age after age have formed a portion of the private property of every lover placed in an embarrassing position. One device he gladly availed himself of—one little means of conveying to Mary some explanation of his strange conduct, without breaking a particle of his promise to John Manesty. The grand county ball was just approaching.

"Mind, Hugh," observed the old baronet, in a bantering vein, to his young friend, Miss Stanley being then and there present, "there are to be many beauties at this ball, and I advise you to look with both eyes in all directions. Depend on it, with that gallant air and winning speech of yours, a partner may be made prize of, to last you longer than the night."

If the face of the young lady, who was just then leaning, with the most natural grace in the world, over the back of her father's chair, betrayed, by smile, or blush, or downcast look, any sign of her having heard the remark, Hugh Manesty beheld it not. His eyes were bent in an opposite direction, as, with admirable readiness, he said, after a pause—

"I should not, believe me, have been so long apparently insensible to the charms of the Cheshire damsels, had not my uncle been cruel enough to make me promise not to be tempted into the solicitation of any lady's hand in marriage for the space of three years. One, only one year of this probationary term has expired. I must even submit for the remainder of the time to be deemed heartless, and insensible to the dazzling beauty of the Lancashire witches—to the exquisite feminine softness of the lovely dames of Cheshire."

This was uttered rather happily, with a seemingly easy air, which was, nevertheless, extremely hard for the young speaker to assume. He then ventured to add, in a tone rather deepened, and with a glance at Mary, momentary, but not unobservant—

"Although, if my heart could but be read, it might perhaps tell a different—a far different tale."

There were, on that occasion, no more words, and no more looks; but from the hour, thenceforward, a different, a more assured and

consistent idea, took possession of Miss Stanley's mind, and her demeanour to her father's visitor was ever alike—cordial, friendly, but disengaged. A quiet and intelligent confidence, approaching to happiness, took possession of both; and so they continued to meet and to part, until one day when on a visit at the abode wherein his soul always dwelt though he were absent in person, Hugh's parting was a sudden one;—he was summoned to Liverpool to meet his uncle, John Manesty, on his return from Jamaica.

CHAPTER XII.

A SECOND DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST INDIES.

When Manesty, after nearly a year's absence, returned, there was no alteration in his conduct. He arrived on the first of October, as it might be, and on the second, was at desk and 'Change as usual. He had not been as successful as he had wished, in winding up the affairs of Brooklyn Royal, but they wore a better aspect than when he had left Liverpool. He sincerely wished that he was out of the concern altogether, but he did not see his way clearly as yet. During his absence, the industry and energy of his nephew had done everything that he could desire, and the affairs of the firm were more prosperous than ever. His own expedition, too, had made an amendment in its sorest quarter, and what had been for some years a matter of rare occurrence, or rather of no occurrence, it had yielded some return. He took his place without ceremony among the merchants of Liverpool; and the vacancy occasioned by the absence of "Manesty and Co." upon 'Change, was, to the great delight of Robin Shuckleborough, filled up by the substantial apparition of its representative.

So things waxed and waned; but again a cloud came over the spirit of Manesty. "This West Indian estate," said he to his nephew, "will make me mad. Here is another troublesome thing, which can be managed by me alone."

"Cannot I go?" asked Hugh, inquiringly.

The uncle paused for a moment, and looked sadly in his face.

"No, dear Hugh, you cannot. The associations which our family, or at least my family, has with the Antilles, are anything but agreeable; and you would there learn much that would grieve you. And without wishing to confound you with that scapegrace Richard Hibblethwaite, I cannot forget that he was sent out there a youth of much promise, and you see what he is. He learned it all in the West Indies. I do not say, my dear nephew, you would follow so pernicious an example; but I do not wish that the same risk should be run again. I'll go myself, but this shall be the last time. I'll now wash my hands of it altogether."

Hugh was well aware that remonstrance was vain; and perhaps the young merchant was not very seriously disinclined to take upon himself the dignity of so wealthy a house, or to be disencumbered of the watchful eye of his uncle. Again, then, Manesty went, and was again absent for the same space of time. Things had been more prosperous during the last year, in point of money matters; but what seemed to please him most was, that he had now certainly arranged to free himself on fair and conscientious terms of the plantation. "I thought,"

said he, "my last visit was to conclude; there must be one more, and then I am free from the nuisance altogether."

Another year, and the parting visit to Brooklyn was to be paid.

"There are footpads and mounted highwaymen on the road, dear uncle," said Hugh, as they were discussing the contingencies of the journey. "A man was robbed close by Grantham, three weeks ago. Had not you better wait until you can get company to travel on this dreary road from Liverpool to London. Mr. Buckleborough and his brother are about to start with two servants, in three days from this, could not you wait to join them? or, though Aylward's coach is tedious enough in all conscience, yet in these dark nights, I think anything is better than riding alone such a wearisome way."

"Are not the parts of Mentor and Telemachus somewhat reversed in this case?" said the elder Manesty, smiling as much as his features could be persuaded to do. "Fear not for me. I am no longer young; but he would be a highwayman of some enterprise, who would come within reach of this hand, and if he employed other weapons than those which nature gives,—there, too," he continued, opening a pistol-case, "I am not unprepared to match with the lawless."

"But it is said that there are gangs on the road, and——"

"And I must use care and precaution to avoid them. That leave to me. If I fall in their way, I fear me, I should be much more embarrassed by the presence than by the absence of worthy Mr. Buckleborough and his companions of the road."

He mused for awhile. "It is the last time, Hugh—positively the last time—that I make this voyage, which, except that it has been, in a certain sense, advantageous in money matters, was always hateful to me. You have kept—honourably kept, the promise you made to me almost three years ago. Do not speak, Hugh! Perhaps many months will not elapse, when, if I find that what is now floating through your fancy is in reality fixed in your heart, you will find that though I cannot fill up your dreams of romance, I may assist you in turning your just desires and wishes into reality. But you do not know what is the bar between you and the lady of your regard, whom it would be mere affectation on my part if I pretended to remain ignorant."

"A bar, uncle!" said Hugh. "A bar!—what bar? There can be no bar!"

"Rest quiet for a few months," replied the uncle; "and if you then wish to marry her on whom your heart is now fixed——But I am very sleepy, and must start early in the morning. Good night, Hugh, you will find everything ready for your daily business. May God bless you," he continued, pressing his hands upon the glossy head of his nephew, "and now retire. I write from London."

Hugh imagined that the hands of his uncle, as he gave him the parting benediction were hot and feverish, and that something like an approximation to a tear trembled in his stony eye; he made the usual valedictions, and left the room. Something in his uncle's manner told him that the abandonment of this worrying West Indian property, was to be the precursor of his giving up business altogether; that the heir of the baronetage of Wolsterholme might reclaim under Whig auspices the honours that Tory politics had lost; that the riches of Pool Lane might resuscitate the former glories of the manor-house and estate so unaccountably purchased and retained by his uncle; that

let but a few months pass, everything would be as his heart could wish; that Mary Stanley——. In thinking of all which, he fell fast asleep, to dream of what Robin would have called its last item.

His uncle did not go to sleep. "I have much to do," muttered he to himself, "and much to think of. Never again——" He rang a bell, and a servant instantly appeared.

"Bring hot water, and tumblers, Seth," he said, "and pipes, with tobacco from the canisters marked, B.B. 2-1. I believe the rum is in the cupboard—see if it is; and the sugar, and the lemons. They are so. Has the old man come?"

"Near an hour ago," said Seth, fervently, "he hath been testifying to us in the counting-house."

"He is aged," said Manesty, "and requires these comforts; I want them not. Tell him I am alone."

Seth zealously complied, and in a few minutes Aminadab, the ancient, sate by the board of John Manesty. The old man—he was near ninety—remained not long; but long did his host muse on what he had said. In the morning, day-dawn saw him on his route for London.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN—AND THE ACCUSATION.

THREE or four months after his return, Manesty was one Sunday after service seated on the top of the steps leading to his house, and enjoying as much of sun as the structure and atmosphere of Pool Lane permitted to enter into its gloomy recesses, while he calmly smoked his pipe. His solid features rarely permitted any expression of what was passing within to escape; but he seemed to be in a mood of peculiar calmness. He was completely alone, and few passengers disturbed the silence of the way.

He was drawn from the abstraction of thoughts, whatever they might have been, by the noisy voice of a drunken man. He looked in the direction whence it proceeded, and saw a very tipsy sailor, scarcely able to stand, staggering towards his house, uttering senseless oaths and idle imprecations, as he pursued his unsteady course. This was no more a strange sight in Liverpool, in the opening days of the reign of George the Third, than it is in these of his grand-daughter—and Manesty paid it small attention. The sailor, however, made his way up to the steps on which the merchant was sitting, and after looking upon him for a moment with the lack-lustre and wandering glance of drunkenness, steadied himself by grasping the rails, and exclaimed, with a profusion of oaths, which we decline repeating—

"It is he! I can't be mistaken; no—not in a hundred years. I say, old chap, tip us your fist."

"I think," said Manesty, gravely, "friend, that you might have been employing your Sabbath more graciously."

"More graciously!" hiccuped forth the drunken sailor; "why, I have employed it as graciously as yourself. I saw you cruising into the preaching shop in Seal-street, and I said it is he. But I was not sure, so I went in among the humbugs, and there were you with a psalm-singing phiz, rated high among the ship's company of the crazy craft."

"I think you had better get to bed, friend," said Manesty. "I certainly was in Seal-street, listening to the prayers and sermon of

Mr. ——. If you were there, they appear to have had but little effect upon you. At all events, pass quietly on your way; I am not a person easily to be trifled with, and I know you not."

"But I know you," said the drunken sailor; "and——"

"It is very possible," said Manesty. "And if you do, you know me as a man of some authority and command in Liverpool; and if further annoyed, I may find the means of keeping you quiet, until your sense, if you have any, returns. Pass on."

The sailor looked up the lane and down, with all the caution of tipsy cunning. It was perfectly clear. No person was to be seen but themselves.

"Pass on!" said he, "but I will not pass on, until you and I have had a glass together. Command in Liverpool, have you? Ay! devil doubt! You have command wherever you go."

"You are becoming unbearable," said Manesty. "I shall call my servant to fetch a constable."

"Fetch a constable!" said the sailor, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Fetch him, by all means, my old boy. I know the ground where you would not be in such a hurry to send for constables. Zounds! to think that Bob Blazes should be sent to quod by——"

Here again he looked up and down the street, and still they were alone as before.

"Sent to quod," continued he, in an undertone, "by Dick Hoskins."

"I find," said Manesty, quietly, "that I must rid myself of this nuisance. Friend, the only excuse, such as it is, for your gross impertinence, is your drunkenness. Hezekiah," said he, speaking through the window, "go over to the castle, and tell Steels, the head constable, or any of his people, who may be in attendance there, to come to me at once. I want their assistance."

Hezekiah was soon seen issuing forth upon the errand, and the rage of the sailor seemed to be aroused.

"So Hezekiah is the name of the master-at-arms now. I remember when it was Bloody Bill—many a long league off. You'll get rid of me, you say; I don't doubt it a bit, commodore. I am not the first who stood in your way you got rid of. But this an't no way to hail a hand as has stuck by you in thick and thin. What, d'ye think I'd peach? I comed in all love and friendship; and you might have walked the quarter-deck among them snuffle-snouted land-pirates, without a word from Bob Blazes. But as you are a-calling for beaks and law-sharks, there's an end. I shake my feet off the dust, as I heard the lubber say to-day, in the hencoop, where he was boxed. It an't quite convenient for me this blessed minute to be grabbed for anything nohow, so I'll be off from your plant in time; but you may be sure that it won't be long before all the Mersey knows that Mr. John Muddlesty the saint, is Mr. Dick Hoskins the pirate."

He made a convulsive rush from the lane, which Manesty shewed no inclination to stop, just in time to escape the return of a couple of constables, with Hezekiah. His master despatched the party to the cellar, simply observing, "that as the annoyance was over, it was of no consequence to pursue its cause." He sate down at dinner at his usual hour, and the incident seemed to have no effect in ruffling his ordinary course of Sunday arrangements.

It had, however, and that a most material one. He was told before his dinner was well concluded, that a brother in the faith, Ozias Rheinenberger, one of the leading Moravians, wished to speak with him. Robin Shuckleborough, who usually shared his patron's Sunday dinners, rose at the announcement to depart. Hugh was absent elsewhere.

"It is needless, Robin," said Manesty; "he cannot have anything to say in the way of business on the Sabbath; and in aught else I have no secrets whatever. Bid Mr. Rheinenberger walk up stairs."

The features of the Moravian were plain, and inexpressive. There was a look of meekness, native or acquired, that won those who believed it honest, and repelled those who were inclined to consider it hypocritical. His lank hair was plastered over his pale brows, and his dress and general appearance was such as to denote him one careless of the fopperies of the world. He was in a branch of trade which threw him much in the way of Manesty, who had on many occasions been to him of considerable service in promoting or extending his commerce. On the occasion of his present visit he seemed to be sadly depressed in mind.

"Sit down, Ozias," said the host; "have you dined? There is enough left after the knife and fork of Robin and me to make your dinner."

"I have dined," said Ozias, with a sad tone.

"Will you have a glass of wine, then?" asked Manesty. "Something appears to have put you out of spirits. Shuckleborough and I were contenting ourselves with ale; but, Robin, take the keys, and open that *garde-de-vin*, and——"

"I had rather not take any wine," said Ozias, in the same melancholy voice; "in short, I have something to say to thee, John, which concerns thy private ear. If our friend——"

"No," said Manesty, to the departing Robin; "do not stir. On trade I speak not on Sundays;—speak as you will about all else beside."

Ozias paused, and shuffled upon his chair; but he recovered in a short time.

"The straightforward road is ever the best; those who travel by devious ways are apt to lose the true track. Here is a strange story spreading all through Liverpool——"

He paused again, and his chair was shaken as before.

"Proceed," said Manesty, quietly.

"Hast thou," asked Ozias, "seen a strange sailor this morning?"

"I have," was the reply, "outside this house. He accosted me with some absurd impertinence, dictated by drunkenness—for the man was excessively drunk; and when I sent Hezekiah for a constable, not more to get him out of my way, than to have the incapable fellow taken care of, until he had slept off his liquor, he made a staggering run out of the lane. I did not think it worth while to send in pursuit, and have not heard anything more about him since. It is about an hour and a half ago since he was here. What of him?"

"Much," said Ozias, with a sigh. "He has spread everywhere, far and wide, that he has seen you beyond seas, and that you are identified with——"

"Dick Hoskins, the pirate," interrupted Manesty. "Yes, as well as I could gather from his all but inarticulate gabble, that was his accusation."

Lord Buckhurst overcome by the appearance of Apollonia Hurst.

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MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT XI.

"Akibét tilkinin dérist kurktchnun dukianina ghélun."—TURKISH PROVERB.

In spite of all its cunning running past,
The furrier gets the fox's skin at last.—
(*Translation for the Country Gentlemen.*)

TRANSITION to the open air sufficed to relax the spasmodic affection by which the worldly nature of Lord Buckhurst was thus suddenly attacked; and it needed only a good night's rest, to screw up his courage anew to his customary acrimony of defiance to the threats of the alligator.—

"After all," mused he, next morning, over his coffee, "it is scarcely worth while to abandon a favourite project because half a thousand women assume a mysterious appearance when accoutred in white caps and black gowns!—I will, at least, even if but as a matter of courtesy, attempt an interview with poor little Apol!"—

After breakfast, therefore, to avoid the prying investigations of the *valet-de-place*,—who, he fancied, had followed him into the church, the preceding night, and been an eye-witness of his emotions,—he set forth on foot to the Beghynage,—and was surprised to find how much of its imposing aspect of the preceding night, had been owing to the vagueness of twilight, to "*la puissance de l'inconnu.*"—Still, even by daylight, it was a quaint old place. Every house bore on its door, instead of the name of its inhabitant, that of some saint or martyr, by which it was familiarly known in the community;—and having applied for information to the venerable portress, he was apprised, that, if he desired to visit one of the convents, and had no letter of introduction to the superioress, he had only to proceed to a house she pointed out as that of Saint Rosalia, having over the gateway the effigies of the virgin and child, in glory; where they were in the habit of receiving visitors of either sex.

He now knocked at the grated gateway;—and the Beghyn by whom the somewhat agitated guest was welcomed with a benediction, was a middle-aged Frenchwoman, to whom the habit of doing the honours of the Beghynage imparted the ease of a woman of the world. Replying to his questions without reserve, she seemed to take pleasure in exhibiting to his admiration a kitchen whose neatness Gerard Douw might have painted,

where the sixteen sisters of the house had each her separate stove, and was forced to minister to her own service;—the refectory, where each had her especial buttery;—the vestiary, where each had her press of linen, kept in repair by her own hands;—and finally, the sixteen cells or chambers, where every Beghyn enjoyed her definite home,—her humble bed, in which to enjoy the blessing of sleeping or waking dreams,—her domestic altar, at which to pray for salvation from evil, and deliverance from temptation;—the "Ave Maria Purissima" being the effusion of a spirit equally pure.

Nothing could be simpler, neater, or better in accordance with conventual humility, than every department of the little habitation.—Even the *parloir*, or private room of the superioress, (for every convent of the Beghynage has its *mère supérieure* subject to the authority of the grand superioress,) was adorned only with a plan of the Beghynage, as originally constructed in 1207; and an engraving after Verhoeve's picture of St. Begge, the patroness of the congregation, setting forth for Rome after the death of her husband, (assassinated in the chase by an adopted son,) guided by the memorable white doe said to have preceded her throughout her journey—to point out the spots where the rivers were fordable and the mountains safe.

"And are all the convents of the Beghynage humble and homely as this?" inquired Lord Buckhurst, unable to connect the idea of the lovely, graceful, polished Apol-blossom with those bare floors and white-washed walls.—

Sister Clemenje looked mortified. She was accustomed to hear praises of the neatness and cleanliness of their little community,—not allusion to its defects.

"To maintain even *this*," said she, "we are required to possess a certain property on entering the community. It is true that, at our death, it reverts to our families, whom we are permitted to receive as guests, and annually allowed a fortnight for visiting. When afflicted with sickness, too, a Beghyn may return to her home, on a sufficient certificate. *We* are not, thank heaven, as the unfortunate nuns cloistered at the Ursulines!"—

"I had understood," replied Lord Buckhurst, scarcely able to conceal his indifference to these details, "that such of the sisterhood as possessed the means might enjoy a separate establishment?"

"Every house you see yonder, each with its little garden, is a separate residence," replied Sister Clemenje.—"Many of our Beghyns are rich, and benefactresses to the community!—Others," said she, with an air of proud humility, "are poor as the inmates of this convent of St. Rosalia, and maintain themselves by selling their prayers to pious Christians;—and never I can promise you, were masses more faithfully performed than those of the Beghynage!"—

"You have countrywomen of my own among you, I understand?" said the visitor, carelessly.

"We have sisters of all nations," replied the Beghyn.

"I am assured that many young women of high consideration enter the Beghynage?"

"We have sisters of all ages," replied the Beghyn.

"Within this year or two, for instance, a young English lady of high birth is said to have taken the vows here?"

"We have sisters of all conditions," replied the Beghyn.

"You perhaps know her?"—persisted Lord Buckhurst, coming to the point;—"her family name is Hurst."—

"But what is her name of religion?" demanded Sister Clemenje.

"I never heard.—Her baptismal, was Apollonia."

"We receive a new one at our second baptism to salvation!" observed Sister Clemenje, crossing herself.—"But we of the convents see little of any but those belonging to our separate community, unless during divine service."—

"Nevertheless," observed the visitor, bestowing a handsome gratuity on his guide, to enlighten her understanding, "it strikes me that the sister to whom I allude, must command *some* distinction among you; since with youth and beauty, and a fortune of several million of Guilders, she——"

"You must allude, then, to Sister Constanje!"—cried the Beghyn,—whose denseness became semi-transparent on contact with a piece of gold.—"She whom they say will one day or other be superioress of the Beghynage; and who bestowed the four new carved confessionals upon the church?"—

"Perhaps so.—Are you acquainted with her?"

"I have seen her, like the rest, at the solemnities of the church. On her arrival here, she visited the convents in succession, and bought lace and work of each, which were again sold, and the produce given to the treasury of the community. Sister Constanje has bestowed more alms since she entered the Beghynage, than the Bishop of Ghent!"

"*She*, then, has a separate establishment?" inquired Lord Buckhurst, looking forth from the casement upon the little dotted habitations, exactly resembling those of a Dutch city in a child's toy.

"No, indeed. To be entitled to an independent life here, you must have made proof of regularity of conduct for three years, in one of our convents.—But Sister Constanje being so great a benefactress to the community, an exception has been made in her favour; so that her probation is taking place *not* in a convent, but the mansion of the grand superioress herself. There!—that fine house you see yonder behind the trees!"

Lord Buckhurst smiled as he surveyed the palazzo pointed out, which was scarcely on a par with a neat third-rate English farm-house.

"Such then is the abode to which the wrong-headed enthusiasm of disappointed girlhood has devoted poor dear little Apol-

blossom!" mused he, after taking leave of the Convent of St. Rosalia; and resuming his stroll through the Beghynage, in which, at that hour of the day, no one was stirring, except here and there a sister in her neat black robes and snowy head-gear, scudding along on her return from some errand of charity in the city, to unlock one of the piously inscribed gates, and re-admit herself into her solitary castle of holy spinsterhood.

But even though he had ascertained from the Beghyn of the Convent of St. Rosalia, that he would be admitted on application to see Sister Constanje, or any other of his acquaintance in the community, with all his lordship's coolness and self-possession, he had not courage to attack the fastness of the superioress of a Beghynage! Sister Clemenje had replied to his inquiries with a nod of significant sympathy, "*d'ailleurs, un homme d'un age mur, tel que Monsieur, cela se reçoit partoût, même dans le monde;*" for, estimating the age of her guest, in spite of all Delcroix's preservatives and reparatives to be coeval with her own, he did not present himself to her imagination in a dangerous point of view.—He was not, however, the less convinced of being otherwise regarded by the sensitive heart of Sister Constanje.

"Were I, as a mere stranger, to request an interview, she would not see me," mused the man of the world; "were I to announce myself by name, still less. In one case, indifference,—in the other, sensibility,—would secure my exclusion. I am not going, however, to waste more time upon what may, after all, prove an improbable pursuit. I will write—write so as not prematurely to alarm the poor dear little creature's susceptibilities."

And he accordingly wrote, as if accidentally passing through the city, and desirous to afford her tidings of her English friends.

With a degree of *empressement* very foreign to his habits, and arising probably from the excitement produced by so new and piquant an aspect of the alligator, his lordship returned in person to the Beghynage as the bearer of his letter; on delivering which at the gate of the superioress, he was cordially invited in by the sister in attendance, (who appeared to entertain no more alarm than though he had been a minor canon,) and shewn into a *parloir* to await the answer of Sister Constanje.

In that simple whitewashed room, adorned only with a large crucifix, and the customary plan of the Beghynage, all his misgivings returned; and he paced up and down the sanded floor, anxiously awaiting the return of his messenger, and convinced that either Sister Constanje would refuse to see so dangerous a visitor, or receive him under the solemn protection of the grim superioress of the community.—He felt that she could not fortify herself too carefully!

Within a few minutes, however, the door opened, and a Beghyn made her appearance, who, but that she immediately accosted him by name, it would have been indeed difficult to

recognise as his lovely Apol-blossom !—Serene, cold, colourless, her deportment was as calm as her face was inexpressive.—It was not her habit that had so altered her appearance, and reduced her to the unattractive level of the old Beghyns, with whom he had been conversing.—It was evident that her nature was changed within her. She was as one having been long numbered with the dead. The hopes and fears of youth were gone. She had taken up her cross. Her immortality was begun.

So far from appearing embarrassed by his presence, or apprehensive that the sanction of an elder person was necessary to their interview, she pointed to one of the rush-bottomed chairs with mechanical courtesy; and quietly taking another, prepared to listen to the communications he had announced himself desirous to make, as though she were a Judge upon the Bench, and he a Q. C. !

This perfect composure discomposed him.—He felt that the common-places he had premeditated touching the health of Lady Rachel Lawrance, would be thoroughly out of place;—and after one or two ineffectual attempts to find a more interesting topic, an unwonted excitement of feeling at finding himself giving way to the alligator so stimulated his pride, that he suddenly burst forth into genuine expressions of surprise at finding a person so entitled to the comforts and pleasures of life, thus miserably accommodated; and regret that, through the disastrous bias of early habits, the world should have been deprived of one of its fairest ornaments.

"I speak only as an Englishman," said he.—"The regrets I venture to express are solely in the interests of my country; which I feel to have been unjustly bereft of a treasure to which it was fairly entitled."

Sister Constanje surveyed him with as much surprise as was consistent with her habitual beatitude of serenity.—

"If I were to answer you by saying—'Is *this* all you have to communicate?'" said she, "you would carry away with you a conviction not only of my discourtesy, but of my incapability of defending the step I have taken.—Better, therefore, frankly reply that in my present condition I have neither a sorrow, vexation, nor regret. I use my humble efforts to fulfil all the better purposes of life,—the duties of faith, hope, charity;—and the accomplishment of this suffices my utmost ambition of happiness. I have here many friends and sisters, associated with me in acts of benevolence;—in the world, I had none.—I broke through no social tie to enter the Beghynage. My father is no more;—his sister and her son hesitated to accept me as wife and daughter till I was able to secure my fortune to them; and thus was I released from a promise otherwise binding."

"I was not pleading the cause of Sir John Honeyfield, who I believe to be wholly unworthy the great happiness at one time

awaiting him," replied Lord Buckhurst, in a tone as grave as her own; "I was advocating the interests of the community."

"Of *a* community," retorted Sister Constanje, with an unaltered countenance.—"Had I remained a member of the one you call the world, I should scarcely have been in more extended intercourse with my fellow-creatures than here. Do not confound the habits of this place with the peevish selfishness of a convent; for the severities and seclusion of which, I have no vocation.—Here, with the exception of wearing a peculiar habit, I am no more absorbed by the discharge of religious duties than I should be, I trust, in any other situation of life."

"Then why not exercise them in a wider and happier sphere?" exclaimed his lordship, trusting he was nearing his point.

"I have never had much faith in the virtue of the hair-shirt worn by St. Eloy, under his velvet and cloth of gold!" replied the Beghyn, unmoved by his vehemence. "The cursory glance I took of society convinced me of my own incompetence to wrestle with its temptations or support its vexations.—*Here*, these are spared me,—*here*, I am content. My humble gown, and these untapestried walls, facilitate a thousand virtues.—The richest man carries with him only a shroud into the grave.—Happy those who are content with as little amid the illusions and vanities of life."

"But apart from its vanities and illusions, life has a thousand innocent diversions—a thousand sacred ties!" cried Lord Buckhurst.

"Not that I perceived, in my short experience," said the Beghyn, mildly; "and I had, consequently, nothing to renounce, in devoting myself to my present calling.—Most of the persons with whom I was acquainted in London, were avowedly victims to *ennui;* disgusted with this life, without courage to aspire to a better.—It would not have suited me to marry.—I have opinions on the sanctity of such a tie, which no man of my own condition of life could possibly have shared; and as a single woman, the slavery of subservience to the world to which I must have been subjected,—the scorn with which female celibacy is regarded among you,—the fretful inertness into which, in my forlorn condition, I should have subsided, would have produced a very different state of mind from the fellowship I enjoy here with persons of my own persuasion and pretensions, without an apprehension, —without a care,—without an embitterment!"

Lord Buckhurst had now lost all patience. There was something in the aspect of any other selfishness than his own, that revolted him.

"And is this lukewarm self-content the purpose for which we were endowed with all the better energies and more generous impulses of human nature?" cried he.—"It seems but yesterday that the light-hearted being we used to call Apol-blossom, was complaining of the dulness of our London Sundays, as incom-

patible with her notions of the cheerful thankfulness of spirit due to the mercies of Providence!"

"Were you to see me in the discharge of my accustomed duties and the enjoyment of my accustomed pleasures," replied Sister Constanje, untouched in the smallest degree by his retort, —"you would perceive that the career I have embraced is compatible with both cheerfulness and gratitude to God.—If I am at this moment graver than my wont, it is because the sight of your face recalls to my heart the few painful moments which the undeserved mercies of Heaven have assigned to my share.—Let me, therefore, express a hope," said she, rising so as to render it indispensable for her visitor also to rise and take leave, "that should my name chance to be mentioned before you by any former associate, you will not pronounce upon the better or worse of the vocation I have adopted, from any demonstration my appearance may seem to convey.—Farewell!—We shall probably meet no more in this world.—Accept, therefore, the expression of my good wishes for your eternal welfare. May that great glory whose divergent rays attain the greatest and smallest of created things, enlighten your soul!"

Blessed out of a whitewashed *parloir* by a Beghyn, as others are bowed out of a gorgeous saloon by a minister of state! The man of St. James's-street had traversed half the ill-paved court of the Beghynage, before he half-recovered his breath!—He had not so much as found presence of mind to express his admiration to the self-sufficient Sister Constanje, (as Alberoni to Cellamare,) "*della sua bella parlata.*" The utmost he had been able to do was so far to repress his irritability as to retain the same quiet *insouciance* in presence of the Beghyn he had affected aforetime in presence of Apollonia Hurst.

But the reaction produced a more indignant struggle in his mind than he had ever yet experienced; and in his utter impotence either to resist or revenge himself on the alligator, away went the man of the world to Aix-la-Chapelle,—taking care the newspapers should announce that the waters had been ordered for him by his physicians.—He did not, however, deign to acquaint the public whether the *roulette* to which he betook himself like a madman, in the absence of better entertainment, formed part of the prescription, or whether it afforded a mere refuge for petulance.

The regimen, however, was disastrous. "The fox's skin," quoth the Turkish proverb, "finds its way to the furriers at last;" and the pitiful fellow who had quitted England in the hope of subtracting a rich Beghyn from her vows, in order to add a wing to Greyoke, was forced, on his return, to issue orders for a fall of timber on the estate, to the amount of five thousand pounds!

Instead of distancing Jack Honeyfield, and doing himself justice, he had been laid writhing in the dust by the alligator!—

Sister Constanje had actually addressed him as "Mr. Howardson!"—Instead of making him the idol of clay of her conventual life, (as he had fondly imagined,) she had literally never been at the trouble of asking so much about him, of Mauley or others of her English correspondents, as would have sufficed to acquaint her with his change of estate!

Audacious, hateful, hypocritical little alligator!

FLIGHT XII.

"La persistance que met le monde à s'enfoncer de plus en plus dans les joies de l'égoïsme, dans l'abrutissante ivresse de l'interêt privé, prouve que le tort est plus haut que les individus. En attendant que la société, lasse d'être exécrable, songe à se faire moins mauvaise, je ramasse ma part des faits, et vous le livre, durs et laids comme je les ai trouvés. Médecin assez fort pour nommer les plaies, mais impuissant pour les guérir, je regarde avec épouvante les progrès de la contagion, et je vous crie d'y prendre garde."—LUCHET.

IT was autumn when the disappointed man scudded back to England; and himself, the hazel-nuts, and beech-trees being alike done brown, he felt no particular inclination to hurry down to Greyoke, and encounter the scoffing glances of the stuccoed portico at his untimely fall of timber.—Nor had he any country visits in immediate prospect,—having as yet published, per *Morning Post*, no bulletin of his arrival; and *his* friends were not of the cordial order of people who venture into each others' houses without formal invitations of the most explicit nature, given and acknowledged.—

He resolved, therefore, to spend a contemplative fortnight in London. Having never yet abided therein between the distant periods when grouse and turkeys come into season, it presented as novel a scene to him as the dominions of Queen Pomaré.—

But though his object in sojourning in his town-house at a time of year where those free commoners of nature, the mice, are entitled to reside there unmolested, was utter seclusion for the freer consideration of his prospects and projects, he had not calculated upon the Alexander-Selkirkian solitariness to which he had consigned himself.—

To Lord Buckhurst, the west-end of London had hitherto presented a busy anthill of men, women, and equipages, hurrying and scurrying, jarring and jostling against each other, under a varnished surface of luxury and joy. He had never been at the trouble of conjecturing whether those streets were ever empty, those parks ever untrodden, or what aspect the clubs, he had always heard so garrulous and felt so stuffy, represented, when inhabited only by a superannuated waiter too gouty to take his turn out of town like the rest of his confraternity.—

He saw it all now,—and the sight was anything but refreshing! The *prestige* of London being obfuscated by the now stagnant atmosphere, everything was seen in its real proportions,—mean, dirty, ungainly.—After the picturesque cities of the

Continent, with their quaint antiquity of by-gone centuries, the long unmeaning streets, each side representing in its stupid uniformity a single house, manufactory, or infirmary,—struck him as the very acme of desolation.—

But this was not all. In the spring time of the year, the pleasures and luxuries of the season affix a factitious surface to things; shutting out their intrinsic deformities, as the line of troops formed for the passage of royalty through a crowd, excludes all view of the ragged throng constituting the mass of the people.—But now, a variety of wretchednesses and infamies started forth to view, of which he had been hitherto uncognisant. —Streets of which he had never suspected the existence, though subsisting side by side with those he constantly frequented,—miserable objects crawling forth from squalid abodes overlooked in the glare of summer-sunshine,—habits of vice and grossness, which the perpetual flitting of the motes of pleasure in the atmosphere of June, rendered unapparent,—all these attained a foul and offensive prominency, now that he was alone, before the skeleton of the mighty monster he had hitherto beheld endued with life and animation and clothed with extenuating beauty.—

The place was loathsome to him.—If he ventured into St. James's-street, he was set upon by diseased beggars eager to seize upon the only prey that had fallen for weeks within their grasp.—If he wandered further, legions of hackney-coachmen, long waiting for a fare, beset him with their importunities. The streets seemed paved with oyster-shells.—A red haze converted the very atmosphere into a grosser element.

"No standing this!"—muttered his lordship, on finding the house-dinner of his club exhibit, three days running, the same faces and the same *entrées*, (the *chef* being at Brighton for his health, and the *filets de soles* looking as if they participated in his indisposition.)—"How on earth do people manage who are compelled to spend a month in town at this time of year,—either to be couched,—or administer to a will,—or prepare their marriage settlements,—or any other domestic calamity?—I suppose I must try the theatres!"—

But even at the theatres, at that matter-of-fact epoch, he saw and heard things, hitherto unheard and unseen,—the cracking of walnuts, the popping of ginger-beer,—and the play!—Till now, the pleasant parties, or still more interesting personage he had been accustomed to accompany to the theatre, had taken care that nothing should be audible to him there, but their chattering and flirtations; nor had he been ever before conscious of the surpassing vulgarity to which the preponderance of the secondary classes in our theatres, has reduced the English stage. —Fresh from the well-rehearsed pieces of the Continent, he had not patience with the slovenly acting, dirty-dresses, and pointless dialogue of a stage where Shakspeare and Congreve once ruled the taste of the hour.—

But though he accomplished nothing by seeing, he accomplished much by being seen. One night, as he was sitting, in a style which Mrs. Trollope would have had a right to denounce had she witnessed it at Cincinnati, with his two elbows resting on the front of one of the private boxes and his chin resting on his hands,—possessed by a legion of blue devils engendered by indigestion and *ennui*,—the key of the box-keeper grated in the door, and a man made his appearance with cordial familiarity, whom Lord Buckhurst, as soon as the door was closed behind him, discovered to be Sir Thomas Mauley.—

"I saw you from an opposite box, and could scarcely believe my eyes!" cried the intruder.—"Saul among the prophets was nothing to Lord Buckhurst in London, at a time when it is populated only by men of my own ignominious profession!"

Lord Buckhurst cast his eyes vaguely towards the opposite row of private boxes.—All empty as his own heart!

"Lady Mauley and the girls are below," said he, directing by a glance the *lorgnon* of his companion towards the public boxes, where, simply dressed, and accompanied by two gawky girls, with their long curls hanging over their shoulders, like a brace of mermaids, sat the Emma of former days, now a portly middle-aged woman, radiant with domestic happiness and a regimen of roast and boiled.—"At this time of year, I am sometimes at leisure to give them an evening's amusement," said the good husband and father, into whose imagination it did not enter that his family could amuse itself unsanctioned by his presence. "I like a good play for them,—such as we saw just now."

"I came too late for it."

"Yes, I saw you saunter in,—and could hardly believe my eyes.—Where on earth do you come from?"

"From the German baths," equivocated the man of the world,—"which I found full of sunshine and Russians, in June; —and left, full of fogs and English, in October."

"And so you were wise enough to return for the autumn to the perpetual sunshine of a good old English fireside!" retorted the lawyer, rubbing his hands.—"Well, so much the better! Perhaps, if you remain a few days in town, you may find a journey to Russell-square less of a penance than during the season.—When will you dine with us?"—

"To-morrow, if you will!" replied Lord Buckhurst, whose notions of friendship being those of Epicurus,—that it is a field to be cultivated for the produce it will yield, a sentiment, grounded on the possibility of mutual service,—was a fifty times warmer friend to the Attorney-general than he had ever been to Tom Mauley.

"Softly, softly!" cried the lawyer, laughing. "You don't suppose I mean to inflict my domesticity on a gentleman of your refinement? No, no!—I should like you to meet a few of the Buckhursts among whom *I* live; and *this* is our Bloomsbury

Season!—At this time of year, our dining-out men are no more to be had for asking, than you, my dear lord, during the month of May. On Sunday, therefore, if you please;—a lawyer's leisure day, which he does not enjoy holidays enough in the year to admit of his sanctifying to solitude."

Lord Buckhurst, in accordance with the Algerian maxim of kissing the hand you are not strong enough to cut off, acquiesced;—though sufficiently vexed at having to endure a slap from one which, for so many years of its life, had opened and shut upon fees professional. He had scarcely patience to endure with seeming complacency the familiarity of his companion; when luckily, on the first stroke of the orchestra for the overture of the second piece, Mauley rose to hurry away,—protesting he could "never see the play to his satisfaction from a private box."

"Hottentot!"—murmured the man of the world, as the door appeared to close after him. A moment afterwards, however, the departed put in his head again, like Don Basilio, to remind his lordship that they "dined at half-past six *pre*cisely;" as if a Lord Buckhurst were likely to consider the clause "precisely" binding, in the case of a slipshod English cook!

"Pray, don't be late," observed the lawyer, as he was again about to close the door,—"for before the others come, I have a word to say to you respecting that pretty little ward of mine—poor Apollonia Hurst!"

And this time, he was gone in earnest.

Very much in earnest, too, became the man he left behind.—What could this intimation foreshew?—What possible right or title had he to the confidence of the perplexing guardian, touching his quondam charge, unless under her own sanction?—With what message or embassy had Sister Constanje charged the grave lawyer on his account?—Right thankful was he to have found so palatable a cud for his ruminations, to animate the monotony of his London loneliness; and on the Sunday in question, though beset at White's by the importunities of a whelpish lordling of the guards who fastened upon him for news with the voracity of a shark, he shook off friend and acquaintance, to rush home and dress for dinner; and, without even a relay of horses on the road, managed to be in Russell-square so "*pre*cisely" as the clock was striking half-past six, that, even in that punctual house, the drawing-room was solely in possession of the governess and the young ladies; all three looking as stiff as if stuffed with bran, so grievously were they oppressed by the presence of a lord who was neither King's Bench nor Woolsack.

A few minutes only had elapsed, however, before in hurried the excellent Attorney-general, smelling of lavender water and Windsor soap, like the Soho-square Bazaar; all friendliness and fuss, as when of old he used to drop in to breakfast in Halkin-street;—and lo! the two girls warmed up into a natural manner

the moment their father appeared, like the chilly earth cheered by an auspicious sunrise.

"I am heartily glad to see you;—Lady Mauley will be here directly," said he. "She appears to have reckoned too far on your proverbial unpunctuality. Between ourselves, I am not sorry for it; being most anxious to say a word to you about a new project of my eccentric little friend, which, but for your influence in the affair, I should be apt to tax as the most extravagant of the many strange steps she has taken. For I cannot doubt, my dear lord," continued the lawyer, glancing cautiously first at his daughters and then at his guest, "that, however demurely you assign the German Spas as the aim and end of your recent tour, you have visited this wrong-headed young woman by the way?—How, otherwise, am I to account for the sudden rekindling of an enthusiasm—to call it by no tenderer name—so long dormant?"

Lord Buckhurst was vexed to find himself growing excessively nervous. He managed, however, to reply with tolerable self-possession,—"As I was passing through Ghent, I certainly presented myself at the Beghynage."

"I guessed as much!—I could have sworn it!" muttered Mauley. "Bless my soul! what heaps of flax are even the soberest of these wilful creatures.—After spending her whole life, too, in a convent!—Well, perhaps that may be the reason. Certain I am that one of my—a-hem!—You saw our little Apol-blossom then?—And how was the poor dear girl looking?"

"I saw Sister Constanje the Beghyn, in whom I should have been much puzzled to trace a single lineament of your former ward," replied Lord Buckhurst, looking as dull and dry as the plaster-cast of a philosopher covered with dust, at the top of a book-case.

"And yet so little altered in reality," cried Mauley, "that, after all her experience of your indifference, or rather of your devotion to another, she has actually empowered me to draw out a deed of gift, and secure a portion of her estate to the value of sixty thousand pounds, in order to——"

"Mr. Rouseham!"—announced the pursy butler, throwing open the door for the admission of a little consequential atom of a man, who looked like a Lilliputian strayed into Brobdignag.

"One of the first men of the day,—an intelligence of very superior order," whispered Mauley, in a tone of solemn confidence, to his guest, hastening forward to meet the new-comer; who, insignificant as he was, affected to step down from a pedestal to the level of the company.

Lord Buckhurst heartily wished him upon it again,—in Westminster Abbey,—or the Tribune of Florence,—no matter where it might be his ambition to be set up;—so eager was he to be taken off the tenter-hooks on which his inexplicit friend had suspended him.—There was no hope, however!—A Mr. Higgin-

bottom now arrived, whom Mauley whispered aside to Lord Buckhurst to be a mirror of Atticism,—the finest scholar of the day;—and a minute afterwards, an individual shouldered his way into the room, who, from his uncouth, ungainly appearance, seemed to have been made by the carpenter. From his saturnine air, the experienced man of the world decided this to be the wag of the party. Nor was he mistaken.—Mr. Sylvanus Cox was the great original of half the stereotyped jokes of lesser London.

Lady Mauley, too, now occupied her fitting position on the sofa, instantly producing a fusion in the little circle, such as the emollient presence of a woman never fails to create. No chance, therefore, of another confidential word from his host, already deep in oriental politics with Mr. Rouseham, who denounced in such a menacing tone the faultiness of our foreign policy in general, and that of the east in particular, that small as he was, all present seemed to feel it lucky for Downing-street that a parish or two intervened between it and Russell-square.

After the turbulent exposition of the little great man's opinions, or rather delivery of his judgment, Lord Buckhurst, however pre-engrossed by his personal interests, could not refrain from a smile at the little thread of a voice in which the prodigious Mr. Higginbottom piped forth his prolix rejoinder, which sounded as though it proceeded from a linnet perched on his own colossal shoulder. It was like the tenth century pretending to argue with the twentieth; so thoroughly was Rouseham a man of the future, and Higginbottom of the past;—the head of the former being stuffed as full of impracticable theories, as the head of the latter with theories thoroughly exploded. Both were human anachronisms;—the Attic from being behind-hand with the century, the Fourierite from being in advance of it.—The intelligence of the one was an effort of memory; of the other, of conjecture.—The one abided in the tombs; the other in the clouds. Higginbottom still adhered to the Aristotelian philosophy; while Rouseham was a human touchstone, on whose credulity had been successively assayed all the bran new opathies and ologies of speculative Europe.

Sylvanus Cox, regarding the happy pair as two of the most advantageous butts of his acquaintance, was overjoyed at the prospect of shewing off their absurdities for the amusement of a fashionable lord;—while the host, the soundest-headed and soundest-hearted man of the party, prevented only by the simplicity of his heart and a certain want of tact arising from the limited nature of his circulation in the world from appearing in society as clever a man as he was an excellent lawyer, extracted what amusement or information he could from all or any of them, as the wise man is ever content to light his candle at that of a fool.

On the sociable table round which the half-dozen persons constituting the party now took their places, an excellent plain

dinner was served,—with an abundance of the best of those generous wines in which the lukewarm English take comfort under the afflictions of their climate;—Lord Buckhurst and the wit being placed on either side the lady of the house, and the political and literary pedants on either side their host.—

Thwarted in his hopes of obtaining fuller intelligence concerning the fair Beghyn, Lord Buckhurst took his revenge in surly silence; assuming much the abhorrent air that Louis XIV. must have worn when, in a fit of gallant condescension, one day at Neuilly, he permitted the Princesse de Conti and the Duchesse de Bourbon to send to the guard-house for pipes and tobacco, to try their skill at smoking; and, with his well-known hatred of unsavoury odours, sat by, in his royal pomp, inhaling the fumes of pigtail *dernière qualité*.—The wit of Sidney Smith or Rogers, would not have spurred him to a retort.—

Rouseham, who was one of the education-mad, had already opened his batteries in defence of his system.

"For my part," Higginbottom ventured to observe, in reply to one of the petulant outbursts of the little enurgumen, his rival, "I confess it creates only a feeling of weariness and anxiety in my mind, when forced to contemplate the passing time as a field to be planted exclusively with oaks and aloes, to flourish a hundred years hence!—How is a man to find leisure for the cultivation of his own intellects, while perpetually busying himself about those of his great grand-children?"—

"Pho, pho, pho!"—interposed Sylvanus Cox. "The intellects of *some* men require *no* cultivation! Rouseham, for instance, was born F.R.S.,—like Minerva starting armed *cap-à-pie* from the brain of Jupiter!—Rouseham can afford to busy himself with the endowments of an auxiliary London university at Hong Kong."

"An humbler man than myself may be permitted to fling his pebble on the cairn of Ignorance, upon whose summit is about to be erected the grand Temple of Universal Civilization," observed Rouseham, fancying the scoffer in earnest.—"Let each of us do as much, and the grand pyramid will be accomplished. It was only yesterday, sirs, I received the thanks of my learned friend Dr. Anacharsis Squashimus, of New York, for the aid I have been able to lend in London to the promulgation of his admirable new system for the gradual emblanchment of the various coloured races of mankind; by the institution of model villages on the coasts of Africa with premiums for parti-coloured marriages, and annual prizes for the production of mulatto children in the first generation, quadroons in the second, and so forth. According to Dr. Anarcharsis Squashimus's comprehensive calculations, it would require only one hundred and fifty years to extinguish the negro creation from the surface of the globe!"—

"Scouring out the blacks like blots from a careless copy!"

cried Sylvanus Cox.—" Bravissimo!—Dr. Squashimus's system reminds me of the theory of beatitudes of a French novelist,—who believes in a succession of spheres; and that in the nearest next world to this, the happy couples of our own will be absorbed into one, which, finding a sympathetic self, in the following sphere, will become again absorbed; so that by the time each of us attains the sixth sphere, he will have become the sixty-fourth part of an angel; and so forth,—till the apex of the absorbent pyramid attains the feet of the divinity!—Think of the ineffable joys of the sphere of spheres, where one subsides into the infinitesimal portion of a sentient entity!"—

This was merely a tub thrown out for the benefit of that great whale, Hieroglyphic Rouseham.—But Lady Mauley looked grave, and the discussion re-subsided to earth.—

" It strikes me," resumed the mild-voiced Patagonian, while the speculative philosopher was gravely ruminating on the Coxian theory of absorption, " that so far from deriving any present amelioration or aggrandizement from the far-sighted wisdom of the century, we are sensibly retrograding, in all that concerns letters and the arts.—The roaring of the furnace and bubbling of the crucible, seem to have superseded politer sounds; and in our zeal for Science, we reduce ourselves to the condition of the Cyclops."—

Mr. Sylvanus Cox muttered some allusion to his eye, not intended to reach articulately so far as his noble opposite neighbour.

" I can scarcely imagine, my dear Higginbottom, what you would have!"—observed the lawyer, who was now carving a saddle of mutton with a degree of dexterity which a royal seneschal or the head waiter of a *table d'hôte* might have envied.—" We have singing for the million,—we have schools of design for the million,—we have new universities,—academies,—associations,—art-unions,—*all* for the million!"—

" The very thing I complain of!"—piped Higginbottom, peevishly.—" The field is over-cultivated.—As the influence of religion is observed to decline under the ascendancy of its priestly establishments, art is becoming extinguished under the false excitements created by predominant institutions.—The old masters painted and composed nobly, without the aid of any such stimulants; and while we perpetually belabour our contemporaries with the phrase of 'working for posterity,' I am convinced that one of the great correctives of the grander schools, was that they thought only of working for their contemporaries. There was not a painting extant in Raphael's or Titian's time, capable of inspiring them with a hope of commanding at the end of four centuries, twice the admiration they commanded in their born days. But the immediate return of fame and reward excited their genius to the utmost; whereas posterity is an equivocal tribunal, whose decrees must always be

conjectural, and whose applause the vanity of human nature fancies itself to have bespoken."—

"A man must be fool-hardy, indeed, who, now-a-days, so abuses himself!" cried Rouseham. "*Who* can anticipate, even for a year, the virescence of his laurels?—At the prodigious rate of progress the Intelligence of Man has attained, a discovery of to-morrow, sir, may supersede the finest discovery of to-day.—Who now despairs of reaching the antipodes,—or the moon,—or the depths of the ocean?—Marvels quite as wondrous have been accomplished in our times."—

"Aërial carriages, tunnels, and diving-bells have certainly conveyed us the first stage!"—said Mauley, with a smile.—"I say nothing of balloons, which seem to have subsided into an old-fashioned invention of the last century. But it strikes me that, in its progress up hill, a vehicle is sometimes in want of a pike-staff to rest upon!"—

"If these new inventions had any moral purpose," observed the classic Higginbottom, "I could be content to see the world close its books and shut up its study as determinedly as it has done, in order to betake itself to the laboratory and the experimentary. But all is whim-wham, and the pit is bottomless. We are not the better or the wiser for travelling thirty miles an hour; nor have all the Professors' chairs ever instituted brought us two crops a-year, or so much as lowered the price of potatoes! What *I* call a valuable effort of the human mind is that which either ameliorates the condition of our fellow-creatures, or inspires them with philosophy to support it."

"A truism worthy of the portico!" cried Sylvanus Cox, gravely.

"But the fact is," resumed Higginbottom, "all these struggles after discovery are the result of rapacity. Though not the golden age, this an age of gold. If we do not waste our lives in searching after the philosopher's stone, the labours of modern literature, art, and science have no other aim or object than the acquirement of means to maintain a place among the flutterers of the day, and vie with the ennobled Jews, who are the vice-roys of modern Europe. The painter produces such pictures as will *sell*,—the sculptor such statues as will *sell*,—the horticulturist such flowers as will *sell*;—nay, the man of letters,—the poet,—the dramatist,—is intent only upon works that will SELL! While indulging in the cant of working for posterity, we study only the whims of the vulgar Millionaries, whom the golden speculations created by our colonial resources are constantly stranding like whales upon our shores."

"*Very* like a whale!" muttered Sylvanus Cox, perceiving that, throughout the discussion, Lord Buckhurst had been engaged in conversation with Lady Mauley.

"And what effect do these saleable prettinesses, I ask you, produce upon the popular mind?" piped Higginbottom. "Fritter

its tastes to a still lower standard of degradation! After contemplating one of the grand designs of Caravaggio or Guercino, our notions of human nature become amplified. Whereas all these namby-pambyisms of annuals and vignettes,—all this squandering of intellect upon periodical literature——"

"Mere arabesques, sir,—mere meaningless embellishments of the grander objects and pursuits of the century!" interrupted Rouseham, galled out of all patience by the prolixity of his antagonist. "The age we live in, sir, has projects in hand which do not admit of that idolatry of art which can exist only in the inert and enervate condition of a country."

"Nevertheless, the great masters of Italy lived in stirring times!" interposed Mauley.

"For my part, I look upon the fine arts and the vices of society as the product of the same luxurious idleness," cried Rouseham. "Were the same powers of mind that produce an historical picture applied to any available purpose, Hans Holbein might have been a Fust,—Rubens, a Copernicus,—Kneller, a Newton,—Sir Joshua, a Watt,—and Wilkie, a Davy! But, thank Heaven, the misapplication of talent is nearly at an end! Machinery, sir—machinery will soon supersede all such waste of intellect. Wood is already admirably carved by mechanism; marble will follow. Photographic portraits and Daguerreotypes are beginning to content the aldermen's wives; and now that the million can sing for their own amusement, they are becoming less frantic after concerts and oratorios. Mechanical organs are adopted in all but cathedral towns, in place of organists; and very soon, everything of that kind will be accomplished by wheels and cylinders!"

"Even arguments!"—added Sylvanus Cox, gravely, who, towards the close of the little man's noisy harangue, had observed, *sotto voce*, for the benefit of Lord Buckhurst, as Diogenes used to observe under similar circumstances—"γῆν ὁρῶ"—"I see land." "I do not despair of beholding a high-pressure debate carried on in parliament, while the honourable members are more than usually fast asleep on their benches!"

Lord Buckhurst, who, to conceal his utter want of sympathy with the disputants, had devoted himself throughout dinner to the amusement of Lady Mauley, with a sedulousness that would have been a virtue in a party of twenty but was a vice in a party of six, felt strangely relieved when, during the placing of dessert upon table, seats were ominously interposed between those of the host and hostess and their guests, for the use of the only cherubs to whom seats are available; and he perceived that a savage custom he had read of in books prevailed in the house of Mauley, of serving up the children with the ice and Savoy cakes. It was a choice of evils. But any species of prattle was preferable to the rigmarole of the modern mystics around him; which, as "true no meaning puzzles more than wit," he did not even trouble

himself to unravel. In his capacity of the kindest and most indulgent of fathers, Mauley assumed a far nobler position in his eyes than as the Mæcenas of the St. Pancras philosophers.

On the other hand, by a gracious administration of dried cherries to one of the bright-eyed mermaids he had observed at the play, and a question or two to the other concerning the piece they had been supposed to see together, Lord Buckhurst not only obtained his pardon from both parents for his apathy during dinner, but determined Mauley to qualify the remarks he had premeditated concerning the infatuation of Apollonia.

"On second thoughts," said he, when, as they were taking coffee together, his noble guest reverted to the subject, "I do not feel justified in betraying the poor girl's weakness without her further sanction. Clearly discerning *her* object in the donation, I frankly own that I have written to remonstrate; representing to her that her intentions savour more of the flightiness of a Lady Rachel Lawrance than of a self-controlling Christian. For, after all, how can she be assured that an increase of fortune would promote the happiness of poor Gatty?—My wife, whose intentions are better than her judgment in such matters, probably created such an impression on her mind. At all events, the kindness being intended towards yourself, it was to yourself it had better have been secured."

"However," added Sir Thomas, interrupting himself on seeing Sylvanus Cox shouldering his way towards them, charged to the muzzle with a joke, "I have made up my mind not to disclose the secret even to Emma, till I receive a reply from our poor dear Beghyn; and must therefore not only decline answering further questions, but exact the same discretion, my dear lord, of yourself."

The following day, Lord Buckhurst was on his road into Wilts. —He was in hopes of having stolen a march upon the alligator!

STANZAS.

BY MISS SKELTON.

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

They ask if I remember *thee!*—
Thou, who wast more than life to me—
Thou, whose dark locks and eyes of light
Are still before my waking sight—
Thou, whose soft voice and accents deep
Still haunt me in mine hours of sleep!

Not mine the tears that quickly flow,
Nor mine the voice of ready woe,
But deep within my silent breast
It burns, and feeds its own unrest,
Shadowing with its profound despair,
All things that should be bright and fair.

Within this world of many woes,
One flower for me in beauty rose—
One star of tender radiance shone—
That flower is crush'd, that light is gone;
All others beam in vain for me—
In darkness I remember thee.

Love never can be mine again,
But mem'ry I must still retain;
She brings me back thy face so fair—
Those laughing eyes, that waving hair—
And breathes in my delighted ear,
Tones that I never more shall hear.

Yet is my heart too high and proud
To bare itself before the crowd—
The world hath taught me to conceal
What thou alone couldst bid me feel;
And nothing it could give can be
Dear as these memories of *thee!*

A NIGHT WITH BURNS.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."

It is recorded that when Sir Walter Scott was a lad of fifteen, he saw Burns. "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*," are his own words. Much more fortunate was Andrew Horner, who spent an evening in the poet's company, and—must I tell it?—then and there imbibed so much liquid, rather stronger than spring-water, that his head ached sorely the next morning.

Between fifty and sixty years ago, there flourished a worthy, in the city of Carlisle, who—bless the mark!—was smitten with the desire of fame; and not content with the dim and distant prospect of obtaining it by his humble occupation as a vendor of linen, adventurously fixed his glance on no less a mark than that pedestal whereon, "with a pencil of light," Renown has inscribed the names of the illustrious who have written themselves into earthly immortality.

Andrew Horner was the name of the wight who (in his own estimation) was worthy to break a lance with those proud heirs of fame who have gained the world's admiration. It is for antiquaries to ascertain what relation he bore to the renowned hero of the nursery-rhymes—he who eat his Christmas pie snugly "in a corner," and, (lucky dog!) had the good fortune to "pull out a plum" every now and then.

Leaving that question to the research of the Dryasdusts, let us continue our story.—Andrew Horner had reached the sage age of threescore, ere he had fully made up his mind in what manner he should astonish the public. He determined, at last, to "witch the world with noble"—*not* horsemanship, but rhymes. Like many men, before, in, and since his day, he mistook the aspiration for the ability—the wish for the power to write. Thus do we constantly see practical illustrations of the frog trying to swell to the size of the lordly bison, and thus have we been afflicted with manifold imitations of the better brethren of the quill—the Scotts, the Bulwers, the Levers, the Ainsworths, the Dickenses, the Jameses,—in which, like the Chinese artists, the copyists give every defect with remarkable fidelity, but invariably contrive *not* to give the grace, the expression, and the freshness which breathe life into the originals!

Sundry quires of what he courteously and complacently called poetry, were written by Mr. Horner. These he read to such of his customers as he could prevail upon to listen. When he lacked this "audience, fit though few," he was wont to read his effusions aloud, *ore rotundo*, for his own edification; and, if he was in a particularly pleasant and placid vein, he would send for a neighbour, who had brightened his intellect by making the tour of England—as candle-snuffer and bill-sticker for sundry theatrical and erratic companies—and bribe him, with a gill of whisky or a mutchin of ale, to listen to the mellifluous rhymes which their author monotonously poured out—like a child pouring a thin stream of muddy water into a bottomless vessel. Andrew Horner's *amour propre* would be gratified, ever and anon (between gulps), with such interjectional remarks, as "Gude—vera gude!"—"Real fine rhymes!"—"Excellent!—ma faith, Shakspere

ne'er wrote sick po'try as that!" But, by the time the fluids were disposed of, the listener usually fell into a calm sleep. Whatever other merits or demerits they possessed, it was pretty obvious that Mr. Andrew Horner's rhymes were of a *composing* nature;—the art of writing such has not died with him.

The proverb which tells us that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is equally true when applied to poets. The good people of Carlisle have never been *too* discerning, and, indeed, it is rather a recommendation than otherwise for a man, among them, to be somewhat of a dullard. They were as blind to literary merit in 1785, as they are in 1843, or as they have been in any year of grace since Paley cast too much light upon their mental obscurity. Is it wonderful, then, that Horner shared the common doom?—that he gained, at best, the dubious distinction of being sneered at as a half-witted rhymester, or positively condemned for the folly of neglecting his business for his verses?

How could a soul like his be "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the dull city of Carlisle? What more natural than that,

"Aspiring upwards—like a star,"

it should seek a more extended range—a wider sphere of action. What more obvious than that this should be gained by the then important, but now common step—publication!

Andrew Horner read his own poems for the thousandth time,—worked himself once more, and for ever, *out* of his lingering doubts and *into* the heart of his old conviction, that they were truly exquisite, and then magnanimously resolved to—print them.

It is faithfully recorded, in one of the gossiping memoirs of the time, that Henri the Fourth of France once entered a small town, and was met at the gate by the mayor and corporation, with a right loyal address—that is, an address in which the reigning monarch is told, even as his predecessors were told, in the most sycophantic terms, that he is all but a God upon earth; "next door to a cherubim," in short, like Master Wackford Squeers. "May it please your most august and sacred majesty," added the chief representative of municipal wisdom, "we would have saluted you with cannon, according to ancient custom, but for seventeen reasons:—the first is, your majesty, we have not got any cannon——" "That will do," hastily interrupted the king, as he gave spur and rein to his charger, "I excuse the remaining sixteen reasons." In like manner—oh, gentlest of all gentle readers—could we enumerate a great variety of circumstances which, unfortunately, prevented Andrew Horner's having his book printed at Carlisle. The first was that, in the year 1785, there actually was not a printing-office in that ancient city. Perhaps, like the French king, you will "excuse the other sixteen reasons."

The nearest place, at that time, where he could have his book creditably brought out, was the good city of Glasgow—then, as now, famous for the punch-making and punch-bibbing powers of its worthy inhabitants.

To Glasgow, therefore, Andrew went. It was quite "the poet's pilgrimage." There he speedily learned that the expense of printing and publishing was no trifle; but, then, what was a little money—nay,

what was a great deal of it, in the balance against his immortal fame! Although not actually a Scot by birth, our friend was "too far north" to close any bargain on the instant with the Glasgow bibliopole, but left it pending, or, as he would say, "hanging betwixt and between." His mind was too enlarged to be made up, like a travelling-bag or a prescription, "at a moment's notice;" he had to consider, on his way back to Carlisle, what number of copies it would be proper to print. On the moderate calculation that there certainly must be at least *one* lover of poetry in every parish in England and Scotland, (to say nothing of that part of the kingdom called Ireland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,) his original idea was for a small impression of —ten thousand copies. The more prudent bookseller recommended the *maximum* to be a paltry five hundred, and, when Andrew had the estimates before him, he was fain to confess that it might be as well, perhaps, not to venture upon thousands until the sale of hundreds would furnish the means of paying expenses.

Andrew Horner—like an Indiaman from Calcutta, or Barney Riordan, when he met the American liner far out at sea—was "homeward bound" when he came to the principal hostelrie in the ancient town of Ayr; not very far from which is Mossgiel, the farm held by Robert Burns at the date of this anecdote, and where, if *he* lost some money, the world gained the fine poetry which—in a continuous, deep, and flashing stream—flowed to his pen, from his heart, during his residence there.

It never was ascertained *why* Mr. Andrew Horner took such a detour to the west as Ayr—some thirty miles out of the direct road from Glasgow to Carlisle; but poets have odd fancies, sometimes, and poetasters, having the organ of imitation very strong, affect to be discursive, in the hope that oddity (copper-gilt) may be mistaken for the sterling metal of originality.

It was a fine evening in September, 1785, when the redoubtable Andrew Horner entered the common room of the inn at Ayr. Some half-dozen ranting, roaring, dashing young fellows—fond of their glass and joke—were sitting down to dinner as he entered, exactly "in the nick of time." Room was immediately made for him. The oldest occupant in the room took the chair, according to the inn-usage "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and, by the contrary rule, Andrew Horner was made vice-president, by virtue of his being the most recent arrival.

We may take it for granted that, what Mr. Carlyle would call "the remarkablest" justice, was executed upon all the viands. The cloth being removed, the chairman gave "the king." It was Andrew's turn next; and, in the customary routine, he should have given "the queen and royal family;" but, much to the surprise and amusement of the company, he started on his legs, made a vehement speech "de omnibus rebus" (which, being interpreted, does *not* mean a rebus in an omnibus, as we once heard a blue-stocking translate it!)—branching off to London politics and Cumberland potatoes—glancing at William Pitt, the boy-minister of that day, and Lord Thurlow's gracious manner—gliding into a dissertation upon salmon-fishing and Irish linen; and, by a nice gradation, introducing a lengthy eulogy of the British poets, with a modest allusion to his own metrical merits. So intent was he on the subject, that he plumped down into his chair, at the end, without having proposed any toast whatever.

The wit who presided had a very particular and pleasant *penchant* for fun. Therefore, no sooner had Horner resumed his seat, than the chairman—with a gravity of manner which deceived no one but his self-satisfied and unconscious butt, intimated that it would be no more than decorous to drink the health of the eminent literary character whose society they were then fortunately enjoying. After a few more compliments, the hyperbole of which was exquisitely ludicrous, he proposed "The Poets of Great Britain, and Mr. Horner, their worthy representative."

Such a toast could only be drank "with all the honours"—an infliction which invariably makes me envy a deaf man. Horner, of course, responded, as best he could. His speech would have been very Ciceronian, no doubt, but that the orator had the misfortune to stammer. However, he stuttered out his thanks—the unusual excitement having much augmented his natural infirmity—and though he said little, that little, owing to his defective utterance, was like Chateaubriand, Buckingham, Francis Ainsworth, or any other traveller to far climes—*it went a great way.*

So copiously was he fed with flattery and punch that, ere the second bowl of the latter was exhausted, Andrew Horner had mounted on a table (by special desire), and, with great emphasis, read for his new friends sundry extracts from what he loved to call his "poetic poems." Much mock applause followed this exhibition, and more than ever did he believe that *he* was predestined to revive fine poetry in the land.

To carry on the joke yet further, and "fool him to the top of his bent," a critical dispute was commenced as to the relative merits of each poem which the company had heard. At last, one gentleman hinted, with a show of independence, that their guest might not be such a *very* mighty bard as they imagined. Horner's mettle was up immediately, and, with as much warmth as modesty, he defended himself. His opponent affected to be yet more critical, and fully aroused Andrew's indignation by exclaiming, "Tut, mon! there's a lad near by wha wud mak mair pomes in a day than yoursel' cud compose, as ye call it, in a month o' Sundays!"

Extremely indignant at this imputation on his bardship, Andrew rashly backed himself against the field. A wager was immediately offered, taken, and booked, as to the result of a trial of poetic strength between Andrew Horner and this "lad near by," who was put forward as his opponent. It was resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion on that night, if possible. It must be confessed—but this, of course, is merely hinted to our readers, in the "most private and confidential" manner imaginable—that as Andrew had hastily made the bet, and as hastily repented having done so, his forlorn hope lay in the fancied impossibility of meeting his poetic opponent that night, as it now was waxing late. His firm intention was to quit Ayr at dawn of day, and thus gallop out of the responsibility he had rashly incurred.

But his companions well knew—what he, alas! did not—that the Ayr freemasons held their monthly sitting that night, and that the young poet whom they sought was then actually in the house with that goodly fraternity—he being one of the "brethren of the mystic tie." They called him out, briefly explained the ludicrous circumstances of the case, and had no difficulty in persuading him to enter the lists against the Carlisle bardling.

The stranger-poet entered the room, and Andrew Horner could see, at a glance, that he was no common man. At that time, his age was about some six-and-twenty years. His form was vigorous rather than robust. He was well made, and very strongly set together. His height was rather above the middle size; but a slight stoop of the neck, such as may frequently be noticed in men who follow the plough, (and in Scotland, at that time, few farmers were above doing their own business,) took somewhat from his stature. His complexion was dark—swarthy, indeed; and his features might be called massive rather than coarse. But his face was any thing but common; in repose, it had the contemplative, melancholy look which so often indicates the presence of high imagination; and when he spoke, (often with a sharp, and frequently with a witty, or boldly eloquent remark,) there was a preponderance of intelligence—of genius, in his aspect and its expression such as Lavater would have been happy to behold. His broad pale brow was shaded by dark hair, with rather a curl than a wave. His voice was particularly sweet, yet manly and sonorous. But the chief charm of a very remarkable countenance lay in his eyes, which were large, dark, and beautifully expressive. They literally seemed to glow when he spoke with feeling or interest. When conversation excited him, as it often did, they kindled up until they all but lightened.

Such was the young man now introduced to Andrew Horner, and whose very glance subdued him, amid the flush of his Bacchanalian revelries, into a feeling of his own insignificance. It might have been as much by accident as design that the stranger was not introduced by name. At that time, indeed, he had achieved only a local reputation. In a short time after, he was acknowledged as one of the most eminent and brilliant men his country ever produced,—how did that country reward his genius!

He readily joined in the conversation, and did not allow the cup to pace the table "like a cripple," to use one of Christopher North's memorable expressions. His language, if sometimes careless, was always vigorous; and it was very evident that, whatever his education might have been, his mental powers were great. There are men who achieve greatness without "the dust of the schools," making cobwebs in their minds, and such would probably dwindle into common-place persons if they had all the advantages of education. They become original thinkers and doers, precisely because they have had to teach themselves. At the head of this class may be placed the Ayrshire poet.

It required little pressing to get him to sing several songs of his own composition; and the unfortunate Andrew Horner had sense enough to perceive that, either for stinging satire or touching pathos, these lyrics were inimitable.

Having sate with them for some time, he made a shew of retiring, when they insisted that he should allow the wager to be decided, by competing, in poetry, with Andrew. With well-acted humility, he declined what he called "the certainty of defeat;" and so real seemed his disinclination for the contest, that Andrew Horner fancied he was actually afraid to enter into the competition, so that, urged on by the insidious advice of some of those around him, he asked the stranger,

in the exulting tone and manner of anticipated triumph, to have one trial, at least. The challenge could not, in honour, be declined; and, with apparent and well-acted doubt of its result, it was accepted.

An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme.

He commenced—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine"—

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see, I was born in 1739, [the real date was some years earlier,] so I mak' that the commencemen'."

He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down, in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine;"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass.

At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper, were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *vivâ voce*:—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,
The Deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner;
But, shortly after, changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner!"

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense *not* to be offended with its satire, cheerfully paid the wager, set to for a night's revelry with his new friends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when "the sma' hours" came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth-rug, in a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymester —then, literally, a *carpet* knight—the old man, better prophet than poet, exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but ye'll be a great poet yet!"

Answer, O nations, whether the prediction was fulfilled? In a few months after, a volume of poems was published from the press of John Wilson, of Kilmarnock—the author was a peasant by birth, a poet by inspiration. Coarse was the paper on which these poems were printed, and worn was the type. But the poems themselves were of that rare class which the world does not willingly let die. The fame of their author has flown, far and wide, throughout the world. His genius and his fate have become "at once the glory and the reproach of Scotland." That author was the same who, in a sportive mood, made an epigram upon poor Andrew Horner. His name was—ROBERT BURNS.

LOVE AND A LICENCE.

A Tale of Pudding-lane.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD, AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," "THE SOLITARY," ETC.

PART THE FIRST.

THERE never, since marriage was counted respectable,
Lived a couple, to Hymen more truly delectable,
Than were Gregory Newman and she he call'd *uxor*;—
In him she was blest, ma'am, and he was in luck, sir;
(If that line is abrupt and obscure, I indeed err
Not to state 'tis address'd to both sexes of reader;)
Well, so fitted were they to each other, so pat
In their likes and dislikes of this, t'other, and that;
In short, so harmonious, so complaisant, (which is,
The Dunmow folks tell me, the way to gain flitches,)
That domestic felicity, which had long brooding lain,
Caught light from their fire, and pervaded all Pudding-lane.

Our Newman was wealthy; nor need it surprise,
That a merchant of oranges gets the supplies;
And when profits accrue and are duly invested,
And trade goes on well as it e'er at the best did,
Then will fortune, thus foster'd, comparison suit
With the orange-tree, bearing both blossom and fruit.
(An old image, but 'faith, I was sadly put to't,
To see if I couldn't, by hook or crook, get tick,
Like my betters, for being a trifle poetic.)

Now fortunes, 'tis known, may be squander'd or hoarded,
As one man may be silly, another be sordid;
And when an old miser dies, very few care
Should his cash be misspent by the profligate heir;
Who knows whence 'twas got? when 'tis gone, who asks where?
But Newman was none of your soulless collectors
Of money, who puzzle our moral dissectors,
And who, when these surgeons with scalpel and cautery,
Have slash'd every limb, and have burnt every artery,
Skip off from the board, each base self-seeking chap, and
Walk off to the Bank as though nothing had happen'd.

No; Gregory Newman was one of those cits,
Who could bear losses firmly, could chuckle o'er hits,
Could "sell and repent," could cry "done," or cry "quits;"
An excellent cit, who had always been able,
To keep a good heart, steady friends, and a table,
Which though *it* might groan with haunch, baron, or sirloin—
Had guests ever round it whose mirth nought could purloin;
Wherefore, if he got rich, 'twas by fair honest dealing,
Left and right hand as true as the floor to the ceiling;
By a liberal conduct in every relation;—
And his wealth—not to make any more botheration—
Which he'd gain'd in the lane that runs down towards the water,
He intended to leave to Miss Harriet his daughter.

Miss Harriet—I'm sorry I can't wield the pencil
To give you a sketch of her—was in no sense ill-
Regarded by those, who best knew, from long seeing,
The head and heart points of her rational being.
By these she was said to be clever, and this stress
I must lay, she'd had a most worthy schoolmistress,
Who taught her to twirl round the globe called celestial,
Till she learn'd that the great bear was not really bestial;

Urged her on in geography, coursing through maps,
Till she knew (how that study attention entraps!)
That the Isle of Wight Newport, was not Newport Pagnell;
These, with wading through Murray, and Pinnock, and Magnall,
Music, dancing, and *Telemaque*, written by Fenelon,
Form'd a girl with resources to cheer her up when alone.

Is this all I can say of her? No; there's much more
Had I space, but my limits forbid; yet, encore—
(Encore with "the gods," and ye high powers, I duck to ye,
Means not "that song again," but "another, good luck to ye;")
So, once more—our young Harriet could sew like the "Missis"
Of that cunning old Greek, whom she thought gloomy Dis's
Long before he came home, and whose name was Ulysses.
She was lovely as Tasso's Erminia, (tame girl in Hoole!)
Could paint roses on velvet, and work cats in Berlin wool;
Could dress with some taste, knit a purse to a rarity;
And, what's better, could open it freely to charity;
Had an aspect a painter were troubled to limn,
With a bright eye which, tearful, was tenderly dim;
Vain a *leetle*—not proud—had some art, but more nature,—
In short, was a very good loveable creature.

'Tis sad—but the thing is so commonly done,
That reflection upon it 's as well let alone—
When a father, in all other matters affectionate,
Thinks his daughter must love, or at his cool direction hate,
Just the man he points out; and if Miss raise an—"O, papa!"
She's told with a base roar, she'll soon find she's no papa;
And can no more be heard, while fierce lightning his eye shoots,
Than a linnet would be in that grim scene of Freischutz.
'Tis sad, did I say, and our thoughts must eschew it—
'Tis atrocious; and he who would callously do it,
Is a wretch; but my feelings aroused I'm afraid of—
But I'd like to ask Buckland what clay that man's made of?

For who, though a parent, dare make sure of Hickson,
When his daughter has set heart and soul upon Dixon?
Or insist upon close-fisted Bainbridge or Metcalfe,
If the girl loves a prodigal great as e'er ate calf?
No; just in the ratio a daughter is beautiful,
Is she in love-matters averse from the dutiful.
'Tis in vain the old gentleman cries up stiff suitors,
Who've been brought up so well that they look like their tutors;
Young rigid disciples of Gresham and Cocker,
With faces that frighten, and speeches that shock her;
Expounders of "main chance," of prudence upholders;
In brief, those "nice" youths with old heads on young shoulders.
Miss endures not the beau, should he chance "take her out,"
Whose old head condemns what his heels are about;
Who at play, or at party, of pleasure would rob her—viz.,
By constantly shaking that plaguy wise nob of his;
Still less can she bear this prim thing of formalities,
If she loves some one else, though without his good qualities—
Some handsome young fellow who, when he first sees her,
Makes known that her eye to his heart is a teazer;
Who, at every fresh meeting looks paler and paler,
With a face grown as long as the bill of his tailor.
What though he be poor, (vulgo, hasn't the "tin,")
Just look at "the tip" on his classical chin;
Though ten times his income, as sure as Old Scratch he owes,
Yet, what eyes! what a figure! what loves of mustachios!

Thus, love, wise or not, thinks its own is the true man;
And this brings us back to our worthy friend Newman,

Who, though not the dad whom above we've been trouncing,
Was yet very partial to prose and pronouncing;
Talk'd of "men to his mind," "a fair match," and the rest;
Thought—but wasn't quite sure, that he OUGHT to know best;
Hinted Dykes—his high qualities, prospects, and then,
Bade his daughter obey, and consult Mrs. N.,
Whereas, Smith—poor dear Smith! but she wish'd not to marry yet,
So she said, (what a fib!) was the man for our Harriet.

Mr. Priminheere Dykes—the sole son of his father,
Was a very good youth, and was good-looking, rather;
But so tall and so thin, that bold girls oft would slaughter
His feelings, (O, shame on each Billingsgate daughter!)
By likening him unto a "yard of pump-water."
And, inspired by the comic muse, boys in a high key,
Would remark, "there's a lamp-post a toddlin', oh, crikey!"
These scoffs, hard to bear by the best and the wisest,
As we've hinted, he did not enjoy with a high zest.
No; they superinduced such devotion to business,
That, if ever solemnity harbour'd in phiz, in his
It dwelt, and with such a grave sadness, that people
Thought they saw at once in him a parson and steeple.
But business he did not permit to engross
His whole time, to his mind and his intellect's loss.
No; twice a week Prudence cried out to him, "hie hence
To the Pallas—that hall of *belles lettres* and science;
There, rising superior to ignorant asses,
Learn the gift of the gab, and the nature of gases;
Pry into retorts and cylindrical glasses,
And enlist yourself pupil in each of the classes;
Hear the learned professor, whose hair's so well curl'd,
That 'twould not stand on end at an end to the world,
With a shirt snowy white, to be soil'd by a speck loth,
And a stiff stand-up collar, and well got-up neckcloth.
Hear him hold forth, I say," (so said Prudence,) "and profit;"
And he did so—I wish him the benefit of it.

Nor was this all: his mind and his soul to recruit,
He made his occasional solace his flute;
But not much at a sitting—his lungs were too tender;
For Shakspeare was wrong—"Flute" is *no* "bellows-mender;"
And sometimes dropt in upon Newman, (who hail'd him
As a listener, whose pow'r of endurance ne'er fail'd him,)
There to utter at intervals, not loud but deep sighs,
And out of a calf's head, as Swift says, cast sheeps' eyes;
There to drink draughts of love, and to nourish his body
With draughts of his host's super-excellent toddy,
Till sometimes he felt as though, raised by these stocks o' gin,
A learned professor had fill'd him with oxygen.

What a pity it was (yet, confusion betide him!
'Twas in part his own fault) Harriet couldn't abide him.
He was really a good-natured fellow, inclined
To make any girl happy he found of a mind
To take him for better, for worse, goods and chattels;
(How good Mrs. Ellis of men like these prattles!)
But young Dykes was at all times, though topics were plenty,
"*Egregii mortalem altique silenti;*"
Like one on each subject compell'd to stand neuter,
Or a mute from a door brought up-stairs to be muter,
The very worst fault can pertain to a suitor.
And 'twas fatal to Priminheere Dykes's cause, *sith*
No Trappist was gay Maximilian Smith.
A good-looking young fellow, as ever with stalk,
Paraded high heels on the Custom House walk;

As ever with whisper, so secret and dear,
Just flutter'd the curl at a young lady's ear;
As e'er with assurance, which some call audacity,
Made love perfectly clear to the meanest capacity.
He was poor (and the fact he was often remarking)
As the poorest church mouse within All-hallows, Barking;
But the temple of Hymen, he ventured to hint,
Was a building by no means attach'd to the mint,
Nor was love a vile cad of the omnibus rank,
Bawling out through life's thoroughfare nought but "Bank! Bank!"

This was all very well; but Smith just as well knew,
Though the daughter might say, "to be sure," "that's quite true,"
With her father such reasoning by no means would do;
So, though Newman's acquaintance might be vastly pleasant,
'Twas a pleasure he thought fit to waive for the present.
Avoiding the chance of a fatherly *skrimmage*,
He contented himself by impressing his image,
On the heart of Miss Harriet at meetings clandestine,
Array'd in such garb as he thought he look'd best in.

Moons on moons roll'd away (I'm not certain, but there are,
I think, words like these in the poem of "Lara");
During which, in a manner that no one much likes,
When the theme doesn't please, Newman spoke of young Dykes;
And so often his merits and virtues ran o'er,
That he made himself really a bit of a bore.

Stifling every objection with "Fiddle-de-dee, Miss;
"You *shall* have him;" "I *will* be obey'd;" "Don't tell *me*, Miss;"
Till Harriet's hopes were at last *in extremis;*
And she hated poor Priminheere, grimmest of grim men!
With a bitterness passing the hatred of women,
And care and disease lodged her once rosy cheek in,
And her mother discover'd the dear child was "peaking,"
Took her husband to task (though she really liked Priminheere),
And said, "Newman, you must not attempt to bring him in here,
If he makes the girl ill; and I wonder you can see
So much in the lad—it is merely your fancy.
And you, really—now, Gregory, don't be pigheaded—
You really quite tease her about being wedded;
And she's ill, as it is—a fine thing, when one *is* sick,
For Tomkins—that man does *so* throw in the physic."
This, and much more she urged, with a proper infusion
Of "dears" and "come now's," though a startling allusion
Escaped the good wife, when she said, in conclusion
(And this was well-timed his best feelings to call up),
"That the girl, on Death's pale horse, would be off at full gallop,
If he didn't his own furious hobby-horse baffle,
By riding the obstinate beast with a snaffle."

All this had its effect, though 'twas first "Pshaw!" and "Stuff!"
Yet soon he saw reason to cry, "True enough!"
Threw his arms round his helpmate, and "murder'd her ruff."
(I mean,—not to quote from our sweet swan of Avon,—
He "tumbled" the kerchief his wife chanced to have on;)
Swore by powers mysterious (such as "jingo" and "goles,")
That he loved his girl's happiness dear as his soul's;
That she should not have Prim (so they call'd him for brevity),
Though the lad was a rare one, without that vile levity,
Which disgraces the young men "of these times" and "this age,"
If her heart was not won by his virtues and visage.

THE TOMBS OF THE EAST.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The social attentions paid by the multitude to the graves of their relatives or friends, as portrayed in the more humble tombs characteristic of a country, as well as the respect or gratitude of a nation ambitiously manifested in those gorgeous structures, which more generally attract the attention of travellers, are equally worthy of philosophical contemplation, whether as indicative of the state of art, or of the direction of thought, among people differing in modes of feeling and action from what we are familiar with.

Viewed simply as to their architectural merits, the tombs of the Mohammedans are not only inferior to what are met with in the Christian world, but also in many respects to the more ancient pagan sepulchral monuments, which are scattered over the same countries; but, viewed in relation to the direction given to thought, in their objects and positioning, and the associations which are made as it were to invest and encompass them, they present much that is deeply interesting, and which fully entitles the country of Islamism to the distinction it has long obtained, of being the land of poetry in sepulchres. There is indeed, generally speaking, more of truth and morality, and consequently of poetry, which should always be truth and morality, in the position and associations of a tomb in the east, as well as in its faithfully observed sanctity of isolation, than in the west; and while the elementary style and forms have never assumed the development which so peculiarly belongs to Christian architecture, it is impossible not to see in that style a step in the progress of the human mind, led as it was by Muhammedanism as well as by Christianity, to the knowledge of one God, but stopping short at that imperfect revelation, and remaining like the idea itself, without ever making an additional step towards that architectural perfection which is presented to us in the consummate beauty of conception and execution of those religious structures which have been justly characterized as significant of the new hopes and aspirations that opened upon the mind with the dawn of Christianity.

The sepulchres of the Osmanli Sultans stand first among the oriental mausoleums, and yet they are rather houses of the dead than tombs, properly speaking. The original after which they are built is the common oriental Kumbet, or dome, to be described hereafter; but the supporting walls are either circularly disposed, or polyhedral, having six or eight faces, with windows and gilded frame-works. They are also lofty, well-built, and of good proportions; but the imperial, or Saracenic dome, tapering to the top, and more than usually spread out below, as we see in the great mausoleum at Delhi, is not common in Constantinople, where the forms are Byzantine, or what is now, I believe, called Roman.

These turbehs, as sepulchres of the first class are called, are chiefly within the precincts of the selatins, or royal mosques, and are generally accompanied with prostyle or court and vestibule, only that

instead of columns we have lifeless walls or railings; but the rich carpets and ottomans with which they are adorned in the interior, the colossal wax tapers and lustres suspended from the roof, the splendidly illuminated copies of the Koran on low *prie dieux* for the faithful, and the elegant canopy of silk which covers the dead, surmounted by the head-dress of the period, combine to dispel all feelings of repugnance which might otherwise be experienced in sitting or praying in the same apartment with so many mouldering corpses.

The splendid mosque, called that of Suleïman, at Constantinople, was erected by that monarch as a memorial of the grief experienced for the death of his eldest son, Muhammed. The coffin containing the remains of this prince lies by the side of that of Sultan Selim, on whose tomb is the proud epitaph—"On this day Sultan Selim passed to an eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Suleïman." The tombs of other sultans are also attached to the various mosques which they constructed or embellished. The tombs of the earlier sultans are at their first seat of power, Brusa; but it is a disputed question if Osman, the founder of the dynasty, lies at Shugút, his first principality, or at the conquest of Orchan. The bones of the second of the dynasty lie in the mosque of Daoud Monasteri, formerly a Byzantine church in the capital of Bithynia, and Bajazet erected a mausoleum of white marble at the same place over the remains of Amurath the First. This unfortunate sultan, who also lies buried in Brusa, is said to have preserved carefully, through the whole course of his life, the dust which, in his expeditions, stuck to his clothes; and in his last hours he conjured the by-standers, with direful imprecations, to make a large brick of it, and place it in his tomb, under his right arm, instead of a cushion, adding, he always regarded the Hadiz, or inspired saying—"If any man's feet have been sprinkled with the dust in the path of the Lord, him will God preserve from hell fire."

The mausoleum of the late reforming sultan, is among the few that are without the precincts of a mosque. It has its court, garden, vestibule, and prostyle, with marble walls, and a richly gilded portal and railings. By the side of the gate are two terrestrial globes, elevated on pedestals, and intended to remind the Osmanlis that their sultan, as Commander of the Faithful, was Emperor of the World.

Passing out of Cairo to the eastward, the traveller is at once in the Desert. No trees—no cultivated fields; not a shrub, nor a blade of grass is to be seen. As far as the eye can reach is a sea of sand. There are no suburbs to this side of the town, as to the eastward of Baghdad, —the sand has extended its desolations to the gates. This dreary region, which seems to abhor vegetation and life, has been appropriately devoted to the dead; and the tombs of more than a thousand years cover this immense space, and have at the distance the appearance of a deserted town. Further in the desert are the sumptuous monuments of the Mamelukes. Quadrangles of twenty, thirty, or forty feet square, built of white marble, and surmounted by chaste and elegant cupolas or domes, or graceful columns, whose light and airy ascent is not interrupted by the weight they support. Still further on are the tombs of the Khalifs, attached, like the tombs of the sultans, to vast mosques with splendid domes and lofty elaborately-ornamented menarehs.

Many superb mosques arise over or near to the tombs of the great and holy men throughout the whole land of Islamism. Such are the mosques of Mecca and Medinah, and those of the Seljukian Sultans of Rum, at Koniyeh, more especially that of Sultan Ala ad din, the style and decorations of which are very beautiful, and constitute graceful and finished specimens of Saracenic architecture. Near Baghdad is the magnificent mosque of Kazimein, "the two repressors of their wrath," Husein and Ali. Its gilded cupola and tall menarehs of glazed tiles and bricks of various colours, rise above a dense grove of date trees, and, seen from the level plain around, constitute truly splendid objects. The tombs of these prophets of the Shiites or Persians, are, however, at Kerbelah and Kufah. In the tomb of Zobeide, the celebrated wife of Harun al Rashid, near the same city—with its hexagonal walls and pine-apple spire, its pointed horse-shoe arches, its rich tracery and fretwork in the most exquisite taste, beautifully ornamented with arabesques—we have a true specimen of the best forms of the Saracenic, which we find repeated in some of the tombs at Akserai, and in the Mejid tash, or holy stone, at Changri, a monument of the time of the Eyubite Sultans, the successors of Saladin. The city of the Khalifs still boasts of seven large mosques, attached to the shrines of holy men; but the Selatin, or cathedral mosque of the Khalifs, has been destroyed, with the exception of a curious but rather clumsy menareh.

Next to the turbehs, or tombs of the first class, come the Iman Zadeh's, or sepulchral chapels, in honour of saints, which are very common around all great oriental cities. The original of both the first and second class of these edifices is the same—the simple dome common to all Islamism. There is, or can be, therefore, little architectural pretensions in such buildings. The rows of columns of the early Christian chapels are here totally wanting, and are replaced by a parallelogram of four more or less lofty walls. It is true that there is not the heavy motionless architrave of the Christian edifices, such being surplanted by the arch in its next to highest development of a dome, and thus the principles of the basilica, so frequent in the east, may be said to be reversed; the light and elegant row of columns being replaced by solid walls, while, on the other hand, the heavy architrave of the basilica is converted into a dome; but what is gained by the architrave is more than lost in the rigid, lifeless mass of wall which constitutes the mass of the building. To these imams are often attached lateral buildings, which are made the residence of a dervish, who gains his livelihood by his attendance upon his predecessor, and who will probably be entombed after death where he has been all his life-time. At times, the simple object attended to is a place of prayer, left open before the tomb. This is the most simple form of a sepulchral chapel. It may increase in size till it becomes a mesjid, or mosque, with its regular attached functionaries of mutawelli, or guardian, priest (imam), cryer (muezin), and kayim, or person who sweeps and arranges the carpets, lights the lamps, &c. Such mosques enjoy the right of calling to prayer five times a day, which, having no menarehs, is done from the side of the dome; but they have no prayers on the Friday. Such can only be said by the sheikh, or preacher, in a jami or selatin, where he is assisted by the khatib, who recites the public

profession respecting the unity and the attributes of the Supreme Being.

Generally speaking, these sepulchres and their chapels are more or less ruinous, and frequently entirely neglected and abandoned. It is only when a holy man has had the good fortune to attend to some person's supplications for worldly advantages, that the increase of votive offerings will keep up the original benefice. Many of these imams are buildings of considerable extent, and include chapel, tomb, residences of priests, guardians, and attendants, besides an imaret, or hospital, and house of reception for poor travellers, with courts, gardens, and fountains. These are generally more or less crumbling into ruin, and often half prostrate. There are neither means nor population in the east, for the support of these numerous religious edifices; although when the ladies of a city take a summer's evening walk, it is almost always to the tomb of some holy man; hence those near great cities are most frequented, and present at times a flourishing appearance. Those at a distance are made the objects of visits on particular days, and are called ziyarets, or places of pilgrimage. The tomb sacred to one sect of Muhammedans, is often abominated by an adverse sect; thus, when Timur was at Damascus, he took the opportunity of having the bones of Jezíd, founder of the Jezidees, dug up, and the grave filled with manure, to express his contempt for its tenant. The tombs of Christian as well as of Muhammedan saints, are made objects of pilgrimage by the Muhammedans; thus the Mecca Itineracy, a curious guide for the faithful in their journey from Constantinople to Mecca, recommends a visit, when at Antioch, to the tomb of Hazret Simun, the well-known St. Simon, surnamed Stylites by the Byzantines, from his living immovable at the extremity of a pillar. The tombs of the Jewish prophets are universally claimed by the Muhammedans as tombs of their holy men, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac, of Jonah at Nineveh, &c.; and the tombs of many of the Christian prophets and fathers of the church are also made to belong to two creeds. The most remarkable among these monuments are those to the prophet Elias, concerning whom more traditions are current in the east than any other. The Khidr Iliyas, as they are called, are to be met with in every direction—at Angora, at Yaprakli, and in Kurdistan. These monuments are not tombs, according to the Muhammedans, but resting-places. They believe that Elijah, or Elias, never died; and that he is still on earth, where he is to remain until the coming of Jesus Christ. They call him Khidr, or "evergreen," on account of the everlasting life which he enjoys, and by which he is kept ever in a flourishing condition, in a paradise which they say might be taken for heaven itself. The Turkish poets have many references to the same tradition; and D'Herbelot relates a curious semi-historical legend concerning the same, which we regret is too long to extract. Mr. Rich relates of his having been visited, when resident at Baghdad, by a murid (disciple) of Sultan Hassan, a celebrated dervish, who asserted his having seen and conversed with the prophet Elias, who accompanied him two days on the road.

Of all the numerous pilgrimages in the east, by far the most remarkable is the removal of the dead Persians to the Mesh-ed, or shrines of Ali and Husein. Caravans are constantly passing the Tigris on this

long journey, when the scene presented is revolting to a degree; the coffins are often merely a few planks rudely put together, and have not been able to resist the rough roads across the Persian mountains; the consequence is, that the caravan is followed by such a cloud of ravens and vultures, and so far-spreading a train of jackalls and hyænas, that he must be a hardened man who acts as muleteer to such a funereal convoy. Yet I have seen them attended even by females, with face and body alike wrapped up in mourning, and souls only alive to grief and their last duties.

The next and third class of tombs are the kumbets, or kubera, small quadrangular edifices surmounted by a dome, and the origin from whence, apparently, are derived the imams and turbehs. Edifices of this kind are sometimes pierced by four opposing arches, and in this case, when the structure is lofty and well-proportioned, the effect is very pleasing; sometimes two tombs of the more simple kind are placed in juxta-position.

These sepulchral monuments are almost always erected with a view to publicity and picturesque effect combined. They are met with sometimes alone, with no other building of any kind in their neighbourhood, on the sands of the sea-shore; at other times, they occupy a gentle eminence on a plain; then again they are to be seen perched on a peninsula of rock advancing into a river, or on some rude promontory breasting the more turbulent ocean. They are also frequently perched on the summit of ancient tells or mounds, or on the peak of high conical hills. Such simple edifices in such positions are strictly monumental—i. e., architectonic—a portion of the scene, and in harmony with the site, and not a patch put upon it. The aim of the memorial is never lost under the accessories, and it may be truly considered as a single idea in stone—one, and intelligible at a look—like the simplicity of the Muhammedan faith.

In the marshes of Babylonia and Chaldea, where there exist no building materials, either of stone or wood, the monuments of the holy men are often constructed simply of reeds; and such frail structures, it may naturally be imagined, are soon so many wrecks, miserable as the country they are to be found in.

When a holy man is buried in a city, it not unfrequently happens that his coffin is placed in a detached apartment, or even in a room in an inhabited house. This is one of the most crying evils in the country. Sometimes, benefices and foundations are attached, by which a school is kept, and that often in the same room with the coffin. Even castles have their apartments for the dead: such are to be seen in the castle of Birehjik; and in one of olden time I visited in the Amanus, I found a number of arrows strewn around. The Muhammedans, like the Irish, commemorate a wish or vow, by tying a bit of rag to the coffin-rails, or window-bars of sepulchral chambers, which are thus often covered with such offerings.

The Jezidees erect a monument to their holy dead simply of superstition. It is a quadrangle tapering to a point like a pyramid—a form which represents a flame of fire, and is thought to propitiate the evil spirit, from whose aggressions these remnants of the Parsees always dread more than they hope from the mercy of a benevolent deity.

After these monumental sepulchres, the most common form of tomb in burial-grounds is a simple sepulchral stone erect at the head of the grave. These are frequently two slabs of marble, one of which is surmounted by a head-dress similar to that which the man wore in his life-time. These used formerly to be solely turbans, varying with the rank and profession; and thus the turban peculiar to the janissaries, was made an object of contempt, and often struck off; now, many are surmounted by the fez of the new regime, painted red. The graves of the women are distinguished by terminating in a sculpture, in the form of a mushroom. The slab at the head is generally adorned with an inscription, the letters of which are always in relief and gilt, or painted black or red on a field of different colour. Such inscriptions commence with the Kalemah of Islamism: "There is no God, but one God, and Muhammed is his prophet!" this is followed by the name and profession of the deceased, with sometimes an extract from the Koran, or more generally, the sentence, "Say a fatihah for his soul." Such inscriptions are called Telisms, whence our talisman. The lower slab is also frequently ornamented with a rudely sculptured cypress-tree, or a vase of flowers. An additional slab also frequently advances from the foot of these monuments, in the centre of which, a slight hollow is hewn, and the rain-drops being collected in this funeral-chalice, serve to refresh the birds during the summer heats.

The erect position of the stone is considered as an emblem of the spiritual ascension of the dead. Such a position is hence, among the Muhammedans, rendered peculiar to themselves, and not permitted to the Christians, who are only allowed a flat slab, on which, besides various inscriptions and sculptured insignia of trade, are sometimes to be seen a decapitated head, held in the arms of the tenant of the grave. The Jews, however, have peculiar solid massive tombs.

Some tombs have the circumference of the grave in masonry, somewhat similar to an ancient sarcophagus, the upper part of which is without a lid, and leaves exposed the earth which covers the body, and on which flowers are often cultivated. The most simple form of tomb of this kind is when rudely formed of four slabs covered with inscriptions.

Sometimes the erect slab at the head of the tomb is surplanted by a pillow seven to eight feet high; and this, in country places, is represented by a small circular shaft, only at times flattened in the centre to receive an inscription, and barely rising two or three feet out of the ground, like the stem of a stunted plant, and bearing the usual turban on the summit. The Muhammedan is carried to his grave in his head-dress; and in life and in death, never parts with what he considers as the sacred type of his faith.

In the East, as elsewhere, the most simple form of tomb is a raised mound of earth, sometimes naked, but at others, covered with green sod, or by a few stones thrown carelessly on the spot. When a man has been murdered, or a helpless stranger has perished by the roadside, each passer-by adds a few stones, till the corpse is covered. This practice originates in a dread, common to mankind, that the spiritualized form of the deceased may haunt the spot of an early or a violent death, or a tomb unsanctified by friendship or the forms of reli-

gion.* A more or less imperious belief in the spiritual reappearance of the dead on earth, is common to all nations of men; and although undoubtedly without foundation in fact, still, what comes home to the minds of all, must have some remote origin in truth; and the belief in spirits may, philosophically considered, be not improbably the first glimpse of a sense or power, only imperfectly given to us here below, of entering into communion with spiritual existences. It is admitted that such a power is conferred upon us after death, why may not the sense of its existence be sometimes faintly shadowed forth during lifetime?

The Muhammedan shews a degree of respect for the dead very unfrequent in this country; for, however poor and friendless, may be the tenant of a grave, his remains are never disturbed, nor made to give place to a new comer. It is from this circumstance, that the burial-grounds attain so vast an extent. They also, sometimes, bury on spare land, within the precincts of a town; and there are some old cities, as Eskishehr, on the Sangarius, where there are as many cemeteries as houses. The Muhammedan is always buried with his head towards Mecca, from a superstition of a little intellectual character; he also sleeps in the same position, for fear of being overtaken by death, in a posture unfavourable to his future welfare.

The claims to interest in Oriental tombs we have seen, are more frequently derived from situation, than from any meritricious ornaments. It is also a constant practice, as also obtained among the ancients, to bury the dead by the road-side, in order to procure the prayers of the passer-by. It is a mute, but eloquent appeal to the wayfarer—from the pilgrim at rest below, to the pilgrim still on his way—and which addresses itself to him in the recesses of the woods, in the solitude of the plain, and even in the wide and still expanse of the desert, and with people of so religious a cast of mind as the Muhammedans, seldom fails to awaken the feelings and prayers which it was intended to suggest.

There is, in a solitary grave, when accidentally met with in the wide expanse of a desert, a power to awaken the feelings which is quite remarkable. It is no uncommon thing to travel for the greater part of a day over the wilderness, without seeing a living being, a tent, or a tree, and suddenly to stumble upon a lone and isolated grave. There is a feeling of extreme desolation in such a sepulchre; the reproach of the children of Israel to their patriarch, "Is it because there were no graves in Egypt that thou hast taken us to die in the wilderness?" comes forcibly to mind, for there is sociality even in death; and in such a situation, lying far away from all habitations, and beyond the verge of humanity, a grave appears like the last link between the world of the living and the world of spirits.

In the same deserts, the Arab often marks the grave of his countryman by a single stick. Such, generally, support the offering of a bit of rag or cloth, and sometimes tresses of hair, which it is desecration to touch. This once happened unintentionally to myself. I visited

* Horace (i., ode 28) alludes to this, when he says the want of a small present of a little dust confines you near the shore of Matina, and prevents your admission to the Elysian fields.

a Bedwin cemetery, not far from the banks of the Euphrates, where there was a newly-made grave, and on it, the offering of a woman's head of hair. I stopped for a moment to contemplate it, when there was not a human being visible for miles around, but the next day it was gone.

So great is the veneration of the Arab of the desert for graves, that he has even consecrated unreal or imaginary sepulchres to the dead. Deserts, where the sands rise and fall like the sea, are not to be met with, except in works of a purely imaginative character, as in the Letters of Lucius Piso, from Palmyra; and moving sands are very rare. Such, however, do occur in a few particular spots—generally collections of small hillocks, constantly shifting their place and number, but remaining in the same general locality. These are objects of superstition to the Arab, who calls them the graves of the sons of Ishmael, and considers them to mark the scene of some murderous conflict.

In the march of a karavan, it is customary to bury the dead by the wayside; and I have known a poor mother, with her bosom dried up by fatigue and privation, carry the corpse of her infant for hours, loath to tell the secret, which must entail a perpetual separation.

The Turkomans, and other wandering tribes in the East, always observe sociality in their burial-places. They have no fixed places of abode, but move, with the necessity of feeding their flocks, to the mountain pastures in summer, and the low marshes in winter; but certain spots are chosen for the summer and winter burial-places. Such graves are generally adorned with bulbous plants, or the daffodil, which cover them with flowers in the early spring; as at Constantinople, an almost perpetual spring is kept up by a various show of flowers. This latter is, however, but a meretricious tribute to the dead, more emblematic of a paid solicitude than of a friend's affection; but De Lamartine was captivated by this attention of hireling dervishes, and expressed it, as the obligation of remembrance, immortal among the Mussulmen.

In more favoured spots in western Asia, where an aged Climar throws its gigantic shadows over the greensward, or where a bubbling fountain arrests the steps of the thirsty traveller, a few unadorned graves are sure to be found; they are the tombs of those who have perished there, homeless and unknown. The wide extent of the cypress-groves, which cover the burial-grounds around the metropolis, are well known. These trees are private property; and it is the sorest affliction that can visit a person to be obliged to sell them; yet so great has been the dearth that sometimes visits the capital, that it has required an imperial edict, to prevent the almost total destruction of these funereal forests. They certainly present a most impressive scene. Trees are everywhere powerful speakers, but the melancholy cypress peculiarly vies in solemnity with the grave; it shadows it in its silent speech, it tells of the dead below, and of the hand which found a mournful pleasure in planting it. Its spire-like summit rises as an emblem of immortality; and hence it is, that it has always been the living expression—beloved by Pagan, Jew, Muhammedan, and Christian alike—of an idea equally sacred to an unreal, as well as to a real faith.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?"—SHAKSPEARE.

XXVI.

HAVING still considerable leisure at his disposal, Elliston felt no inclination for an immediate return to London. The weather continued unusually fine, and autumn had descended on the romantic district of Derbyshire in that fulness of grace, which equally distinguishes this season of the year, by the richness of aspect as by the abundance of its bounty. It was just at this time, also, that Elliston had received a letter from his wife, written in that truly affectionate and sensible tone, which the present moment was so well calculated to assist, in the generosity of its purpose. Full of affection, but not unmixed by well-directed reproof, Elliston read over sundry times its unanswerable contents, till a temper of sentimentality crept over him, not unusual to such constitutions as his, which they who are subject to them, would be fain persuaded are of a very intrinsic nature. A pseudonymous self-examination took possession of him; and as he wandered this morning along the declivous paths of Dove Dale, he pondered awhile on the home-truths that had just been presented to him; and having arraigned some of those infirmities, to which we have had occasion frequently to allude, with the impartiality of Rousseau himself, and rhapsodized aloud to no inconsiderable effect, he came to the conclusion that he was about one of the most worthless fellows in his Majesty's dominions. Having done so much—though, like Jonathan Wild, there was no one by to applaud him—he considered that he had done quite enough. Confession is certainly one half of amendment; and as this half he had so liberally satisfied, the remaining took no part at all in this act of sentiment, but, like a man who had compounded with his creditors, he opened a fresh ledger and felt himself at once at liberty to run in debt at the first convenient opportunity.

Elliston arrived on the following day at Derby; and the odour of yesterday being still powerful upon him, he avoided what is called the head inn; and after a short reconnoitre, entered a smaller house of entertainment on the verge of the town, where he determined to take up his quarters for the night. Here he soon ingratiated himself with his landlord—a habit he delighted to indulge in; and having despatched a hasty repast, invited his new-found friend to partake the bottle which had been just set before him. The said landlord was nearly as bulky as the tun of Heidelberg; and as it would require consequently about as much to fill him, Elliston conceived he might have made too unremunerating a bargain; but as this personage was really a merry fellow, and a bit of a wag, Elliston did not despair of his own capacity, at least, in a bibulous acceptation. He soon discovered, however, the poor man had more

wives than he knew what to do with; for although, not to perplex the reader, he had but one, yet was she one too many, so that the present moment was in fact the first he had had for many a day, for the manifestation of that thorough good humour so natural to him. Though in the presence of his landlord, Elliston soon found he had calculated without his host; for the good man's volubility was of that extent, that he fairly chattered our hero dumb, who had as much chance with him in the race, as sound with light. But as our traveller could not consent entirely to renounce the hero, he at least took the lead in the bottle—a part which his landlord, for many reasons, was not displeased in resigning to him, for the liquor, though passing under the denomination noticed at the door, "Neat Wines," was, in fact, a compound greatly in circulation at this period of the war—namely, a composition of gin, treacle, blacking, and tobacco, or, in politer words, "old crusted port." On producing a second and even a third bottle of this delectable electuary, the landlord was not unnaturally beguiled into the joint praise of the qualities of his cordial and the judgment of his guest, declaring that the squire on the hill never drank any other when he met the judges of assize, exultingly displaying not only the bee's-wing, but the very bees themselves, who, in community with sundry smaller flies, had been carefully corked in at the bottling of this remarkable vintage. But society will sweeten the coarsest fare; and as our traveller was, in truth, greatly diverted with his new acquaintance, the sitting was still prolonged, when the shrill notes of the landlady suddenly recalled her husband to fresh duties, in the arrival of other customers at the "Red Cow." Left to himself and the greater part of the third bottle of the *old crusted port,* Elliston took refuge in his sentimentality of yesterday; and drawing his wife's letter from his pocket, moistened sentence after sentence with the remaining bumpers, so that, at length, heart, head, and stomach being in one common state of insurrection, he retired—widely from his custom—to an early bed.

And now, spirit of time-honoured Radcliffe—shade of "wonder-working Lewis," descend upon our humble efforts in the "new scenes and changes" of our homely history, which we fear must else be most unworthily recorded.

A deep sleep was the immediate consequence of the "drugged posset" so liberally indulged in by our graceless wanderer, when about the chime of midnight, as nearly as he could guess, he was awakened by a sharp click at the lock of his apartment, followed immediately by a long-drawn creek of hinge, which left but little doubt in respect of some intruder. The moon was shining fully on the casement, which was directly opposite the foot of his bed; but a large folding screen had been placed nearly midway of the room, for the purpose, no doubt, of obscuring the morning sun, for the apartment was entirely destitute of hangings, and between this screen and the window was the door. The creeking from behind was presently repeated, at those abrupt intervals, denoting the stealthy action of approach. Elliston listened—sleep had sobered him, and some little fear, perhaps, added quickness to his faculties. He listened, and distinctly heard the whispering of two persons, whose shadow the moon's fulness threw strongly on the side wall. Still in breathless attention, Elliston remained motionless; the whispering was resumed, and he now caught the very words which were passing.

"Afraid! What folly! He's asleep, I tell you; go—go!"

"I cannot!" was the reply.

Elliston felt convinced the second voice was that of a woman, and being at once impressed their object was no less than to cut his throat, (for no one contemplates simple robbery in the dead of night, without this *adagio* accompaniment,) he was hesitating whether his pacific course were the wisest he could pursue, when again he heard—

"He sleeps! I tell you again, he sleeps! Why, he drank two bottles, they say. Come—come, 'tis soon done!"

"Oh, I cannot!" again responded the female; "I should die if he were to awake."

"And I shall die, whether or no," sighed the terrified comedian.

"Come—come!" still urged the man from behind; "why, he snores —hark!" at which moment, Elliston raised his eyes from the bedclothes, and saw clearly the figures of the speakers. They were in the instantaneous act of stepping forward, when by an involuntary impulse, Elliston sprang from his bed, and rushing to the spot, clasped, with a mingled shout of terror and triumph, the waist of the advancing female, who uttering a shriek which might have awakened the occupiers of a cemetery, fell on her knees before him.

The clattering *bouleversement* thus suddenly produced (for other articles had been overthrown besides the lady), the clamour of the parties engaged, at once raised the whole establishment of the "Red Cow." Elliston, with no other attire than that which usage has deemed sufficient to the tenant of a pair of sheets, was still holding in convulsive exultation, his fainting victim, when the fat landlord, scarcely in a more producible state, ("with his rib by his side," whose voluminous nightcap almost buried her vixen visage,) tumbled into the apartment.

Here let the *contretems* be elucidated—here let that strong circumstantial evidence be disentangled, by which, in the absence of proof positive, it is set down that we may legally convict innocent parties of most abominable offences. The event which had so inopportunely broken up the *tête-à-tête* of Elliston and his landlord over their crusted port, on the previous afternoon, was the arrival of a commercial traveller and his lady, whose purpose it was to remain that night at the inn. These new guests, who had been previously apprised of their dormitory, having well supped, at the hour of midnight, were about to retire. Unfortunately, however, the room occupied by Elliston, was one through which it was necessary to proceed, before reaching the other in question, and he having retired, as we have already noticed, at an early hour, was consequently at this time in bed. The unforeseen dismay which now assailed the commercial gentleman's good lady, whose nerves at all times were subject to great excitation, at passing through an apartment in which there was a man positively abed, had given rise to the whole of this common-law evidence of criminal intent, which could leave no doubt on the minds of any highly respectable jury, and which had so unwittingly exposed our hero in a situation in which we blush ever to have discovered him. But having now hurried him back again to his disordered couch, in which we trust he will bury his shameless countenance from the light of day, and carried the half expiring lady in safety to the inner sanctuary, we will drop the curtain on the scene altogether, in the hope that either shame will induce him for ever after to avoid her sight, or that he will prepare him-

self, by the crowing of the cock, with one of those fine speeches, by which he has ever been so distinguished, in making the *amende honorable.*

[Albina Jane Martyn Elliston, born 10th of March, 1808, in Stratford Place: godmothers, Albina Countess of Buckinghamshire and Lady Jane Aston.]

XXVII.

Scarcely had Elliston resumed his duties at Drury Lane, when he involved himself in a war of words with the proprietors of his ancient ally, "The Mirror," but more particularly with all the world's acquaintance, the late Tom Hill. "The Mirror" (if we may be pardoned a common-place joke) had presumed to cast reflections on Elliston's tragedy, which the self-esteem of the aggrieved party, of course, set down as *scandalum magnatum.* In fact, this journal had travelled a little out of the direct path of criticism, by indulging in a few tart personalities affecting the actor. As Dryden's criticism, it was no longer "the majesty of a queen, but as Rymer's, the ferocity of a tyrant."* Among other things, it had stated that Elliston had of late acquired a habit of stretching his mouth from ear to ear, resembling one of those Dutch toys, denominated nut-crackers, and it had also gone so far as to question our hero's terms of intimacy with the Latin tongue, by the imputation of a false quantity in the word "marital," &c. &c. In respect of the former, all the nuts, of course, fell to the share of the public, who mightily enjoyed the absurd sensitiveness of the man who could "quarrel with another for cracking nuts only because he himself had hazel eyes"—and in respect of the latter, the "marital" *quantity,* the actor might have been content to take his correction, in good part, from the critics, as in the marital *quality,* he had lately been so signally chastened by his exemplary wife.

We will not here trouble our readers with any part of the epistolary matter on either side—suffice to say, as may well be imagined, the player got the worst of it, by the simple fact of being laughed at for his pains, whilst he afforded the literary loomsman, Thomas Hill, a stock of the raw tattle material, which, with an industry so peculiar to him, he manufactured into a very marketable commodity, and was moreover himself raised, for the first time, on the pedestal of a hero.†

On the 26th of May (1808), the admired Miss Pope made her farewell curtsey on Drury Lane stage, after a service of fifty-two years, during which, with the single interruption of the season 1775, owing to some difference with Garrick, she had never acted at any other theatre. For her final benefit she selected the part of my *Lady Duberly,* in Colman's comedy of "The Heir at Law;" the receipts of the house being 482*l.*

* An expression of Malone.

† Mr. Thomas Hill was born at Lancaster on the 2nd of May, 1760, and died, at his chambers in the Adelphi, on the 20th of December, 1840. As several biographical notices of this gentleman have so lately appeared in the public prints, it will be unnecessary to append any in this place. The uncertainty as to the period of his birth, and his still "immortal youth" had been a long hackneyed joke amongst his immediate friends, so that like the bard of England, he might be said to have been "not of an age, but for all time."

In 1756, Garrick produced a piece entitled "Lilliput," which was acted by children, with the exception certainly of *Gulliver* himself, which was performed by the full grown Mr. Bransby, a gentleman whose athletic form was well calculated to produce a striking contrast to the inhabitants of "*Mildendo*." Mr. Pope, the father of our heroine, who kept a hair-dresser's shop, adjoining the "Ben Jonson's Head," in Little Russell-street, was barber in ordinary to the theatre, and had introduced his daughter Jane, then twelve years of age, to the notice of Mr. Garrick, who was so pleased by the few specimens she gave of dramatic ability, that he immediately assigned to the little demoiselle the part of *Lady Flimnap*, and, moreover, entrusted her with a sparkling epilogue written for the occasion. Three years after, when only fifteen, Miss Pope was announced for *Corinna*, in "The Confederacy," as "a young gentlewoman, her first appearance." Her reception was highly encouraging, and her acting well nigh merited that abundant applause which the generosity of the public so liberally bestowed. She had very early attracted the attention of that celebrated actress Mrs. Clive, whose friendship and regard speedily followed, and with whom she lived on the most intimate terms until that lady's death, which took place in 1785.*

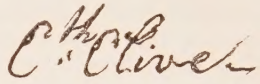
On the morning after our debutante's appearance in the part of *Corinna*, she received the following from her esteemed companion and adviser:—

"My dear young Friend,—I saw you last night. You acted with great and deserved approbation; but should you to-morrow night exceed your first endeavour, be not disappointed should you meet with less encouragement. Remember all, last night, were friends ready-made—to-morrow you are to commence forming new ones amongst strangers, who though I sincerely hope will ultimately become as warm as those from whom you have just parted, yet they will see you and approve you before they offer you a direct testimony of their favour. Be not disheartened, for I should regret that such merits as yours were not put to the test at once;—but be not disheartened, nor fancy the comparative coldness with which you will be met, proceeds from ill will, but that it is rather attention to your acting, with the view of testifying the truth of all that your friends have said of you. Many a young actor has been destroyed by this precise ordeal, because having previously ran away with the idea that their friends alone had any judgment in the matter, have fancied the reception they had subsequently met with from strangers, had been the effect of malice and ill-nature. With this caution, I trust that in a month you will be safely landed on the shores of public favour—I am sure if you do justice to your merits, you will, and this act of justice is near at hand. My little assistance shall not be wanting in any way which may be serviceable to you; and I shall contrive to be at Drury Lane when you repeat the character. Believe me, my dear young friend, I wish you every success, and a long life to enjoy it. I am too old to be

* Miss Pope was executrix and residuary legatee under the will of Mrs. Clive, Mr. Raftor (Mrs. Clive's brother) having a life interest in the property. Mrs. Clive passed her latter days at Little Strawberry Hill, near the villa of Horace Walpole.

Cibber wrote his comedy of the "Refusal," at Strawberry Hill, then a small place, which he hired of Lord Bradford's coachman.

jealous of you, therefore may be trusted were I liable to such frailty; but I am not without vanity, and it is the vanity of an ardent desire that all I have foretold of you may come to pass. God bless you, my dear child."



Success and well-earned applause were the result of Miss Pope's second appearance. Mrs. Clive seemed rendered happy for the remainder of her days, a great part of which, it may be well imagined, was devoted to the instruction of the youthful actress, who repaid her with that gratitude of heart, which we will not invidiously say is no current coin in the trade of an actor, but is in rare circulation under any denomination of society.

Miss Pope, as it is well known, became ultimately all that her friend had predicted,—a most accomplished artist. In the latter part of her career, she had been importuned by her managers to play *Mrs. Heidelberg*, a part which she had never studied in her earlier days, and felt now totally unequal to attempt. It happened that at this time (1802), Lord Harcourt, who had always been amongst the foremost of Miss Pope's admirers, dispatched to her the following note:—

"Lord Harcourt has just received the king's command to notify to Miss Pope, that his Majesty has directed the 'Clandestine Marriage' for Thursday next; and has also, by his Majesty's order, informed Mr. Kemble that it is his pleasure Miss Pope should play the character of *Mrs. Heidelberg* on that occasion."

This was enclosed in the following from his lordship.

"Madam,—To a woman of your discernment, the contents of the enclosed note will be highly flattering, though, at the same time, possibly embarrassing. The case is this. Last night, at the Queen's house, where your theatrical talents are frequently mentioned, a wish was expressed that you should play *Mrs. Heidelberg* before their Majesties on Thursday next, to which I observed to the king, that however honoured and happy you must ever be in obeying his Majesty's pleasure, yet I believed that you had never yet studied the part, and doubted the possibility of your being ready in it by the time. The king seemed to assent; but I have just now received a letter from the Princess Elizabeth, in which her R. H. says, 'I have received the king's commands to inform you that if you can contrive that Miss Pope shall play *Mrs. Heidelberg* on Thursday, he would be delighted; and Lord Harcourt may tell her from me, observed the king, that she is the only person who *can* act it, since we have lost Mrs. Clive.'

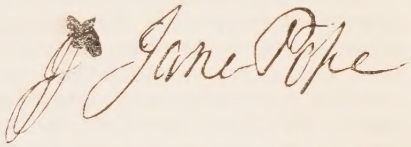
"Harcourt."

To which communication Miss Pope replies:—

"My Lord,—You well know my grateful sentiments in respect of their Majesties. No subject has ever loved and honoured them more than myself; and this, alas! in my declining day, is the only instance in which I have been unable to the great delight of obeying them. The undertaking would be a tragedy, and not a comedy, for, believe

me, I should die in the attempt—my dear lord, it would kill me. My powers are scarcely equal to it at any time; but for Thursday, I tremble at the very contemplation of it. The managers have frequently of late urged me to this, with time for study; but I have taken it into my poor head, that the critics would be soured against me, and I might lose the little fame I have obtained—perhaps, in some measure, the good opinion of their Majesties. I tremble again at what I have written—I know I should not have said so much—my duty tells me, I should not; but should their Majesties graciously be pleased to see me play the part at any other time, I will make instant preparation to obey them. My memory, to say nothing of my other humble qualities, is not so lively as when I was eighteen, and my lord, I am an old woman now. If his Majesty would make me a peeress, I could not do it. Oh! my dear, dear lord, send me a pardon under the great seal, or I shall never leave home again.

"I have the honour to be, your lordship's most humble servant,



On the 6th of May (1802) the effort was made, and Miss Pope played the part before their Majesties. She succeeded to the undivided opinion of the whole house—"never had the character been acted with better effects," said one of the journals of the day, "not even by the regretted Mrs. Clive." Lord Harcourt called, the following morning, on Miss Pope, to congratulate her on having so highly delighted the king, observing he had never seen his Majesty in better spirits. "Knew she could do it—knew she could do it," repeated the monarch frequently, during the representation of the comedy. King, the original *Lord Ogleby*, quitted the stage on the 24th of the same month, and the "Clandestine Marriage" remained on the shelf for a considerable time from this period.

The suggestions of Mr. Phipps in respect of Elliston's new abode, appear to have had but little weight with him, for he had now entered on the house in Stratford-place, which he fitted up not extravagantly, for, in fact, it never was thoroughly furnished; but the vanity of the comedian was thus far flattered, in calling so spacious a residence his own, and placing Mrs. Elliston in a position which he still pertinaciously believed would advance her professional interest with the fashionable world. These advantages, if such they might be called, fell fortunately to the share of a woman of correct feeling and due discrimination; and though it still remained a question whether Stratford-place were the fittest spot for the object of a dancing academy, yet the deportment and conduct of Mrs. Elliston acquired to her new friends, whilst no one could be more secure than herself in retaining those she had already numbered.

Elliston's benefit in this season was a very brilliant occasion. He had chosen "Much Ado About Nothing," with the popular afterpiece "Tekeli." On this night he was more than usually happy in the part of *Benedict*, and Mrs. Jordan equally excelled herself in *Beatrice*.

They each acted in their best style, and scarcely ever had an audience been more delighted—so much rank and fashion had rarely before attended a benefit. Mrs. Jordan was complimented by an elegant ode, which appeared two days afterwards in the *Morning Post.*

At the close of the Drury Lane season, Elliston proceeded on an engagement to Dublin, where he found his attraction by no means equal to his expectations. In a letter to his wife, he says, "I was tossed about for twenty-six hours. On leaving the coach at Shrewsbury, being anxious immediately to proceed, I ordered a chaise, but was told they had no horses at the first post-house—at the second and third, I received similar answers. I was greatly distressed, for it was a point with me to reach Oswestry without delay. You will be amused at my expedient. Summoning a diplomatic look into my countenance, I demanded instantly to be conducted to the mayor, declaring that I had dispatches for the Duke of Richmond, and that if horses were not immediately supplied, the affair would come at once under the consideration of the secretary of state. 'Shew me to the mayor!' said I. 'He is in bed, sir,' was the reply—'seriously ill.' 'Then I shall be sure to find him at home—my business is as much of life and death as his own. Shew me to the mayor, or supply the horses.' My manner and words had the desired effect—horses were provided, and within twenty minutes, I was off again.

"I have one assurance to give you, at which I know you will be pleased. Since leaving London, I have led, in all respects, a most correct life—had you been at my elbow, I could not have behaved better—but I am now and then sadly hipped, and am not ashamed to confess, a little 'home sick.'"

Elliston's next letter was from Edinburgh.

"Last Monday," says he, "I played at Liverpool, *Panglos* and *Don Juan;* Tuesday, the *Venetian Outlaw* and the *Singles;* Wednesday, *Leon*, with 'Of Age To-morrow;' Thursday, at Preston, the *Singles* and *Silvester Daggerwood.* I then travelled two hundred miles, and acted on Saturday, at Edinburgh, *Octavian*, with 'Of Age To-morrow.' I have here made ample amends for my failure at Dublin (for I can call it no less)—my reception was quite an hurrah! I have already remitted 610*l.* to my bankers, and have still this place, Glasgow and Manchester, to pillage. But who can tell how long this tide of popularity will last—this *aura popularis*—whether tide or gale, mutation is the nature of both. If God preserve my life, and give me fortitude to pursue the purpose of my hopes, our happiest days are yet to come, though I myself may pass into comparative obscurity. Believe me I feel at greater distance from home than four hundred miles, when I think of you and my family. I do not pretend to give you any description of this romantic city—it would far exceed my limits; but I must not omit mentioning that I have been introduced to some of the Scotch professors, who have distinguished me by great kindness. The literary class of Edinburgh constitutes its aristocracy—there is no better society, nor should there be. This is highly honourable to the Scotch character.

"I suppose all are in high spirits in London at the news from Portugal—"Vimiera!" and the dispatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley. We shall have a long drama yet in that country."

When Elliston was at Glasgow, in the course of this northern trip, he dined on one occasion in the public room of an inn, in which there was an elderly Scotch gentleman, who had already taken his mid-day meal, and was quietly enjoying his tumbler of whisky-toddy. His exterior was not prepossessing. He wore a short sandy wig, which the temperature of many seasons, and the animal caloric of the wearer, had so puckered up, that it came scarce midway of his pole, which was about as red as a brick-bat. He had lost an eye, and by a singular incidence, every alternate tooth, so that his capacious jaws resembled a kind of tusky portcullis, which led to the citadel of his stomach. His cravat was narrow and loose, for his neck was of amazing dimensions. But the stranger soon discovered better qualities than a comely exterior, for he was thoroughly good-natured, and extremely communicative. In Elliston, he had met with no uncongenial spirit—they soon entered into familiar conversation; and having brought their rummers to one common table, were *tout franc* "as thick as thieves."

Here they sat together, hob and knob, for a considerable time. Since his arrival in the north, Elliston had served a steady apprenticeship to the mountain dew, and might fairly be considered nearly out of his time; but in this, he found equally his inferiority to his present companion as to his host of the "Red Cow," for he had already finished a pint, (a Scotch pint, be it remembered,) and was still hard at work. At length, after a hearty burst of merriment on the part of the stranger, he threw himself back into his chair, and deliberately drawing forth his watch, said,

"And so, you're a stage-actor, you tell me. Perhaps ye're acquainted with Harry Johnston?" To this Elliston, having made his companion assent, proceeded—

"Weel, weel; and now, Sir, I've to tell you one thing more. I have passed twa pleasant hours—vary pleasant hours in your society; within twanty minuits, d'ye mind, from this time, I shall be sa drunk, that wi'na be able to utter one word, and I just think it right to tak the present opportunity, while I'm noo intelligible, of telling ye who I am. My name is Scafield, and I live five gude miles awa' from Glasgow, and I shall walk ev'ry foot on't, this vary night, and I'll just come and see if you're as brave a lad as Harry Johnston, tomorrow night, for I'll come and see ye act, and my family shall see ye act too." Having made this speech, Mr. Scafield again betook himself to the whisky. He was verily as good as his word; within twenty minutes, he was no more, for in a last effort to keep up the fire, off went the wig, and he rolled from his chair, "taking the measure of an unmade grave." Elliston here called aloud for the waiter; but to his surprise, Sandy seemed to take but little notice of the prostrate North Briton, only remarking, "Eh! as sure as deeth, it's na' but Mr. Scafield—he'll walk hame to-night, I warrant ye; but you'd better let him bide—he's used to it, and we're all used to it here."

On the following night, Elliston acted *Belcour*. His friend Scafield was in this instance, also, as good as his word. There he was in the theatre amongst the earliest comers—his polished sconce, like a half-peeled orange—there he was, and about him, two fine strapping lasses, his daughters, and the gude wife, Mrs. Scafield, to boot. Elliston had

no opportunity of again meeting his eccentric companion, as he quitted Glasgow within three days from this occurrence.

Not to mention the days when kings themselves condescended to turn playwrights—when Charles the Second altered an incident in the plot of Dryden's "Aurungzebe," it is enough that, at this period of our history, by the liberal patronage of George the Third, theatricals were in a flourishing state, and particularly in the provinces—not merely in those considerable cities and towns, to which we have had occasion to allude, but in obscurer country places, many of which, either in barn or booth, contrived to have their circuit-going comedians, while in London it was still the fashion "to go to the play;" so that at this time, the words of the critic in the days of Garrick and Macklin, were in equal force—namely, that England had four estates, the King, the Lords, the Commons, and the *Players*.

Of strollers, there is a curious anecdote, relating to the remote period of 1587, not generally known:—when the Spanish Armada was hovering on the coast, a company of vagrant actors were performing a piece, called "Sampson," in a booth, at Penryn; and the enemy having silently landed a body of men, were making their way, at night, to burn the town, when fortunately, at that instant, the players having let Sampson loose on the Philistines, the sound of drums, trumpets, and shouts created such a tremendous hubbub, that the Spaniards fancied the whole town, with Beelzebub at their back, were pouring down upon them, and immediately turning tail, scampered off to their ships. This anecdote, will doubtless remind the reader of the amusing incident in "Tom Jones," where the drum of the puppet showman, so terrified poor Partridge, that he fancied the Chevalier, Jenny Cameron and all the rebels were at hand, and that his dying hour was come.

In 1733, an itinerant company of comedians proceeded even to the island of Jamaica, and actually realized a large sum of money by acting. They received 370 pistoles, the first night of "The Beggar's Opera," but within the space of two months, they had buried their *Polly*, *Mrs. Slammakin*, *Filch*, and two others of the gang. The gentlemen of the island, for some time, took their turns upon the stage, to keep at least the *diversion* alive; but this did not last long, for within two months more, there were but one old man, a boy and a woman of the original company, surviving. The party had died either by the distemper of the country, or the effects of rum punch, a beverage so frequently fatal to new comers. The shattered remains of the crew, with upwards of 2000 pistoles in bank, embarked for Carolina, to join another company at Charlestown; but they also perished, having been cast away on the voyage!

Had Jeremy Collier lived in these days, he scarcely could have failed noticing this, as an instance of the just wrath of heaven at the sinfulness of stage plays.*

* Collier's anger, however, appears to have been directed against the abuses of the stage, for he does allow that the wit of man cannot invent more efficacious means of encouraging virtue and depressing vice, than the drama.

Erratum.—The allusion made to the "Village of Castleton" in the October Number of these Papers.

THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

PART II.

> "But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees;
> And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
> For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
> Sell when you can; you are not for all markets."—SHAKSPEARE.

DOCTORS' COMMONS is the accredited bazaar for matrimonial information of all sorts; and we really wonder, in these hard-working income-tax-taking times, no proctor, or doctor, or proctor's clerk, has been at the trouble of collating and arranging all the amounts, details, contingencies, and particulars relating to ladies' fortunes from the volumes of wills in their possession, instead of making "nice young men" take their uneasy shilling's-worth at high stands, and flounder among legal metaphor for what cannot be too plainly, simply, or specifically stated for them.

How easy it would be to draw a schedule for each county, containing a good-working outline of all the fortunes in it, the whereabouts, the histories, and particulars of each. Talk of John Murray's handbooks for foreign countries, or the "Sporting Magazine's" maps of hunting ones, what would they be compared to such valuable information as this? No man would grudge a guinea for so useful a "vade mecum;" while it would be an absolute saving of trouble and expense to the Doctors' Commons establishment in looking for and handing about books that few parties are much the wiser for reading. It would also be a cent.-per-cent. saving to nice young men, who must now either go blushing to an attorney, or smirking to St. Paul's Churchyard, undergoing the unpleasantness of supposing every body they meet looks as much as to say—"Ay, there you go, to see what Miss Wiggins has got!" The clerk, too, as he hands down the book, in return for the shilling's-worth of letter, slams it on the desk, with an air that looks very like saying—"You'll not be much wiser for *that!*"

There is an old Hebrew, Greek, or Latin saying, we don't know whether the pith of which is, that people tell infernal lies about girls' fortunes; we fear it has been a practice from the beginning of the world, and will continue so to the end of time. Doctors' Commons, we grieve to say, is not infallible. We know a "nice young man" who took many a shilling's-worth there, and at last hit on a will that seemed to have been made on purpose for him—it was the will of Simon Gullington, of Camelford, in the county of Cornwall, Esquire, in which, after reciting that he was of sound and disposing mind, though rayther sick in body, he set to, and gave his sound and disposing mind a gallop, by disposing of two thousand a-year to his dear wife Rebecca for the term of her natural life; and all the rest, residue,

and remainder of his real and personal estate, tin mines, &c., he gave, devised, and bequeathed to his four daughters, in equal shares and proportions, with what he called "cross remainders," a term we do not exactly understand; and also directed, that after the decease of his said dear wife Rebecca, her two thousand a-year should merge into, and form part of the residue of his estate and effects, and be divided, as before directed—cross remainders, &c. Then, by a codicil, made shortly after, he recited that his said dear wife Rebecca had, in vulgar parlance, "cut her stick," therefore the daughters would have the two thousand a-year among them; and he further recited, that he wished to provide for some meritorious servants, particularly his housekeeper, to whom he left an annuity of five hundred a-year, to be paid quarterly, and five pounds to his butler, five to his footman, five to his groom, five to his keeper, two pounds ten to his coachman, and a guinea to his gardener; all sums (except the housekeeper's) insignificant in themselves, but bespeaking an establishment commensurate with wealth.

The old boy having paid the debt of nature—the only debt, by the way, that some people do pay—the girls cut Camelford, and somehow or other, got scrambled to Tunbridge Wells. There, as they were enjoying the exhilarating diversion of donkey-riding on the common, Miss Serephena Gullington, who was mounted on a very unusual article at a watering-place—a donkey with some kick in it—got trundled over head just at the point where Grosvenor-road joins Ephraim-terrace and Sidney-place. Now, Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, an ensign in the 91st regiment, who was passing along in heel spurs, most providentially met, and arrested the progress of the high-spirited and impetuous animal, who was boring along, head downwards, regardless of Miss Serephena's screams, and the mess he was making of her petticoats; Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, we say, got the violent and infuriated animal stopped, and having smoothed down Miss Serephena's feathers, and found she was nothing the worse—the captain having given the sinful animal a kick—offered his arm to the lady, and out they set on foot to regain the lost sisters —*weird* sisters we might call them, for they were almost ugly enough to stop a saw-mill or a nigger's funeral. However, Miss Serephena wasn't so frightful, at least she had a pair of goodish eyes, and her figure wasn't far amiss; but the faces of the others were dreadfully struck out, and her complexion wasn't altogether clear. The reader may judge how ugly they were, when we say they had been at Tunbridge Wells four weeks that very day, without meeting with an adventure. Though they had fairish legs of their own, devil a man had turned round to look under their bonnets. After that, we need hardly say that Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington was a regular godsend. They struck up a most voluble discourse—all "at it" together—as he escorted them home to their lodgings at Mount Pleasant. Here, a fairish-sized footman let them in, powdered, and dressed in black, with an epaulette on each shoulder, his white neckcloth was well tied, and he opened the door with an air, and held himself up like a man that knew *what* was *what:* he could hardly be estimated at less than thirty pounds. Now, Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, though a young man, had all his wits about him—as sharp as most old ones; and having started life with the fixed determination

of marrying an heiress, he had kept his thoughts fixedly and rigidly to that one point, never suffering himself to be led astray by blue eyes, or black eyes, or brown eyes, or any sort of eyes, or ever thinking of falling in love till he clearly ascertained what a girl had. Indeed, he had run for some very good stakes; and though he had certainly lost, it was always owing to the jostling of uncles, or the crossings of aunts; for the Ensign-Captain was a most "insinivatin' beggar," with a most mellifluous brogue of his own. What he estimated himself at, we never exactly heard; but he was always reckoned the killing man of the regiment, wherever it went. Many quarters they had been in, and many tender hearts had deplored the deficiency of fortune, and sighed at the "*rat-tat-tan*" of the drum, as the regiment marched away. It had now taken its last British march, and was lying at Chatham, preparatory to embarking for India.

Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, the admiration of all the jolly subs., was still looked up to as the last ray of hope against cholera-morbus and bad livers, and had determined on a last desperate *coup* in England, before encountering a tiger, or a *coup de soleil* at Madras or Calcutta. He had scoured Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, all the essentially vulgar greasy City places, when a thought and a hack-horse took him to Tunbridge. He had scarcely been there four-and-twenty hours, when the recorded adventure befel him. The Ensign-Captain's quick mind darted to a monetary conclusion—"Powdered footman!" A powdered footman, in his calculation, bespoke a butler also. Powder, in his mind, was a clear case of money. He had the assessed-tax table off by heart; and judged no person would throw away one pound three and sixpence a-year, to whom money was an object. They looked liked heiresses, for there was no attempt at ostentation; and though living in a large house with green Venetian blinds and mignionette boxes at the windows, they took him into their little, quiet back drawing-room, where the sun did not intrude. They chirped and talked, and gave him some gooseberry-tart; and at last he took his departure, quite convinced that they were *well* worth looking after. A pretty little maid in black, with a British lace collar, and white flowers in her cap, opened the door to let him out; and just as he got clear of the garden, a most important, respectable looking, large-stomached man in black also touched his hat, and stood by to let him pass through the gate, to whom he immediately assigned the office of butler. Altogether, he had no doubt they were what he was wanting, in fact; and he determined to do the thing as quietly as possible. "*Snug*" should be the word. Nobody should know anything about it but himself. Arrived at the "Pantiles," he fell into casual conversation with one of the "dippers," as they call the old women who shell out the nastiness for which the place is famous—talked about the water—the number of drinkers—the quantity they took—the effect it had on them, and so forth. Well, it so happened that the old woman had the honour of the place regularly at heart; and among other wonderful cures the water had wrought, she instanced that of the youngest Miss Gullington, whose face was perfectly well, while those of her sisters were wonderfully better. Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington being, as we said, a tolerably sharp chap—fit for a fox-hunter or a superintendent of police—thought *that* might be the line of his fox, and held the old

dipper's tongue on in the direction of Mount Pleasant, and very soon satisfactorily established that the water-wrought cure was on the face of his dear. Tipping the old woman a joey for her garrulity, he cheerfully repaired to the gloomy coffee-room of the "Royal Victoria and Sussex Hotel," where he managed to get through the usual variety —beef-steak, mutton-chop—mutton-chop, beef-steak, inn dinner, just as Mr. Stockdale's swell coach was starting for the metropolis. Consigning his "three-and-sixpence aside" to the care of the inn-ostler, until his return on the morrow, he mounted beside that classical coachman, whose dog-Latin he d—d every time it put him out of thinking of his spec. The Tunbridge-road is favourable to sentimental, or at all events Plutonic reflections. It is a nice, light, airy sort of road—the villages are trim and smart; and on this particular occasion, the golden laburnum flowers hung in huge bunches over the "villa" walls, emblematical, as Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington augured, of the success of his enterprise. How men speculate on occasions of this sort! Upon our life, it's enough to make demonologists of us all! We knew a youth over head and ears in love—*real love* his was—a blockhead, for the girl, though pretty, wouldn't have a dump till her tough old mother died. However, the lass had come over him somehow, and regularly smitten he was. The old mother was one of the right sort—a regular stick-at-nothing sort of old jade—and was all for sorting the suitors, just as she did the cards before she began cheating at whist. The youth's name was Jonathan—Jonathan Felt—a hatter by trade; and seeing he was sweet on the daughter at Margate, Mrs. Moneybags gave him a general invitation—the run of her cottage—Baiser Cottage—any day or any hour—whenever he liked to shew up, in short. This old lass lived "down east," near Chiselhurst, and the Ensign-Captain's journey brings the thing into our head. Well, Jonathan having coached it down, and got himself brushed over, and his hair and whiskers ended by the sporting Bromley barber, set out on foot to the object of his adoration.

Baiser Cottage stands a little off the road out of the village of Chiselhurst; and by that species of intuition peculiar to men in such situations, Jonathan knew the cottage the moment he saw it. Nay, he almost knew Amelia's bedroom window, though he had never seen the shop before, nor heard any regular description of it. "That's Baiser Cottage!" said he to himself—"how I love it. The very chimney-pots are dear to me. I could live there for ever, and never wish for another companion but dear, lovely, angelic Amelia!" For though a hatter, Jonathan had some tenderness in his composition. In fact, he was in love with everything he saw—even the sparrows on the dusty hedge-rows. Their vulgar chirping sounded like the sweet song of nightingales to him. Having got within sight of the entrance, he gave his pocket-comb a final run through his whiskers, dusted his boots with his handkerchief, and drew on a pair of clean lavender-coloured kids; this brought him to the gate. Fastened by the bridle to the catch-post, stood a black butcher's pony, with a rat-tail, and a white hind-leg; and as Jonathan neared it, all wool-gathering and wild, the beast lay back its ears, and kicked at him—gave a regular good lash out with one leg, like a thorough-bred. In a general way, there's nothing surprising in a butcher's nag kicking—

indeed, the wonder is, when they don't; for they are generally a nasty mistetch'd, vicious, awkward lot; but Jonathan saw in this one's kicking a something that he didn't like. In his mind, it as good as said—"I am thy evil genius, Jonathan!" He stood lost in meditation. "Here am I," said he, "Jonathan Felt, of Fenchurch-street, embarking on the most perilous voyage a prosperous hatter ever set out in. Hitherto, the trade gale of fortune has blown full upon my felt—my hats have obtained an almost European reputation. Jupp himself begins to be jealous of me. If the wind now veers, and drives me against the buoy at the Nore, I shall very likely repent having come after this girl."

"She's an uncommon good 'un to *go*, sir!" said the butcher, who, unperceived by Jonathan, had come down the little curly-cew road, and was now on the other side of the gate, as Jonathan stood eying the nag with the air of a purchaser.

"Is she, indeed!" exclaimed Jonathan, delighted at the intelligence—"*then I'll have her.*" And forthwith he strode through the gate; and at a turn of the road, fell in with his angel, her auburn ringlets floating on the gentle breeze, health on her cheek, and a yellow shawl, with a green border, drooping gracefully into the fall of her back, relieving the chaste sameness of an exceedingly nicely got-up white muslin frock. The deuce be in those frocks! A Portugal laurel concealed them from further view.

* * * * *

Jonathan had a pair of good serviceable lips, and Baiser Cottage answered to its name for some time; but the indecision manifested at the gate attended him throughout his sweethearting pursuits. Like old Lord Eldon, he was always on the doubt. He doubted whether he was good enough for Amelia. He doubted whether Amelia was good enough for him. He doubted whether she would be economical. He doubted whether she would like the smell of the glue-pot. He doubted whether she would like the retail shop. He doubted whether she would like the wholesale one. He doubted whether she would let him have his nap after dinner. He doubted she would like his bosom friend Tobias Gubbins. He doubted whether his bosom friend Tobias Gubbins would like her. He doubted whether the smell of the naphtha and gas spirit would agree with her. He doubted whether she would like English spirits of wine any better. In fact, there was no end to his doubting. Many an anxious, arguing ride Jonathan had with himself between Fenchurch-street and Bromley, and back from Bromley to Fenchurch-street. The last time he alighted, he fell in with a gipsy woman, who was extremely desirous of telling him his fortune. Now, we would not say that Jonathan was a regular superstitious chap, but he was like a great many other people—a sort of man that would *rather* not spill the salt—that would *rather* not meet a funeral—that would *rather* not walk under a ladder—that would *rather* see two magpies than one; and a shilling not being matter of moment to him, he thought he would just take a quiet one, and give such credence to the produce as he thought it worth. Accordingly, he got old "red cloak" up the lane by Doctor Scott's, and the coast being clear, he produced his paw. There were many streaks in the palm that the gipsy wench couldn't readily read, till Jonathan

gave her another shilling, which completely cleared her vision; when she saw a beautiful, fair, auburn-haired lady, inheriting an immense fortune from an uncle at Burtpore, and becoming the joyful mother of sixteen beautiful children—eight boys and eight girls. Jonathan was overjoyed, for his deary had an uncle at Burtpore; and altogether, the fortune-teller's tale was exactly what he could wish. Sixpence more was added to the previous deposit; and half-skipping, half-running, whole laughing, Jonathan proceeded to Baiser Cottage. Oh, how happy he was! He would have done anything short of endorsing a bill of exchange, or sending a consignment of hats to John Chinaman, or Transatlantic Jonathan; and he felt as if he loved the world and all that therein was. The sun was bright, the sky was blue, scarce a breath of air rustled the full quiet foliage of the trees, the flowers were sweet, and all nature was calm, beneficent, and gay. Lord! how the foolish fellow loved that girl! That was quite his "love's young dream-day."

JOHNIE FAA.

A TRUE STORY OF SCOTLAND.

BY MISS SKELTON.

In all the realm of Scotland, there was none so fair as Jean Hamilton, the daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and she was beloved by the fairest and the bravest knight that ever rode at tilt or tourney. But how seldom doth true love run smooth; and how many hearts bleed and break beneath the torment of outraged and wronged affections! And so it was with Jean and her lover; for wrong came between them—wrong that led to crime and death.

"Now, my daughter—my daughter Jean," said the stout Earl of Haddington, "think no more of this young knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, for I have chosen for thee a fitter mate—one meeter for an earl's daughter—so rich in gold and lands as thou art, thou must wed the Earl of Cassilis, and think no more of Johnie Faa."

"But oh, my father!" said the Lady Jean, "I cannot break my troth to Johnie—I cannot forget my love—I cannot wed this Earl of Cassilis. I will wed my own knight—Johnie Faa; and my gold and my lands will be sufficient for both."

Sore was the contest between love and duty in the heart of Jean Hamilton, sad were her words, and many were her prayers that she might be spared this cruel fate; but 'twas all in vain. The father and the daughter parted in anger and in tears; but the tears were poured unheeded, and they robbed her heart of its love.

There was never a wedding so gay in appearance as that of Jean Hamilton and the Earl of Cassilis. All that wealth could buy was there—all the beauty of Edinburgh was gathered to the marriage; but there was none to equal that of Jean; though pale as the white roses in her hair, she moved among them all.

The Earl of Cassilis was the sixth of his title, and come of a good old stock. He was a stern covenanter, severe in aspect, plain and

short in speech; there was nought to win a lady's love in him. But he had broad lands, as well as noble name, and pure descent; and as such the Earl of Haddington chose him as his daughter's husband, for he was himself but a new-made lord, and he thought to raise his family by this great connexion. Cassilis had lands, and name, and pure descent, and noble blood—but he wanted gold; and Haddington gave his daughter a rich dower, so that all parties were satisfied,—save the poor weeping bride, and the gallant knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, who, though thus deserted, forgot not his ladye-love, and thought but how to regain her.

Poor Jean went to her husband's home, where for three long years they lived in peace and quietness; for though there could be no love on her side, yet she became, in course of time, attached to him and his good qualities—his honest heart—his strong mind—his rectitude of principle—his love of truth and right—his high honour—his unblemished faith; such qualities excited her admiration, and commanded her esteem, but they could not force a warmer sentiment; and though repressing her true feelings with all her strength, yet they rose ever in her heart, pleading with ceaseless yearning for her lost first love. Three years passed, and three fair children, during that period, bloomed around the hearth of Lord and Lady Cassilis—three little lovely daughters, like rose-buds in their beauty and their similarity of appearance—each the image of its lovely mother.

Jean Hamilton began to feel what happiness was; her affection turned itself to these fair creatures, and on these she placed her hope; sighing only sometimes, as she gazed on their young faces, and thought, while she twined her fingers amid their golden tresses, and looked into their blue eyes, of *him* who, in all her early dreams of bliss, had been the chosen husband of her heart—the sharer of her future life and love.

The Earl of Cassilis is gone to the chase—for three days will he hunt the deer in the forests by Tynringham; and his lady remains at home to tend her infants, and to sing to her soft lute those witching strains which all so loved to hear—they were so wild, so sweet, so sad! The earl is gone to the hunting, with a gallant train of knights, and squires, and grooms, and hinds, and huntsmen; with hound, and horse, and well-trained falcon; with arrows, knife, and spear. They were a gallant train: their vests were Kendal green; their plumes were dancing in the breeze. The wind swept freely through the sunlit trees—swept through the bright locks of youth—over the stern brow of manhood—amid the silver hair of age, for all were gathered to the chase, young and old, and knight and noble, went forth with Cassilis and his dogs to hunt the deer in the woods of Tynringham.

The third day of the chase arose—the third sun shone over that gay assemblage, now loaded with spoil; their white plumes somewhat draggled and defaced by their chase through tangled copsewood, and beneath low-bending trees; their vests of Kendal green all stained with the blood of the quarry;—the same sun found the Lady Jean alone within her bower.

She dressed herself in snow-white robes, and bound her hair with pearl—her hair was long and golden, and the pearl became it bravely; her waist was clasped with shining gold, and pearls were in the clasps; and every finger white and taper was decked with golden rings.

She dressed her children in snow-white robes, and curled and combed their yellow tresses; her youngest babe lay sleeping in the cradle, she took the others to her side, and told them merry tales, or sang them mournful songs, to while away the time while waiting for their father.

A sound was heard approaching the house—a sound of many voices, loud laughs, and snatches of song; the trampling of feet—the clang of iron heels—the murmurs and the mingled noises of a crowd drawing near to the Tower of Cassilis. The lady and her children went to the window, to see what company was approaching. Through the long avenue came a merry troop of gipsies, their brown faces glowing in the sunlight. Up the long avenue they came, and on to the broad green lawn, and beneath the huge plane tree they gathered; they were many in number, men and women and children, singing and shouting, and dancing, with a hundred uncouth pranks and gestures. There were many bonny maidens among them, with jet black hair, white glancing teeth, and witching smiles; the dark locks braided with gay kerchiefs, scarlet, blue, and gold; the white teeth shewing with double brilliancy between lips rosy red—the smiles playing over cheeks whose soft deep brown was suffused with richest crimson. There were many fine young men with the same complexion—the same black hanging locks—the same bright cunning smile—the same eyes, so lustrous, so magnificently dark, so full of an almost preternatural light, glowing like fiery coals. Then there were aged creatures, bending beneath years and hardships, but still shewing the untameable spirit of their race. And there were little children, some young as the lady's own sleeping babe.

One among the gipsies walked silent and aloof, a head taller than the rest, with a firm martial step, and broad make of figure differing from the peculiar characteristics of the tribe. But the lady did but look once, then turned her careless eyes away. The visits of the gipsies to the Tower were too common to excite her surprise, or to occasion any interest in her mind.

The lady continued her previous occupation, amusing and quieting her children; but ere many minutes had elapsed, her old Seneschal entered the room, saying that one of the gipsies prayed earnestly to speak with her. The lady hesitated; it was not her wont to see strangers in the absence of her lord. But the Seneschal spoke so of the earnest manner of the gipsy—his gentle tongue, and humble entreaties for admittance, that she consented that he should be ushered into her presence. He came! The Seneschal opened the door for his entrance, then closed it behind him. The lady and the gipsy, saving the presence of her infants, were alone; he ascertained this ere he advanced close to her, and displacing the cloak that shrouded the lower part of his face, turned upon her the unforgotten features of her first lover—Johnie Faa!

It was, indeed, her early love! Oh, lost so long—so long unheard of—he had returned at last! No shriek burst from her lips—no cry; only one low murmur—the murmur of a heart too full for utterance—gave token of all she felt! It was himself! unchanged in all—unchanged in personal beauty, with the same dark, passionate eyes, burning upon her own—the same proud, melancholy countenance—the lips, speaking even when silent—the earnest, honest expression—

heart and soul breathing forth upon that face, unchanged in mind and spirit, as his present daring—his present attempt, after long years of absence—of desertion—of wrong—too plainly proved.

They did but gaze one moment—then rushed into each other's arms.

Poor hearts—so rudely parted! True hearts—true through so much despair, cling closely while ye may; beat—beat together;—beat with your vain delight! Ah, would that upon this moment ye might break! It *was* a moment of delight—of joy unspeakable; there was no alloying feeling mingling with that rapture. All but the bliss of meeting was forgotten; forgotten was the past anguish—the insurmountable gulf between them—the agony behind—the agony before—the coming and the gone-by despair. Only that moment then dwelt with them—all else to them was nothing.

The lady raises her head, only to gaze up into his face; silent from emotion, and yet too blest for tears. His lips move, but no words issue thence; delight hath made him dumb. The children, playing at their feet, look with unconscious wonder on the stranger—half fearful, ignorant of wrong, yet thinking of their father. The lady meets their inquiring eyes—she partly withdraws herself from the grasp of her lover.

"Ah, wherefore didst thou come?"

Long silence follows. Again, one long embrace—heart, soul, and spirit meeting at the touch.

Oh, a first love is a bond hard to break; and, oh, though she may seem weak and guilty through all that is to come, yet think what she has suffered—think what her fate hath been—think of the mighty passion suppressed so long, *now* finding outlet—think of the heart, so long held silent, *now* is that mute eloquence finding speech—think of the long uncompanioned years during which those souls have yearned for their predestined mates, *that* yearning at last satisfied, the kindred spirits met—think of all this, of all love is, of all it endures, inflicts, teaches—think of all this, and judge her gently!

The Earl of Cassilis returns from the hunting; the earl, his knights, and his squires, groom, hind and huntsman, wearied dog and wearied horse. The earl rides swiftly forward; wearied dog and wearied horse, groom, and hind, and huntsman, lag slowly home. The earl alights at his gate; his servants meet him at the door, with downcast looks they hold his bridle; they lead his steed to stall. The earl is a proud man, and seldom holdeth converse with inferiors; he asks no questions, but passes through them all, and climbs the stately stairs. Why is his babe crying in its cradle? He starts as he listens to its feeble wail! Why are his infants, subdued and silent, watching by that lonely cradle? The earl strides up the room—his children spring into his arms—his crying babe smiles as he nods his tall plume above its rest. But where is his wife?—where is their mother?—where is Lady Jean?

He asks his children, and all they say is—"She is gone!" He turns for information to the domestics; they stammer forth the truth—the Lady Jean is gone with the gipsy train, away with Johnie Faa!

The earl was a man of few words; short answer made he. But he put his children from him, and he left the room. He called his train of squires around him—fresh steeds are brought—wet, weary, chase-

stained as they are, they mount and ride away—they mount and ride in pursuit.

Not long—not far did they ride. Where the ford crosses Doon, they came upon the gipsies and their troop; and there, indeed, was Lady Jean, with her green kirtle above her snow-white robe, and a golden net holding back her golden hair; the pearls were gone—the shining clasps were gone—the rings from off her fingers were bright upon those of the gipsy-girls—the ring that wedded her to her proud earl was worn by Johnie Faa. Hand in hand with Johnie Faa, and heart to heart, the lady passed along. She thinks of nothing but her love. Her very children are for the time forgotten—all ties of habitual affection—all pride—all honour—all womanly shame—all self-respect—the purity of her unblemished name—the sanctity of the marriage-vow—everything hath passed before the overwhelming torrent of this re-awakened passion—so intense, so desolating! Desolating, indeed, it was, bringing ruin and death alike to the innocent and the guilty; for the vengeance was swift as terrible; and for those few rapturous moments came a retribution upon all connected with the actions of that day, dreadful in its prompt avenging.

The Earl of Cassilis was attended by so strong a band, that resistance was out of the question. The whole of the gipsy troop were taken prisoners. Johnie Faa defended bravely himself and his lady-love; but all in vain. They were made captive, and conveyed back to the Tower of Cassilis.

Never a word spake the earl on their homeward ride; nor did the Lady Jean say aught to him—she knew his disposition well—prayers and pleading would have been in vain; what he had resolved, that would he do. But she turned her head ever back towards where her lover came, his hands bound tightly behind him, led by two of the earl's retainers, and with his dark eyes fixed upon her form. She heeded not the presence of her husband, but continued to cheer her knight by affectionate words and gestures—the tears rolling down her cheeks as she spoke, her sobs of anguish and despair rendering almost inarticulate what she strove to say.

Reaching the tower, the earl selected fifteen of the youngest and handsomest among the gipsy men, and these, with Sir John Faa, were placed beneath the great plane tree in front of the house; the rest he dismissed with blows and stripes. They fled in terror, howling and lamenting; the laughing, merry maidens weeping; the old men, the women, the children, all alike feeling that some terrible consummation was about to involve their friends, their lovers, their fathers, their companions, in one common doom. But they did not dare to ask for mercy; they knew too well the stern earl's temper—all turned in sadness and despair away.

The earl bid that the fifteen should, one by one, be hung upon the plane tree, and that, last of all, Sir John Faa should suffer the same fate. Then, with strong arm, he led his lady into the castle, spite of her wild entreaties to be allowed to perish with her lover—spite of her loud shrieking farewells!

Johnie Faa echoed her farewells, but in firmer tones, mingled with heart-spoken blessings and prayers for her happiness. He reiterated a thousand times his expressions of undying love and worship—his

thanks for the return she had made him—his acknowledgment of her affection. These two lovers, thus on the brink of separation—of death—of unknown agony, thought only of each other, and their love! To them the future seemed nothing, as the past must soon be; and all that was to come, and all their weight of guilt, and all fear of punishment in this world, or in the next, were lost in the absorbing sorrow of that parting.

The lady was dragged into the castle—the rope was around the neck of the first of the poor gipsies who was thus to die for the fault of others, when a voice, at the window of the tower facing the plane tree, was heard to exclaim—

"Yes, thou shalt see it all—see all the misery thy crime causeth—suffer as these suffer; think of the condemnation thou hast given these, then live to remember!"

All looked towards the window; there were the countess and the earl.

One by one, the gipsies were given to their death—one by one they swung upon the great plane tree. The countess strove to flee from the sight, but her lord held her fast; and all he said was, ever and anon—

"See, cruel woman!—see, what thou hast done!"

The countess writhed and struggled to be free; but strove in vain. She strove to shroud her eyes, and shut out the dreadful spectacle, but could not prevent herself from looking; every time that she opened them, she closed them instantly again with a fearful shriek; for every time some face was turned towards her own, distorted in the death-agony. At last came Johnie Faa! then the earl, leaning from the window, shouted forth, "Bring him nigh beneath, that my lady may look upon her lover."

They followed the earl's words; then the countess leaned forwards from the casement, her long hair streaming down; she reached her arms towards her love—she called wildly upon his name! He could not raise those fettered hands; but he answered her with tender speeches. Calm, proud, self-possessed, with no emotion visible upon that splendid countenance—save an unquenchable love for herself—save pity for her sorrow, he gazed upwards to her face. Then, murmuring a few passionate farewells, he turned towards the gallows-tree.

The shrieks of the unhappy lady made every cheek grow pale, save that of her stern husband, and her dying lover; these possessed a constancy which nothing could daunt; these shewed no fear, and no remorse.

What a terrible scene!—that miserable woman!—that dying man!—that stern husband, suffering so deeply!—inflicting so much! And those dead, ghastly witnesses, swinging slowly from the fatal tree!

This is not all. The lady lived long—lived in solitude and disgrace. She never saw more the children she had deserted—the husband she had injured. Through long—long miserable years she lingered, enduring the agony of a remembrance words could not depict—or the heart can scarce imagine.

Her husband built in her prison-house of Maybole, a stately oaken staircase, lighted by a noble window, rich with elaborate carving, and glowing with a thousand hues—the stained glass is crimson, purple, azure. Round this window, sixteen effigies of carved wood represent

the gipsies, and her lover Johnie Faa—the last somewhat larger than the rest, and faithfully shewing the proud beauty of the melancholy countenance—the earnest, honest expression of the large dark eyes.

On these the sunlight falls through the crimson and the purple panes, giving them life-like hues. On these she gazes, with eyes tears could not blind; and at last, with these terrible memories for ever round her, she closes those eyes on earth, and passes to her grave.

THE DYING FLOWER.

(From the German of Rückert.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Hope! when spring returns anew,
He will find thee living still;
Autumn winds the leaves may strew,
Yet the trees sweet hope can feel.
In their buds a pow'r unheard
Makes them hope till winter's past,
Till their sap again is stirr'd,
Till their green revives at last.

"Nay, I am no stalwart tree,
Living countless summers o'er,
When the dreams of winter flee,
Weaving songs to spring once more,
I am but a flow'r to bloom,
Waken'd by the kiss of May,
Then to find a snowy tomb,
Where all trace must pass away."

Do not grieve, thou humble thing,
Though thou art a flow'r indeed;
For to all the plants that spring,
Has been given a living seed.
Death's black storm may o'er thee break,
Scatt'ring all thy beauties wide;
From the dust thou wilt awake
To a hundred multiplied.

"Yes, 'tis true, there will be seen,
Others, like me, when I'm gone,
For the universal green*
Lives;—the single dies alone.
What I have been they may be,
But 'twill be myself no more,
Now's the only time for me;
None hereafter, none before.

"Though the sun, that with its flame
Fills me, may for them be bright,
Still my fate remains the same,
Dooming me to endless night.
Sun, thou eyest them even now
In the future as they lie,
Why for me such looks hast thou—
Cold and from a cloudy sky?

"Ah, what trust in thee I placed,
When I woke, kiss'd by thy ray;
When upon thy face I gazed,
Till it stole my life away.
These few moments that I last
From thy pity shall be free,
Every leaf thus closing fast,
I will perish, shunning thee.

"Yet my pride thy pow'r must own,
And its ice in tears must run;
Take my life, when it has flown,
It is thine, eternal sun.
Ev'ry trace of grief is driven
From my soul by thy soft fire;
For the blessings thou hast given,
Take my thanks, as I expire.

"Gales, that from the summer skies,
As I trembled, o'er me glanced,
Countless swarms of butterflies
That around me ever danced;
Hearts that at my fragrance glow'd—
Eyes that at my hue were bright;—
All—yes, all to thee I owed,
Made by thee of scents and light.

"I adorn'd this world of thine,
Though an humble flow'r was I;
In the fields thou bad'st me shine,
As the stars in fields on high.
Still I breathe a parting breath,
'Tis no sigh—but speaks of love,
And I dart a glance in death,
On the world and heaven above.

"Thou, the world's bright heart of fire,
Let me die in radiance drown'd;
Heaven, my verdant charms expire,
Spread thy blue pavilion round.
Breeze of morning, be thou blest,
Welcome, spring, thy glistening skies,
Without grief I sink to rest—
Without hope again to rise."

* Ewig ist das ganze Grün
Nur das Einzle welkt geschwind.

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF "THE ARDENNES."

BY FREDERIC TOLFREY, AUTHOR OF "THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE."

PART THE FIRST.

It was on a dark, dismal, drizzly night, (I cannot for the life of me, resist following the *Radcliffe Highway* of romance,) in the month of April 18—, that (as many travellers have done before me) I prepared most reluctantly to leave the warm and comfortable coffee-room of that much-frequented caravansery, "The White Horse Cellar," not without casting a "long and lingering look" on an empty pint decanter which had contained some very drinkable wine, and into which the waiter, as my bill assured me, had ingeniously contrived to pack a bottle of port. The discomfort and misery I was doomed to encounter on leaving the hotel were of my own seeking, for heedless of our variable and treacherous climate, I had booked myself for an outside place on the Marlborough coach, in the neighbourhood of which town I had been promised some excellent trout-fishing. The zealous and attentive waiter who had done me the favour of dividing the bottle of port with me, gave me to understand, as he handed me my great-coat, shawl, and "upper Benjamin," (for Mr. Macintosh, glued camlet, and India-rubber, were unknown in the days I write of,) that it was a "dirty night" for travelling, and on reaching the street I found the prediction of this knight of the napkin fulfilled to the letter.

An English April assumes to itself as wide a thermometrical range as the other eleven months of the year put together, favouring us alternately with balmy breezes and wintry blasts, between sunrise and sunset, as fickle as the veriest coquette that ever blew hot and cold in the same breath. On this memorable evening, in addition to a thorough November climate, the atmosphere was charged with an unmistakable Middlesex mixture of fog and mist. Now, everybody knows what a mist is; but a London mist is a mist of itself—a mist "*sui generis*," the mist "*par excellence*." It stands alone, or rather hangs, a dripping sample of a slow-and-sure shower-bath, midway between a murky vapour, miscalled clouds, and the greasy, sloppy, metropolitan pavement.

Having personally seen to the safe custody of my portmanteau, rod, and fishing basket, in the hinder boot of the coach, I ventured upon a furtive peep into the interior of the vehicle; but no such good fortune rewarded my curiosity as a vacant seat, which melancholy fact was confirmed by the vigilant Jehu, who, aware of my motive for endeavouring to ascertain the exact number of his living cargo, thus unequivocally set the matter at rest—

"Full inside, sir; and you're booked for the hout."

Now, whether the first part of this announcement had reference to the interior of his own individual Falstaffian rotundity, or the crowded state of the carriage under his command, I did not inquire; although a glance at his protuberant paunch would have satisfied the most indifferent observer upon that point.

"Is the box-seat disengaged?" I inquired.

"Box is took," was the answer. But by way of comfort I was assured that I should be accommodated with some dry straw on the roof.

I had heard in my nonage of a drowning man catching at a straw, and why should not a dripping one? So, making a virtue of necessity, I elbowed my way through a phalanx of touters, vendors of sour oranges, and evening papers, rushed with a frenzied resolution to my elevated position, and, in the language of the turf, became "an outsider" backing myself at long odds to be wet through before I reached my journey's end. By the time I had comfortably (at least, if such a term can be applied under such circumstances) packed myself up in straw, and secured the centre seat, our portly knight of the whip was squatted on the box, ribbons in hand, ready for a start. The guard, however, was still occupied in depositing to the best advantage, divers boxes, cases, and trunks on the roof behind me; and ere his task was completed, our full-blown coachman inquired if "that foreign gen'leman's trunks was amongst the luggage?"

"Which do you mean?" inquired the guard.

"Why, him wot we was to take up at the 'Cellar' or the 'Gloucester,' I'm blessed if I know which!" rejoined coachee.

"What do you call him?" added the guard.

"Blow me if I know; but he's got *two leaders* to his name," continued Jehu. "So you'd better look to your way-bill."

Acting upon this hint, the guard came round to the lamps, and having referred to the document in question, informed his colleague that the individual alluded to was a Mister "*Dee-lay-mott;*" that he was to be taken up at the "Gloucester," and that, moreover, "his traps was in the boot."

"All right!" said our driver—"run on to the 'Gloucester,' and tell 'em we're coming."

This first stage of our journey from the "Cellar" to the "Gloucester," as these rival houses were familiarly abbreviated by the dragsman, was soon accomplished; and as we pulled up at the corner of Berkeley-street, a tall gentleman, in an oil-skin travelling-cap, and a most capacious cloak, was seen to emerge from between those twin nuisances—a pair of swinging doors in the passage of the hotel.—(N.B. These slamming, jamming, abominations should be abolished in all well-regulated houses.)

"Is your name *Dee-lay-Mott*, sir?" inquired the guard.

"My name is Delamotte," answered the stranger. "Have you received my baggage which I sent to your coach by the porter of this hotel?" continued the embryo passenger.

"It's all right, sir!" was the rejoinder.

"Now then, if you please, sir, we're after time!" chimed in the coachman. "Plenty o' room behind *me!*" laying due emphasis on the pronoun personal.

Having seated the new customer by my side, and ascertained that "all" was "right," our well-fed "Phaeton" pulled his team together in a truly professional and workman-like manner, dropped his rein hand, sputtering forth that almost unwriteable incentive to equal progression—the well-known "*ptshisht,*" "*ptshisht;*" and in proof of its magical influence on the quartet of quadrupeds before us, we were trotting down Piccadilly at a merry pace, in less than no time. I had

learnt from the colloquy between the coachman and guard, that my companion on the roof was a foreigner; but the brief sentences he had spoken were so free from the usual Continental accent, that but for the accidental discovery, confirmed by the name, Monsieur Delamotte might well have passed for an Englishman. I believe I "*entamé'd*" the conversation, which was carried on to the end of our journey, by remarking that such a fog, as the one we were driving through, was seldom to be seen in Paris.

"You have been in Paris, sir?" observed my companion.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Have you travelled much on the Continent?"

"A little," was my answer.

"Do you know Brussels?"

"Yes; and some few of the towns in the Low Countries, as well as Holland," I replied.

These interrogatories led to descriptions, and descriptions to anecdotes; and by the time we arrived at Hounslow, Monsieur Delamotte and myself were on very sociable terms. While our horses were being changed, we had agreed to comfort the inward man by a glass of hot brandy and water each—a restorative by no means unacceptable on such a night. On resuming our seats, and being once more fairly "*en route*," the "hot with" set our tongues in motion, and we chatted very cozily for nearly the whole of the next stage.

I found my new acquaintance a gentlemanly well-informed person. He had evidently read a great deal, and to some purpose; and had treasured up an abundant store of anecdote—in short, he was an enviable companion with whom to while away the tedium attendant upon a monotonous journey.

We had scarcely reached the outskirts of the town of Slough, when Monsieur Delamotte said—

"You were speaking just now of Brussels, and the field of Waterloo; did you ever extend your tour to the Forest of Ardennes?"

I replied that on one occasion I had accompanied a friend from Brussels to its confines, on a shooting excursion, shortly after the memorable battle 1815.

"That forest," continued my companion, "was once the scene of a long succession of the most atrocious murders—crimes unparalleled in the history of heartless bloodshed. Travellers of all ages, rank, and denominations, who had occasion to pass through that thickly-wooded territory, were missed, and never heard of more. Year after year these alarming facts became of such frequent occurrence, that the attention of all France was directed to the mysterious circumstance. The emperor (for these atrocities were committed under his despotic sway) was the first to institute inquiries, offer rewards, and cause measures to be adopted for the discovery of his missing subjects, or the almost supernatural means by which they had been lost to their friends. The efforts of the police, the gensdarmerie, and even organized bands of the military were fruitless—not a clue could be obtained—the country was scoured for miles around the supposed spot, but without success. All was doubt, uncertainty, disappointment, and horror—the veil which shrouded the dark deeds was for the time impenetrable—strange as it must and will doubtless appear to you. I nevertheless do not hesitate to inform you, that I was the humble instrument of bringing them to light; and by the exercise of some

little presence of mind on the part of an attendant as well as myself, the miscreants were discovered and brought to justice. But I must not anticipate. I have thought it right to preface my tale by this little outline, as I conceived it possible you might have heard of the wholesale slaughter committed by the sanguinary gang which infested the neighbourhood of the Ardennes—for their marvellous exploits had excited the wonder of the whole of our continent, if not of Europe.

"My father was a merchant in Paris, of which city he was a native, and I was likewise born in that capital. His wealth, as well as his uncompromising integrity, secured not only every worldly comfort and enjoyment, but that greatest of all consolations, the love and esteem of his fellow citizens. I was his only child, and, for a wonder, was not spoilt by an over-indulgent mother, or the caresses and adulation of my parents' friends. As I grew up, I was infected by the military mania common to the rising generation of the period, to which the unchecked successes of the greatest military commander the world ever knew contributed not a little. I longed to be a hero. Marengo and Austerlitz were magical sounds to me, and I prayed to my father that he might allow me to follow the profession of arms. He was deaf to my entreaties; and I made a vow, under the influence of disappointment, to become that most useless and miserable of human beings, an idle man, if I were not allowed to follow the bent of my inclination. My excellent father reasoned with me, but his arguments produced but little or no effect until he pictured to me in glowing colours the grief my beloved mother would be plunged in at parting with a child she doted on, if he persisted in rushing on the dangers inseparable from the life of a soldier. This latter argument prevailed; and I promised to relinquish all idea of a camp, if I might be permitted to select another profession for myself. I named the bar, but this proposition was combated by my inflexible parent, who gave me to understand most unequivocally that he had made up his mind I was to succeed him as a merchant—that the commercial line was the one he had fixed upon for me to follow, and that I must prepare myself for occupying one of the elevated stools in his counting-house. This determination staggered me; for the plodding, fagging, dry and uninteresting routine of the desk was my aversion. I gave no direct answer to my respectable father, and shut myself up in my room for some hours, to collect my thoughts, and to endeavour to act in conformity with his wishes. My better nature prevailed; for on reviewing the past kindness and affection of the best of parents, I could not bring myself to run counter to their wishes on so momentous an occasion as my establishment in life and future prospects. That same evening, at supper, (well do I remember that happy meal!) I embraced my dear mother and my father; and as I wept on the neck of the latter, I told him I was prepared to follow his wishes in every particular. At this period, I was but seventeen years of age, and about as romantic and enthusiastic a youth as ever cast up a ledger or wielded pen in a counting-house—for nearly five years I submitted to this drudgery without a murmur.

"At length, one day my father called me into his private office, and said, 'Adolphe, I have every reason to be pleased with your submission to my will, as well as your attention to business, and in proof of the confidence with which you have inspired me, I am about to entrust you with a mission of importance connected with our house, for I feel

persuaded you will execute it in a manner worthy of a Delamotte. You will prepare to leave Paris to-morrow morning for the North of France. The business confided to you is not of so pressing a nature as to require you to travel post; you will ride; and you are at liberty to select the best saddle-horse from my stable.' This was joyful intelligence to a youth of ardent temperament like myself. I lost no time in making preparations for my journey, as you may suppose.

"That night, after that most sociable of family meals—supper, my provident father gave me my final instructions, interlarded with scraps of excellent advice, as to the object of my journey, and for my conduct on arriving at the place of destination."

"My principal business was to be transacted on the borders of French Flanders, and my route was by the ancient town of *Mezières*, and I found that I should either pass the outskirts, if not through, a considerable portion of the redoubtable Forest of Ardennes—but who at the age between one and two-and-twenty, ever regarded danger or knew fear? The very hazard of the enterprise gave an additional zest to my pilgrimage; and the idea of encountering some adventure *en route*, was charming in the extreme to my youthful fancy. In the morning, I was to receive my letters of recommendation and introduction, and I laid my head upon my pillow that night full of joyful anticipations, which the announcement of this unexpected expedition had given rise to.

"After an early and hurried breakfast, my kind father placed in my hands a sealed packet, containing papers relating to commercial affairs, and which I was to deliver to his correspondent; apart from this packet was a letter, which, as he delivered to me, he said was directed to his old schoolfellow and college friend, General M——. 'We have not met for many years,' continued my father—'not since you were a boy. You will be grown out of his recollection; but he is your godfather; and I promise you, *d'avance*, a cordial reception, were it only from the fact of your being a Delamotte. My old friend's chateau is situated about a league on this side of the now-dreaded Forest of Ardennes. To his care I have commended you, and may God grant you a safe and prosperous journey!'

"With tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts did my beloved and worthy parents bestow their blessing on their only child; and I left my paternal roof with feelings very different from those under which I had contemplated my departure on the preceding day.

"By the time I had passed the *Barrière St. Denis*, I had in some degree recovered my composure—the novelty of my position—the prospect before me of seeing something beyond the world of Paris—the probability of making new acquaintances, and of encountering some romantic adventure better worthy of being recorded than my boyish freaks in the metropolis—all tended to buoy up my spirits, and to anticipate new pleasures on this my first emancipation from the shackles of parental thraldom.

"My horse was a stout and active grey, of Norman extraction; and in accordance with the fashion of the day, I was seated between the pyramids of a double-peaked saddle, with my valise strapped to the hinder encumbrance, and my cloak before me. My father had presented me with a brace of excellent pistols, of Lepage's best make, and these were in the holsters. What more could a young man desire on a journey, save money? and of this I had ample store.

"As I had a long distance to travel, I seldom performed more than thirty-five or forty miles in one day. On the morning of the sixth, I reached the chateau of my godfather; and presenting my card and my father's letter to one of the domestics, remained in the courtyard awaiting the result. I was not long kept in suspense, for the venerable proprietor of the equally venerable-looking mansion hastened to greet and welcome me within his walls. My reception was most gratifying; and if I had been the general's own son, I could not have experienced a more affectionate reception.

"While I was partaking of the variety of good things which my worthy host had ordered to be spread before me, I explained to him the object of my journey, and expressed my intention of proceeding to the next town as soon as my horse had rested for an hour or two. The general, however, would not listen to such an arrangement; but finding me rather more obstinate than he expected, gave me to understand that such a plan was little short of madness; for as it was nearly noon, I should not be able to get through the forest before nightfall; and by way of a climax, added, 'you well know, my young impetuous friend, that even the most hardy never venture in or near the Ardennes at such an hour; I therefore must interpose the authority of a parent, and, acting in the place of your father, insist upon your remaining under my roof for this night at least. If you are resolved upon quitting me so abruptly, you are at liberty to resume your journey at any hour, and as early in the morning as you please.' Finding resistance in vain, I remained with my hospitable godfather, and, on parting with him at night, I told him I should be off at daybreak.

"As soon as it was light, I crept down stairs as quietly and stealthily as I could, and made my way to the stables. I was busily engaged in saddling my steed, when my watchful host tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'You see an old soldier can be as *matinal* as yourself. I suspected you would endeavour to give me the slip. But, my young friend, you must not think of traversing this part of the Ardennes alone. An old and trustworthy servant of mine, named Pierre, shall accompany you beyond the reach of all danger. I have given him my instructions, and he is at this moment preparing some *café au lait* in the kitchen, which I recommend you to take before you start.' Acting upon this kind advice, I swallowed a jorum of the comforting beverage, by which time the attendant was ready; and having shaken the old general most cordially by the hand, Pierre and myself left the chateau, not without a hearty benediction from its owner.

"As we walked our horses down the avenue leading from the chateau, I examined the priming of my pistols, and looked to my flints. Pierre was similarly occupied, for his master had provided him with a pair of formidable-looking weapons. We soon reached the forest; and for the first half-mile or so, after we had entered it, I confess to having felt rather nervous. I endeavoured to conceal my apprehensions from my attendant, with whom I kept up an animated conversation; and as we advanced, I grew bolder, and began to suspect that the evil reports of this spot had been strangely exaggerated. We kept a sharp look out, nevertheless, and did not pass an overgrown tree or a thicket without a cocked pistol in hand. Our sombre ride, however, was not interrupted by any intruders, for we emerged from the forest with whole skins shortly after one o'clock.

THE INDIANS OF WESTERN AMERICA.

GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA AND TEXAS.

Monsieur Violet* may at this instant be walking about the streets of this magnificent Reality, called London, or he may never have had existence at all but as a fanciful traveller in the realms of fiction, the last-born creature of a rich and lively brain that has already peopled nations with its offspring. Monsieur Violet may have gone back to eat buffaloes' humps and beavers' tails, or he may be even now discussing chicken and claret with Captain Marryat here in the metropolis, (and in good sooth he might be very much worse off;) or, we repeat, he may be a shadow, a sound, a name, nothing. What matters it? In either case, we know him—know him as well as we know Catlin, or Cooper, or Irving, or even Marryat, who has introduced him to us.

The writer of these volumes asserts that the hero of them has been at his elbow while the pen was in his hand, affording him the full means of explanation and correction; and without telling us how the documents descriptive of such extraordinary travels and adventures came to hand, he disavows all responsibility with respect to an "air of romance," which assuredly does hang over the narrative. He has rather softened than heightened the tone.

We are far from doubting or disliking the work on the score of the marvellous matters it relates. If it had not been of the wonderful kind, we should have wondered indeed. There is no cause of complaint on this head. That very soon appears, and the presumption becomes certainty as we read our way into the middle of the startling series of narratives. At length, so accustomed are we to the exposition of wonders, that we feel astonishment most, when we arrive at a page in which there is little or nothing to surprise us. That there should be nothing strange is quite marvellous.

But to speak gravely, this work—interesting in itself whoever may be the real hero of it—and excellently written, to whomsoever the chief claim of authorship may belong—offers choice and novel matter for an hour or two's entertainment, as we hope here to shew.

The admirable works of Cooper, illustrative of the life, character, and behaviour of certain tribes of the American Indians, and descriptive generally of existence in the forest and prairie, have naturally predisposed many readers to feel an interest in that extraordinary race of men, broken as it is into such numerous varieties, which mere romance can seldom inspire. Love and admiration of the inimitable Leatherstocking should long keep Indian memory alive all over Europe, even if it had no claim to be preserved on its own account, and if the whole Indian race, in the rapid progress of years—which here bring, not "the philosophic mind," but the rage for a civilization more barbarous than so called barbarism—should be doomed to utter extinction.

Much knowledge has been derived from various works, not to speak of Mr. Catlin's very recent one, respecting the more northern tribes of the American Indians; but it was reserved for M. Violet

* Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Written by Capt. Marryat, C.B. 3 vols.

(having Capt. Marryat at his right hand when his travels and adventures were over) to paint the least known—the Western tribes. Of these, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, and the Crows, have become partially known. Washington Irving, in his "Astoria," gives, if we remember, some particulars of the predatory movements of these remarkably pleasant persons! but the Comanches, Apaches, Arrapahoes, Wakoes, and Shoshones, have been almost strangers to us hitherto. Now all these—herein styled the Bedouins of the Great Western Deserts—are originally descended from the Shoshones, or as they are usually called, the Snake Indians.

The incidents and descriptions, consequently the information contained in this narrative, extend not merely to these tribes, not simply into the desert prairies (little known we need not say) of central America, but we have accounts of the countries of California and Western Texas, which bring news to most readers, and are of particular interest at a time when the republic of Texas has so recently obtained recognition from the English government.

Having thus very briefly indicated the scope of the narration, we purpose to start off, here and there, to some attractive point of information or excitement, just as the hero himself appears to have rambled and run wild, without, at any turn of his changing course, pausing to explain his object—about which we confess we are somewhat in the dark.

Without stopping to inquire how young Master Violet came, while yet a boy, to herd with the wild children of the desert, and within view, at eighteen, of being a chief among the Snake Indians, let us survey him at that age just commencing his adventures in a journey to Monterey, the queen-city of California.

Nice place that Monterey, according to these notes. No muddy streets, and smoky factories; no splashing cabs, and surly policemen; no mobs of men of business hurrying to their engagements like steam-engines; but instead, a bay, blue and bottomless, with beautifully timbered shores; a prairie lawn, flower-broidered, covered with hundreds of vine-clad cottages. A convent with massive walls, a church with a graceful spire, a sky of the deepest blue, and all below looking as happy as if they were dwellers beyond it!

No wonder, after this, that "even the dogs are polite at Monterey; and the horses, which are grazing about, run up to you and appear as if they would welcome you on your arrival." Delightful indeed! but unfortunately selfishness is at the bottom of this politeness, as it often is elsewhere; for we learn that every traveller carries a bag of salt at his saddle-bow, and these animals, as is clear by their rubbing their noses against it, "come to beg a little salt, of which they are very fond!"

We add to this a characteristic of Monterey, which seems to be recorded as a more exquisite marvel still—that the English who reside there are contented, and that the Americans are almost honest!

After this, we can afford to encounter a little of the rough; and see human nature in a light, as we see it in these pages sometimes, so horrible and revolting as to forbid us to own it as human.

Our course, however, lies not through any of those stiff and gloomy sectarian villages of the United States, of which, at this point of the narrative, we are favoured with a bird's-eye view—"A sectarian

village, with its nine banks, eighteen chapels, its one *a b c* school, and its immense stone jail, very considerately made large enough to contain its whole population!"

From the ancient city of Monterey, wherein we see the Californians to the very best advantage, with their proverbially beautiful voices, their gay amusements, their vast wealth, and uninterrupted health,—this latter being so excellent always, that they have a saying there, "He who wishes to die must leave the city;"—we follow Monsieur Violet in his path to the country of the Shoshones, of whom, as of the other tribes mentioned, very interesting accounts are furnished. The women are graceful and chaste, the men brave and trustworthy; they are fond of justice, though they love vengeance; they have stern laws, which are rigidly enforced; they prefer peace to war, and are a race worthy to rank with the humanest and best of the savage tribes. One of their characteristics is set forth in the following:—

"I have said that they are good astronomers, and I may add that their intuitive knowledge of geometry is remarkable. I once asked a young chief what he considered the height of a lofty pine. It was in the afternoon, about three o'clock. He walked to the end of the shadow thrown by the pine-tree, and fixed his arrow in the ground, measured the length of the arrow, and then the length of the shadow thrown by it; then measuring the shadow of the pine, he deducted from it in the same proportion as the difference between the length of the arrow and the length of its shadow, and gave me the result. He worked the Rule of Three without knowing it."

Among the Comanches, and one or two other of these western tribes, many great and noble virtues hold their root in spite of every corrupting and destroying influence by which purity and integrity can be assailed. They have at the same time, in the taking of scalps and other barbarous customs, the true Indian stamp upon their natures as well for evil as for good. A story here will shew the baseness to which they are often victims, and the savage cunning of their revenge. The lawless career of many who resort to the western wilderness is faintly pictured in the tale.

A wretch, known by the name of Overton, who having been employed as an English agent by the Fur Company, acquired in the cheapness of military titles the appellation of Colonel, was known, as well among the Yankee traders as among the Indians, to be a desperate and atrocious scoundrel—cheating, plundering, and betraying all parties who employed him to preside over their barter, and murdering whenever it suited his interests. He at last rendered his name so notorious by villanies practised in every direction, that each party in turn doomed him to death;—the Indians were to scalp him, the English to hang him, and the Yankees to put him to torture. Even the Mexicans, who for their own purposes had long protected him, at last put a price upon his head. But he disappeared—became invisible, for two years; when a party of Comanches returning from an expedition encountered their pale-faced plunderer, and gave the old enemy chase. Away they flew—Overton, nobly mounted, cleared the broken ground fast, without getting out of view of his pursuers, whose horrible yell rang ever in his ears. Reaching a ground covered with pine trees he deemed himself safe, for beyond was a level valley, miles long, in which he had a chance of distancing the Indians; when to his horror and amazement he found between him and the valley a chasm broad and deep, over which no horse however fresh could possibly have leapt. The voices

of the pursuers were in his ears; he dismounted, led his horse to the brink, and pricked him with his knife; the noble animal took the leap, and fell from pointed crag to crag into the abyss below. A long hollow log lay by the edge of the precipice—beneath this the fugitive crawled.

Indian cunning, and the instinct of refined cruelty, here peep out. "He has leapt over," said one, as the wild party arrived; "it was the full jump of a panther." They agreed to repose for a time, and entered into conversation—*feigning ignorance* of the near neighbourhood of the trembling fugitive. They discussed and compared ideas of the torture to which they would have subjected him—no torments were left undescribed—and they were dwelt upon at length, in order to prolong the miserable hearer's agony. At last, a proposal is made to camp and make a fire upon the spot—and the log is quietly mentioned.

"Overton now perceived that he was lost. From under the log he cast a glance around him: there stood the grim warriors, bow in hand, and ready to kill him at his first movement. He understood that the savages had been cruelly playing with him, and enjoying his state of horrible suspense. Though a scoundrel, Overton was brave, and had too much of the red blood within him not to wish to disappoint his foes—he resolved to allow himself to be burnt, and thus frustrate the anticipated pleasure of his cruel persecutors. To die game to the last is an Indian's glory, and under the most excruciating tortures, few savages will ever give way to their bodily sufferings. Leaves and dried sticks soon surrounded and covered the log—fire was applied, and the barbarians watched in silence. But Overton had reckoned too much upon his fortitude. His blood, after all, was but half Indian, and when the flames caught his clothes, he could bear no more. He burst out from under the fire, and ran twice round within the circle of his tormentors. They were still as the grave; not a weapon was aimed at him, when, of a sudden, with all the energy of despair, Overton sprang through the circle, and took the fearful leap across the chasm. Incredible as it may appear, he cleared it by more than two feet; a cry of admiration burst from the savages; but Overton was exhausted, and he fell slowly backwards. They crouched upon their breasts to look down—for the depth was so awful as to giddy the brain—and saw their victim, his clothes still in flames, rolling down from rock to rock till all was darkness."

The malignant cunning of the Indian nature is finely set off sometimes by magnanimity of feeling. The Indians in this case would have scorned to use their arrows, even against a wretch like Overton, if he could have kept his footing on the other side of the chasm. The grandeur of the leap would have saved him. There is a chivalrous spirit in these rangers of the Western wilds, not to be exceeded in history, and elevating them assuredly in humanity, and an honourable feeling both as foes and friends, above the tribes of the East.

How is it then that among a people so disposed, the name of the "white man" is now considered to be a term of reproach—that the pale-faces have come to be spoken of by Indians as dogs, and are often hung or shot when fallen in with. If there be truth, as to all appearance there is, in these accounts, this deplorable enmity is attributable to the disgraceful conduct of the Texians towards the Indians. The evil inflicted by thus raising up implacable foes in men who cannot distinguish between an American and a Texian is incalculable. But to understand Texian aggression, and to survey the people who live under this republic which we have just recognised, we must turn to the book.

The population was, at the period of the independence, estimated at forty thousand—they now call themselves seventy-five thousand; a fearful number, if we consider what the people are. "Texas," says

M. Violet, "has been from the commencement the resort of every vagabond and scoundrel who could not venture to remain in the United States; and unfortunately the Texian character was fixed and established, as a community wholly destitute of principle or probity before the emigration of more respectable settlers commenced." The decent emigrants appear to have passed over into Mexico or the Southern United States; and in good season, when drunkards, thieves, and murderers are as numerous almost as citizens. That we may have a due idea of the security of life and property in Texas, it is stated that "there are numerous bands of robbers continually on the look out to rifle and murder the travellers," and that "it is of frequent occurrence" for a house to be plundered, and every individual murdered, "by miscreants who, to escape detection, *dress and paint themselves as Indians.*"

Some statements are given, relative to the causes of Mexican defeat, and the battle that decided the separation of Texas, which are of importance as shewing that impressions in England, as well as in other countries, are extremely erroneous on these points, and that the grossest misrepresentations have tended to neutralize that sympathy for the Mexicans which should have been exerted powerfully in their favour. The specimens of newspaper lies given by M. Violet portray the very foulest features of human nature, and prompt a wish that Texas were blotted for ever from the map of humanity.

A bare list of the treacheries and murders committed at the expense both of the white and red men, by monsters here countenanced, would fill a volume. Take as a specimen this. Our traveller was out with a hunting-party of young Comanches, when they met two companies of Texian rangers and spies, commanded by a Capt. Hunt, who forthwith shewed them where a settlement of twenty or thirty families had been attacked by savages said to be Comanches, who had carried off cattle and horses, and murdered sixty or seventy men, women, and children. The bodies were shockingly mangled and scalped; Violet, on viewing them, was at once positive that the deed had been committed by white men. The Comanche chief indignantly shewed this to be the case; Indians never scalped children and women as had been done here—never were known to expose them before death to a brutality which it was plain these had suffered. The Comanches started off on their tracks, and soon brought in three white wretches disguised as Indians, who were at once identified as of the murdering gang. But Captain Hunt refused to punish them, under the plea that he had received orders to act against *Indian* depredators but not against *white men!* Hanged, however, they were, by the decree of no civilized tribunal; and the Captain himself is found soon afterwards experiencing as disastrous a fate.

The Indians interpret the word "Texas" as the "land of plenty;" but it would seem that there was no law or lawyer in the land, when murderers steeped to the lips in blood were thus let loose by the government authorities. But on the contrary, the place is full of lawyers. We quote the second volume:—"The lawyers discovered that on a moderate computation there were not less than *ten thousand attorneys* in Texas, who had emigrated from the Eastern states; the president, the secretaries, constables, tavern-keepers, generals, privates, sailors, porters, and horse-stealers were all of them originally lawyers

or had been brought up to that profession!" After this, there are people living who will be less disposed to discredit the surpassing roguery of the Texians; as they will not wonder at the impunity allowed to rascals, when they are told that one, who would otherwise have been sent to prison, was allowed to go, "for it so happened that the jail was not built for such vagabonds, but for the government officers, who had their sleeping apartments in it."

And when the forms of law happen to be gone through, what is the manner and what the result? We will abridge a description of a scene witnessed in Boston—that is to say, in Texian Boston. Arrived at the courthouse, the party found the judge seated on a chair which he was "whittling" so earnestly as to have forgotten where he was, while on each side of him were half a dozen jurymen similarly practising on square blocks. Each (judge included) had his cigar in his mouth, and a flask of liquor, to which they occasionally appealed, was before them. The attorney who was addressing the court, was also smoking—so were the plaintiff and defendant—so, too, were the witnesses, and also the public in general. So much for the court, now for the case.

The defendant was the postmaster and general merchant of the country, and he was on his trial for murder. A man who had purchased goods of him, had received from him a counterfeit fifty dollar note; with which, on its being refused elsewhere, he went back, and sought to change it for a good one. This was refused, the young man declared that he had been swindled, and the honest merchant killed him on the spot by flinging at him a nine-pound iron weight. The argument now was, that this was accidental, and designed only to frighten away a turbulent customer; but not a word was said about the *note*, though every body knew that the defendant had wilfully defrauded the deceased, and that it was part of his trade to pass off forged notes upon the inexperienced. At last, when the proceedings were far advanced, one of the jurymen approached the defendant, and addressed him in so low a voice that no word escaped, but his parting words were audible, "All's right!" His example was followed by another juryman, and his again by a third; and, in short, all the jury in succession stepped up "to have a little private conversation with the prisoner." At length, the judge himself, with an independence and a manly scorn of concealment that put the whispering jurymen to shame —the judge left his seat, went up to the prisoner, and said openly— "Any good saddles, Fielding? mine looks rather shabby!" "Yes, by jingo, a fine one, bound with blue cloth and silver nails, Philidephia made, prime cost sixty dollars." "That will do!" answered the judge, as he walked back to his seat.

Need we proceed? is not the tale already finished? Who could fail to foresee an acquittal—that is, a verdict of manslaughter—the prisoner being humanely considered by the judge "sufficiently punished by the affliction which such an accident must produce to a generous mind!" The court of criminal law in Texian Boston broke up with three cheers, and judge and jury quitted the scene to enjoy a "treat," as agreed upon, at the cost of the acquitted! That night, the merchant's dwelling was burnt down, he himself killed, and the judge wounded in the midst of his carousal. This was a work of

revenge—the agent was the father of the young man, whose murder had been the subject of this horrible mock-trial.

Assuredly, according to these picturesque pages, we do not find ourselves warmed by love and admiration of our fellow creatures, in proportion as we quit the prairie and approach the city. As our traveller entered the white settlements of the Sabine river, he fouud in fact, that far from arriving at civilization, he was receding from it. The farms of the Wakoes, a superior Indian tribe, and the well-cultivated fields of the Pawnee Picts, their numerous cattle and comfortable dwellings, were a strong contrast to miserable twelve-feet square mud and log cabins. Every farmer was a scarecrow, every woman would have been the same if she had had rags enough upon her. Where, then, it may well be asked, was the boasted superiority of Texians over Indians?

"Upon inquiry, we discovered that these frontier men were all, more or less, eminent members of the Texian Republic—one being a general, another a colonel; some speakers of the House of Representatives; and many of them members of Congress, judges, and magistrates. Notwithstanding their high official appointments, we did not think it prudent to stop among them, but pushed on briskly, with our rifles across the pommels of our saddles; indeed, from the covetous eyes which these magistrates and big men occasionally cast upon our horses and saddle-bags, we expected at every moment that we should be attacked."

Let us peep, not into an Indian wigwam, but at an American *table-d'hôte* for a vision of refinement. The scene is the "city" beforementioned:—

"The dinner bell rang a short time after our arrival, and for the first time in my life I found myself at an American *table-d'hôte*. I was astonished, as an Indian well might be. Before my companions and self had had time to sit down and make choice of any particular dish, all was disappearing like a dream. A general opposite to me took hold of a fowl, and, in the twinkling of an eye, severed the wings and legs. I thought it was polite of him to carve for others as well as himself, and was waiting for him to pass over the dish after he had helped himself, when, to my surprise, he retained all he had cut off, and pushed the carcase of the bird away from him. Before I had recovered from my astonishment, his plate was empty. Another seized a plate of cranberries, a fruit I was partial to, and I waited for him to help himself first and then pass the dish over to me; but he proved to be more greedy than the general, for, with an enormous horn spoon, he swallowed the whole. The table was now deserted by all except by me and my companions, who, with doleful faces, endeavoured to appease our hunger with some stray potatoes. We called the landlord, and asked him for something to eat; it was with much difficulty that we could get half-a-dozen of eggs and as many slices of salt pork. This lesson was not thrown away upon me; and afterwards, when travelling in the States, I always helped myself before I was seated, caring nothing for my neighbours. Politeness at meals may be, and is practised in Europe, or among the Indians, but among the Americans it would be attended with starvation."

Though the Indians drop gradually out of being when surrounded and demoralized by the whites, this work asserts the important fact that the increase of the Indian population is considerable among the great uncontrolled nations; such as the Chippewas and Dahcotahs of the north United States, the Comanches and the Pawnees on the boundaries of Texas, the Shoshones (snakes) on the southern limits of the Oregon, and the Apaches of Sonora, "those bold Bedouins of the Mexican deserts, who constantly on horseback wander in immense phalanxes from the eastern shores of the Gulf of California to the very waters of the Rio Grande." And with them grows too, a deeply-

rooted and invincible hatred towards the American—a feeling common to them all, as wrongs more or less are common; and they have but to think of recent and of still-continued acts of tyranny and faithlessness, of heartless disregard of rights, and shameful violation of solemn treaties, to burn in silence for the coming day of retaliation and revenge. The spread of Mormonism, and its probable influence upon this susceptible mass of stern Indian feelings, under the cunning agency of the Mormon leader, and of course to the vital injury of America, offers a ground for grave reflection.

But on this, not a word here; and only one can we spare, to express the excited feelings with which we have perused Captain Marryat's vivid descriptions of the various Watertonian encounters with wild animals, and of the scenes presented when the vast prairie is on fire, and the flames drive before them countless herds of frighted wolves, panthers, and buffaloes, with myriads of smaller fugitives trampling on each other in their flight.

SENTENCES ON SIMILES.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel?
POL. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.
HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel.
POL. It is backed like a weasel.
HAM. Or like a whale.
POL. Very like a whale. *Hamlet.*

IN estimating the merits of a portrait, there is one condition more essential than the rest—it must be *like*. Truth of likeness is the first point of excellence. So in the affair of a simile, however employed—whether in an epic poem or in ordinary table-talk—there must be a likeness in the case; some positive point of resemblance between two objects, to warrant the introduction of the ominous word "like."

Portrait-painters, however, in defiance of the imperativeness of the condition specified, often give a preference to an imaginary past likeness over the present, and assume some features of resemblance which probably never existed. Again, in as many instances, they persist in looking forward to a period of similitude, anticipating a likeness to be hereafter recognised.

"Oh, sir," said the disappointed mother, when the artist had finished her child's portrait, "you have done it beautifully indeed, only it is not in the least like my little boy."

"My dear madam," said the far-seeing R.A., "he will *grow like it*, astonishingly like."

But the makers of similes, by pen and speech, often proceed upon a plan far more unrestricted than this, which seems nevertheless to have no limit, as it includes with the present the past and future. Their plan appears to be to look for the likeness not merely where it is not, but where it never was and never will be.

Poets, of course, are privileged people; and though not allowed to

invent resemblances non-existent and impossible, have a licence to detect in things inward and remote a lurking and most unlikely similarity. Their similes may either imply a likeness immediate, exact, and undeniable, or an analogy existing only in feeling, in sympathy, in the dimness of association, in the impalpable depths of the obscure. Of the two kinds, the latter is the more poetical; and, strange to say, that in this respect swarms of plain prosy people are in their hourly household discourse poetical exceedingly.

Where can one turn for an hour's chat, east or west of the city—on what topic can we hold a ten minutes' gossip either with the busy or the idle, the rough or the refined, the matter-of-fact or the imaginative —and not find a passion for seeking resemblances, for pursuing similes under difficulties—breaking out at every second sentence of the conversation! Why, the habit of hunting up similitudes is universal. These are the likes that beget likes.

Some matter-of-fact man took the pains once, it is said, to count up the number of similes scattered by Moore over the "Life of Sheridan;" but did the cunning critic skilled in Cocker, though probably blessing his stars as he read over his own naked prose, that he was no poet, ever tax his arithmetic so far as to count up the number of similes and no similes he himself might be heard to let drop, in the course of one day's disjointed discursive talk upon the hundreds of common-places that are continually arising! Why, it is a faculty which the highest and the lowest have in common; and it would doubtless happen, if we were to leave out the consideration of excellence and beauty, and confine ourselves to numbers alone, that the very dullest of Mr. Moore's commentators would perpetrate in a day more similes than he would.

In what degree the organ of comparison is ordinarily developed on the heads we see about us, phrenology best knows; but if there be any external token, corresponding in dimensions with the excess and constancy of the habit, some of our acquaintances ought to find it impossible to get their hats on.

Not one in a hundred, of the ten thousand who having something to say for themselves, are pretty sure to say it if you give them the opportunity, but cultivates the practice—often unconsciously, it is true, but always finding in it some relief or convenience, as children do in the pictures that embellish their story-books. They are both helps and ornaments. Whatever the image in the speaker's mind, to think of something like it, not merely assists his description, and presents it more vividly, but it helps him to define it more clearly to himself, and to comprehend all its bearings more completely.

When he has found this out, the faculty gets more frequently into play, and similes come to him of their own accord. He finds one in a case of perplexity a wonderful interpreter of his unexpressed meanings. When his object is not clear, whether for want of clear thoughts or plain words, the simile is held up like a mirror, and displays the doubtful object with distinctness. It is like the good luck of happening to think "of a church of the same name" when you cannot recollect how your new acquaintance is called, Nokes or Styles. The use of a simile is as convenient for clearing up, as the production of a miniature in the final act of a play, when a general consanguinity among the characters is the author's last card.

Where such effects are producible, no wonder that the habit becomes

catching, and that every idea begets another, the instant it is born, to image and represent it; as the swan that floats double on St. Mary's Lake, is imaged by its shadow in the water. Thus people who, as some would inconsiderately suppose, are unblessed with one single idea, are in reality possessed of a pair; the one having no sooner taken its first peep into existence, than you find it is "like" something else, so dissimilar and remote, that it would never by any possible chance have entered into your imagination to conceive it. Actual likeness soon, of course, comes to be little thought of, and similes are naturally adopted quite at random.

But even an entire want of appropriateness is not found to destroy the efficacy of the simile; though it should at last turn out to be as complete a mystification as that native of Ireland of whom his countrymen said, that "he was like nothing in the world but himself, and not much of that."

There is a capital pair of similes in one of the Falstaff scenes; the first as illustrative of exactness and appropriateness, as the second is illustrative (in appearance) of that total inapplicability, and that innocence of all resemblance in the things compared, of which we have been speaking.

"The rogue," saith Sir John, panting at the mere idea of a running-match, "the rogue fled from me *like quicksilver*."

"I'faith," cries Doll, "and thou followedst him *like a church!*"

This last is wonderfully like the similes current in general company, and now in hourly use; but in reality it is a very counterpart of its companion for exactness and for truth. A running dodging fellow would naturally enough awaken in Falstaff's mind the idea of quicksilver; while of fat Jack's running after him, the young lady had the same idea as of the lively movements, the unassisted velocity, of a church. Doll could have done nothing whatever in the way of description of Falstaff's hopeless incapacity for following the fugitive, like producing the picture of immovability conveyed by that extraordinary simile.

The necessity of resorting to the simile in all such desperate cases, is felt even from earliest boyhood. Even in schooldays, when events so fall out that it is difficult at the moment to call to mind anything like them, they yet must be likened to something or other; and accordingly we hear how "Thwaites has been a punching Wiglins's head like any*thing!*" Like *what*, it were impossible to say; but anything is better than nothing, and the sentence could not be terminated without a comparison.

It is on this principle, found out so early in life, and in the consciousness of this want which accompanies us all through it, that certain phrases have been invented and dispersed through the world, as legitimate and recognised substitutes for this too general and indefinite simile, "like any*thing*." It was felt in the process of time, to be more dignified to mention explicitly some one object of comparison, no matter for its absolute and notorious non-resemblance in the particular case; and hence by a happy social fiction, profound as some of the fictions for which the law is famous, the ingenious expression, "like bricks," rose into popularity.

To hear of ministers putting on taxes like bricks, or of public

meetings assembling like bricks—of Snaggs drinking pale ale like bricks, and of Braggs smoking mild Havannahs like bricks—of one talking like bricks, and another bolting like bricks—in short, of men universally, reading, writing, toiling, and begging like bricks—paying their debts, and cheating their creditors like bricks—soon became quite a matter of course. The admirable invention seemed to be universally applicable, because it nowhere applied; it was even said of persons who have a passion for erecting new tenements by the thousand, in every lime-besprinkled suburb of London, that they were building houses like bricks, the houses being in reality like lath.

A slight variation, equally avoiding the chances of applicability, was now suggested by a sense of universal convenience,—and "like blazes," broke frequently on the gratified ear. The tide was said to be running up like blazes, or teetotalism getting on like blazes, or trade being opened like blazes. The appositeness of the simile was everywhere recognised; and, as in the case of bricks, it saved trouble in particularizing, and left all to the imagination.

Similar advantages were discoverable in the use of the term "winkin;" and looking like winkin, riding like winkin, and spending money like winkin, equally testified to the value set upon a stock phrase, by which a mysterious likeness to something not admitting of a definition was clearly implied.

How much better is it, since similes in conversation can no more be dispensed with than syllables, to have in this way a standard image, whatever it may be—bricks or winkin—set up as it were by proclamation and national consent, to which all other images as soon as they arise in the mind must instinctively conform. Better, surely, than to be beating about for similitudes, stopping and stammering in the hurry of discourse to pick out an exact object of comparison; and after all, perhaps, succeeding only in suggesting, that the lady cried like the muffin-man, while her lover went and shot himself like a partridge. Better, again we say, than to be brought to a dead standstill, with a simile sticking in one's throat — "For all the world like—like—like—" and no, nothing in all the world can one think of like it, because one has all the world to seek a comparison in, "where to choose."

Everybody in turn, however apt at finding resemblances, and of however busy an imagination, has been on some interesting occasion in this predicament;—the organ of comparison is tuned, but the bellows will not work.

"Why, ma'am, little Jessie, who is but eight months old, would no more mind it than, than—nothing at all."

"Don't ask me, pray don't ask me to play at cards—I could just as soon play whist as—just—as the—a—Thames."

"Strange kind of people—very strange, as you properly observe, my dear sir. I stayed with them six weeks; and yet I declare I know no more about any one of them, than—than—than I could fly!"

My old tutor, venerable Jacob Wright, was the first person singular that ever drew my attention to the common practice of simile-making. He was a master-hand at it—with him it was a grand art, and he would create a simile under the ribs of death. Well remembered to this day is the summer morning, when, having a holiday from breakfast-time,

he came into school at seven to give as a single hour's attendance. Dressed ready for departure, his ordinary brown-black was cast aside, and we were dazzled by the shining sable of his suit.

We proceeded with our lessons as usual, when a point for explanation arose, and Jacob, whose thoughts till then had evidently not wandered far from his new array and the approaching hours of pleasure and liberty, began to expound to us some novel passage.

"A passage," said he, in his gayest tones, "which has little of the peculiar character of this author, and which indeed has been said by some critics to be in the manner of Theocritus; though it is no more like Theocritus—" (here his glances wandered over the ceiling and floor, and then round the walls of the school, till it rested complacently on his own knees as he sat)—"no more like Theocritus, than it is like *my black satin breeches!*"

Whereat, there was a rush of many eyes, all in one direction; and all, with one admiring, devouring gaze, settled on the glossy novelties, which were of black satin, indeed! Jacob, the simplest, wisest of old men, was a vain old idiot that sunny morning. Breeches would have ruined him if he could have got them often. Black satin would have turned him into a peacock.

But this was doubtless quite an involuntary turn. What good Jacob Wright was famous for, was his sheer inventions and sham-similes, thrown out to set one wondering and inquiring. Many a dull boy brightened his wits, by reflection and investigation, while looking for an analogy where none existed. But this sport he practised only on the older heads, and so grave was his manner that heads aged as his own might be taken in.

Harmless almost always, the jest generally tended to set us reading or meditating; but it admitted of a rather mischievous imitation sometimes, and L., one of the most mischief-loving as well as humorous of our set, was often on the watch to catch victims by catching Jacob's style.

He would be heard speaking seriously enough concerning some object, of which, when he had drawn towards him the listeners he wanted, he would declare that it possessed the most contradictory properties; adding carelessly, as if the fact were indisputable—

"It is like an ebony ruler, which, though so hard a substance when applied to anything else, has, as is perfectly well known, no power to break glass."

Leaving this fact to fix itself in the wondering minds of youthful experimentalists, he would wait quietly until the morning, to count the boys who were to be flogged for breaking windows.

Among the conscientious, however, who are for formal exactness and literal truth in their similes, no plan can be so safe as that on which we observe people now and then acting—that of comparing a thing, not to something else, but to itself. Thus they will inform you, that a terrier in a rabid state, bit a soldier, and ran off like a mad dog; that the soldier flung after him a stone like a brick, swearing all the time like a trooper; that the surgeon applied his knife to the wound like a bit of cold steel; that the patient bore it like a Trojan; while a certain pretty lass leaned over him, the tears running out of her eyes like—water.

Our Library Table.

THE POOR-LAW SYSTEM.

Jessie Phillips; a tale of the present day. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 *vols.*—Jessie Phillips is a charming, cheerful, melancholy, kind-hearted work—telling hard truths, and leaving no soft sweet feeling of our nature unvisited and unmoved. We are greatly disappointed — and most agreeably. The first announcements led us to anticipate a romantic treatise on the poor-laws—necessarily disagreeable in itself, and comparatively useless as a critical commentary on the working of the Amendment Act, because bearing the form of a fiction; unpleasant therefore as a novel, and intolerable as a long pamphlet. We expected a sort of work that might have been entitled, "Somerset-house; or, the tyrant-triumvirate," in three volumes, one to be levelled, as a knock-down blow, at each of the poor-law commissioners. We made a wrong guess, and perhaps ought to have known the powers of the writer better. We have read the book with a fully-atoning enjoyment—a feeling of painfulness, of something extremely repulsive, obtruding strongly in parts, especially in the third volume—but not, on the whole, preponderating—certainly not.

Of the design, first, which the writer had in the choice of subject, and of the "political economy" of her tale of the present day. The work is so constructed, as to illustrate by its characters and chief incidents the spirit and the working of the present poor-law system. (Let no gentle anti-political admirer of the soft humanities and cheerful inspirations of romance, be wrought upon thereby to forego the reading of it—but of this anon.) Mrs. Trollope tells us in the last page of her story that the course of it would have wandered less widely from what she at first intended, had she not received during its progress a multitude of communications urging various and contradictory modes of treating the subject. This begat a perplexity that rendered her fearful of dealing too closely with a theme which would inevitably be presented to public judgment under a variety of aspects. We quote what follows:

"The result of the information which has been earnestly sought for by the author and eagerly given by many appears to be that a new poor-law differing essentially from the old one was absolutely necessary to save the country from the rapidly-corroding process which was eating like a canker into her strength; but that the remedy which has been applied lacks practical wisdom, and is deficient in legislative morality, inasmuch as expediency has, on many points, been very obviously preferred to what the Christian law teaches us to believe right. Nevertheless, it appears evident that much of the misery so justly complained of might be remedied, were the patient and truly tolerating spirit at work in all quarters on the subject."

The last sentence is unquestionably true; and we are happy to see so able a pen as Mrs. Trollope's zealously working with a view to the promotion of so excellent a purpose. We and others may be allowed to think the "obvious" inconsistency of the principles of the law with the law of Christianity (for to this Mrs. Trollope's condemnation of it extends) somewhat more questionable; and at all events less certain than the fact, which is frequently lost sight of, that whatever may be the errors of the new system, the old one was crushing, ruinous, and detestable. The great evil is deposed; and it is probable that the grievances consequent upon change, the many heavy hardships and cruel mistakes attendant upon the working of "amendment," in such a law as that for administering to the relief of the poor of England, would have been gradually lessened ere now, had some of the opponents of the act been more moderate in their denunciations and more suggestive of practical relaxations.

No charge can be brought, upon this point, against the present writer. In the conduct of her story, she has illustrated, by a very natural and indeed

every-day course of action, the fullest rigours of the existing system, but in no unfair spirit; and there is nothing in the tone of the few reflections and speculations which are interspersed through her chapters, that should offend the strictest stickler for the severity of the new poor-law principle. It may occur to some readers as an objection, that she has not given the advocates of the law, among her characters, fair play. We have a hard-minded literal lawyer, and a coarse, vulgar, and ignorant upstart, in favour of the act; while opposed to its philosophy, we have a set of the most intelligent, humane, respectable, and ingratiating people that ever crowded about one in a novel! It is also a defect in the story, that a person of whom we hear much, and of whom much is made when he first appears on the scene,—an assistant poor-law commissioner,—dwindles, or rather sinks at once into a nobody, and does nothing. He was ushered in as a hero—the great agent of the story; but we know little more of him than what we are gratuitously told of his doings when the tale is quite closed:

"As for our very amiable Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, he remained in superintendence of the district, of which Deepbrook made a part but a short time; for, in consequence of increasing intimacy with several persons thoroughly well acquainted with the state of the poor around them, and with what might and what might not be done for them with advantage, he not only became deeply interested in their welfare, but decided on several occasions, where his judgment and arbitration were appealed to upon no principle whatever but that of doing the most good that the circumstances permitted. This was, unfortunately, on more occasions than one, reported at head quarters, where it was, as a matter of course, considered as extremely unphilosophical, to say the best of it; and once, when it was very clearly evident that, by advancing the sum of two pounds five and sixpence, he had actually kept a family of seven persons from coming to the parish at all, he had been officially declared, though with great civility, to have been altogether wrong. As his general conduct, however, was not such as exactly to justify dismissal, he was permitted to retain his appointment; but all objectionable consequences which might have resulted from this were very ably and effectually guarded against by constantly setting his judgment aside, whenever it appeared to lean towards common sense, in preference to the principles of the bill; and by removing him from one place to another with more than usual rapidity, which, in a very satisfactory degree, prevented the possibility of his being useful anywhere."

Having quoted the severest passage of the work, we shall have deterred no reader, possessed with a horror of politics, from seeking the gratification which this tale can hardly fail to produce. The plot of it is extremely simple, but highly tragic—very painful, and full of such associations of real positive crime and misery, and legislative cruelty and ignorance constantly working around us in the actual world, as seem little compatible with the charm wherewith a work of fiction should be read; but yet, though painful, and perhaps somewhat protracted in its details of suffering and horror in the more advanced scenes, there is a sentiment inculcated, and a purpose visible, which redeem and elevate it. It is written with great energy and freedom, relieved by numerous graces of feeling and expression.

The characters are excellently drawn and sustained. Several of them have no particular stamp upon them, and yet we recognise them after a time with all the certainty and distinctness that belong to the crowds of common-place people seen every day. They become quite real, and we soon know them all. But the characters least connected with the poor-law part of the plot, and the touching incidents which have no essential relation with the union workhouse and the board of guardians—these are the things in this tale with which we are enchanted. Ellen Dalton (what homage we are offering her in saying so!) calls up to recollection some of Miss Austin's heroines; and, indeed, without any exact feature of resemblance, there is something in the characters or in the positions of Ellen, her grand lover, her humorous confidential father, and her homely nobody-at-all of a mother, that awaken remembrance of the Bennetts and Mr. Darcy—pleasant remembrance always. Ellen Dalton is very charming, and at past three-and-twenty beats every young lady in the book; though

her nine sisters are a delightfully gay group, with a host of pretty acquaintances; while Miss Maxwell—but we must quote a passage explanatory of her:

"Martha Maxwell, with very little in appearance that might distinguish her from a multitude of other tolerably well-looking, tolerably well-taught, and tolerably sharp-witted young females, had, nevertheless, a talent so very peculiarly her own, that very few, if any other, under circumstances not more favourable to its development than those in which she was placed, ever possessed it in equal perfection. This gift consisted of a shrewdness of observation into character, which, like that of a practised fortune-telling gipsy, often seemed to give her something wonderfully like a power of divination. If this power had been somewhat less acute, and perhaps somewhat less minute also, it would have made much more *show* as a talent, for her observations might then have had the effect of brilliant hits and lively sallies. But Martha Maxwell had a shy sort of consciousness, that the process by which she looked into the hearts and souls of her fellow-creatures was not such as the generality could understand or appreciate, and this made her keep her speculations pretty much to herself."

It is easy to perceive with what power and effect Mrs. Trollope would employ an agent of this kind; and the fair Martha has indeed her share in the spells that are worked. But this character, acutely as it is imagined, and consistently as it is employed, is but one of many realities, which, in this work as in others, establish Mrs. Trollope's reputation as a powerful expositor of the thinkings and feelings of actual life; delineated often, no doubt, with coarseness and exaggeration—but not so here.

IRELAND.

Ireland and its Rulers, since 1829. During the summer months we have borne testimony to the excellence of more than one work upon Ireland; but the subject is astonishingly prolific, and a volume is here laid before us which it would be unfair to pass by.

It is, though a stout book enough, described on the title-page as "Part the First;" and discusses public affairs, from the date of the year of Emancipation until the close of the late sitting of Parliament. What "Part the Second" may discuss, whenever it shall make its appearance, who can guess! but assuredly there is at present in the deeply-interesting, the fearfully critical position of Ireland, sufficient to make the calculation an agitating one to the nerves, and to draw to any impartial account of political, social, and religious parties in that distracted country, a more than ordinary curiosity.

Ireland, indeed, is at this period, to all men concerned in the lasting welfare of the United Kingdom, the one point of deepest and most absorbing interest on the face of the globe; and an author, therefore, is sure of his audience, if he have but powers of edifying or amusing them. The author of the present work is not destitute of such powers. He glances in an easy, off-hand way at all the public questions that have excited attention in that country of late years, estimates their importance fairly, traces with clearness both causes and consequences, and shews how both government and people have been employed.

No one, therefore, can require to be told, that the work gives a consistent and connected account of the conduct of Mr. O'Connell during the years over which its review extends, and that this constitutes its principal feature. It is executed on the whole impartially, and the sketch of the great agitator's earlier life, as well as of his more strictly professional career as a barrister, will have attractions for numbers to whom little is known of him but his later political campaigns. The account of the Doneraile Conspiracy, and the famous fight between Solicitor-General Doherty and O'Connell, exhibits a scene picturesque in the highest degree, and Irish all over.

Many, indeed most of our leading men, who have had any recent connexion with, or influence over, Ireland, are also sketched and criticised—never with ill-nature, often with acuteness—but not, we think, invariably with judgment.

There are signs of an over-rating as well as an under-rating spirit. Mr. F. O'Connor's powers might have been more cautiously measured, while Mr. Sheil's brilliant talents are, in several incidental remarks, flippantly disparaged. But who can please all—especially when the subject is Ireland. The book is a brisk and readable one.

The Home Treasury is a contribution to the juvenile library that continues to prosper. Cundall of Bond-street is preparing to be to babes of this age what Newberry of St. Paul's Churchyard was to their grandpapas and great ditto. But with what an elegant modernized superior west-end air these picture-books come out! Here we have Bible histories illustrated after Holbein in the most faithful manner; and an excellent version of immortal Red Riding Hood's history, embellished, not by apprentices in art, but by masters, and the colourist has given to them all the effect of drawings. A beautiful little edition of *Beauty and the Beast* has just been added to the collection; the designs are evidently by the hands of men accustomed to administer to the higher tastes of the public; and they are so tastefully and delicately coloured, as to have all the effect of the drawings they represent.

Ruins and Old Trees associated with the memorable events in English History is the title of a little volume that will serve a very useful purpose, by planting in the minds of young readers a remembrance of some of the most romantic and beautiful incidents in our history. We have here brief memorials of the circumstances under which became famous the oak of Chertsey, Glendower's oak; the oak of Ellerslie, Wallace's oak; the nut-tree of Rosamond's grave; Hatfield oak; and several others. The historical accompaniments are appropriately written, and the wood-engravings of a superior kind.

OLD REMEMBRANCE.*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

With song the wood was ringing
When first of love we talk'd;
One wild bird 'midst his singing
Seem'd listening while we walk'd;
All May-like was the weather,
Though gold was on the grain,
As our hearts first drew together
In the old green lane.

That spring-light still is round us,
That bird attends our way;
The chain in which love bound us,
It clanks not as we stray.
In gay haunts now abiding
We falter not, nor feign,
For still we seem but gliding
Through the old green lane.

We dwell in places crowded,
But yet we live alone;
The more our thoughts are shrouded,
The more are they our own.
The worldly path is steeper
That tempts the bold and vain;
But our hearts for pleasures deeper,
Seek the old green lane.

From youth to age unchilling
Thus onward will we stroll,
Our earthly course fulfilling,
As soul were link'd to soul.
And still at last, late sinking,
Shall we, 'midst wind and rain,
Find shelter most when thinking
Of the old green lane.

* This song has been set to music.

A DEED DONE ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK."

CHAP. I.

POVERTY AND TEMPTATION.

By the side of one of those innumerable roads which intersect each other like veins of marble, and cross in every direction the vast tract of country comprised under the name of Salisbury Plain, there still stands, as there stood in the year 1773, the date of this true story, a small, low pothouse, apparently less especially designed for the accommodation of decent people, than for those whom Sterne describes as unfortunate travellers; men whose own feet constitute the only mode of transition from place to place with which fortune has favoured them; and whose own backs, in like manner, are the only backs in the world which they enjoy the privilege of loading with a mortal burden.

One warm evening in July of the above-named year, a man named Jacob Fearn might have been seen sitting on a block of granite brought from Stonehenge, by way of chair, at the door of that identical house, smoking a short and dirty pipe, which, for the sake of economy, he had begged of the landlord, and sipping a pot of brown ale, for which he had expended the last few halfpence in the world that he could call his own.

Jacob was a native of Salisbury, where he resided in utter obscurity with his aged mother, and a sister of eighteen—a sensible, handsome creature, whom Jacob much loved,—and upon the exertions of whom in various feminine employments he now temporarily depended for the barest means of subsistence; he himself being, at the time of which we speak, unable to obtain any employment whereby to win the bread of life.

When a man has descended so far down the steep of poverty that it is wellnigh impossible he can sink any lower, he commonly sits down as it were at the bottom of the hill, and looks upwards upon all the world above him with an eye of envy and hatred, as though ever meditating ill. And thus it was with poor Jacob. The liquid representative of his last penny was fast evaporating from before him, while there he sat, in the very recklessness of despair, ragged, self-abandoned, and ferocious,—a strong man, whose strength was useless on the earth,—a figure which nature had cast in one of her fairest-proportioned moulds, made gaunt and angular and grim by lack of sufficient sustenance from year to year; and presenting altogether that most painful of sights which civilized society can offer,—power without utility, capabilities perverted to evil ends,—a human being apparently disregarded by himself, and uncared for by any other human being in the world.

And as Jacob sat thus, looking silently on the road that lay before the public-house door, he saw the team-driver go by, singing as he went in the happiness of employment and plenty, and envied him: he thought it was better to work even for nothing, than for a man to sit idle until he felt himself a mere excrescence on society and fit only to be lopped away. And then the lordly carriage rolled by, whirling

to new scenes people who sat in them seemingly as idle, and, it might be, no more deserving than himself; while behind, perhaps, appeared some plump-fed, well-clothed footman, or lackadaisical lady's maid;—people who, in Jacob's opinion, made idleness itself a business, and throve better upon it than nineteen-twentieths of those whose worthy business it was to supply with unceasing labour all the wants and necessities of mankind. And out of all this he drew reflections which we shall not repeat, but which rendered uneasiness still more uneasy, and dissatisfaction doubly dissatisfied.

By and by, a foot-soldier, with a small bundle slung at the end of a stick, and carried across his shoulder, came up to the door. Heated by the sun, his face was scarcely less red than his jacket; and his feet were thickly covered with the dust of summer travel.

"Well, comrade!" he exclaimed, espying Jacob, and making a full stop, as he wiped the hot drops of moisture from his forehead—"the world and you seem to agree very well together."

"True, true!" replied Jacob—"we can't quarrel because we hold no dealings with each other. *I* sit idle while the world does all the work:—she won't let me have a bit of it."

"Nor a bit of the profits either, I suppose?" rejoined the other, with a sarcastic glance at Jacob's miserable figure, which secretly turned the idle man's heart into bitterness.

"No, nor the profits either," replied Jacob.

"Then turn soldier, man!" added he in the red jacket, "it's worth twenty ragged lives like yours. You'll livew ell, wear well, save a little money, and get a holiday now and then to go and see your sweetheart, if you have one, as I do."

"Oh! you are on furlough, are you?" asked Jacob—an inquiry to which his companion gave answer in the affirmative; and, during their subsequent conversation, the soldier furthermore informed him, that about three years previously, he had been quartered in Salisbury, where he fell in love with a young creature of fifteen, that he had corresponded with her in the meantime unknown to her friends, and that he was determined now to marry her; for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries to which important ceremony he was now on a visit to her, carrying nearly fifty pounds in his pocket, which he had contrived to save during the period of his service in the army.

Fifty pounds! That revelation was fatal to poor Jacob.

Actuated by those feelings of generosity which commonly inhabit free young bosoms, the happy soldier invited Jacob to share his can throughout the evening; and as conversation induced drink, and drink yet more and more conversation, the twain sat at the table until late in the cool of night, when both set out together, not in a state of the greatest sobriety, on their way to Salisbury.

Quarrelsome as some individuals are rendered by being under the influence of drink, with others again its effect is directly the contrary; and not unfrequently may two persons so situated be observed rolling home in company, now rubbing their shoulders forcibly together, and anon flying at a tangent three or four yards apart, yet all the while vowing deep affection, friendship, and service to each other; by the next dawn of light, perhaps, to forget it all, or to remember only with an unpleasant sense of foolishness and shame.

How the two characters of our story sped in this particular, the reader may conjecture for himself:—be it enough for us to say,—

It so fell out that Jacob Fearn did not reach his home that night, and did not ever see his mother and pretty sister again. Neither did the young soldier with fifty pounds in his pocket, who was going to Salisbury to be married, ever again meet his expectant intended bride.

CHAP. II.

THE HEAP BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

Since the events of the day described above, nineteen years have elapsed. It is now the year 1792. Having taken the advice of the soldier on Salisbury Plain, Jacob Fearn has now been nineteen years in the army. The reader will be pleased to suppose him serving in Holland, and that he has never, during the whole of those years we have named, once written to inform his friends of his destination, or whether indeed he be in the land of the living.

One dark evening, Jacob mounted guard about eight o'clock on the ramparts of the city of ——. Like as on that night when Hamlet's father appeared to him, it was "a nipping and an eager air." As he stepped out to his box, Jacob cast his eye quickly round; nobody was abroad; nor could anything be seen, save the black platform of broad wall on which he stood, a black, cold sky beyond, and a deep gulf on one side below him, in which the town lay, studded with numberless little lights, like the reflection of a clear midnight sky. Yet Jacob felt as though something was about him. A sense of the dread presence of some being, he knew not what, was heavily upon him; and he felt more fear than a soldier ought to feel, or than even a woman would whose hands were un-crime-stained. He trod his round with trembling footsteps, and back again to his temporary shelter. He sat down and looked out on the broad wall with dread. The light shadow as of a woman's figure, like a film floating in the summer air, hovered before his eyes. What could it be? He had made no assignation there; he had ruined no innocence; sent no confiding woman to the grave before her time, that thus her image should haunt him reproachfully in his time of solitude. What else had he done?

"Yes, yes!" cried Jacob, involuntarily—"but THAT was not a woman. I say it was not a woman, and I have done no woman wrong. Begone, devil; away—away!"

But as he spoke, the figure grew more distinct to him. It seemed to be on a road that he knew when young—a road he had last traversed at night, some nineteen years ago. There lay the vast dark plain on either side it, and three blighted pine-trees stood on the left, and at their foot lay *the heap by the road-side*, which he knew again too well. And though it was but a heap of stones and dirt, overgrown with grass and nettles, it made him quake, and turn deadly cold; for beneath that heap lay what should accuse him at the day of doom; and from the steaming of the blood which soddened that earth had a witness gone up before God and pointed the finger of eternal justice towards Jacob's soul. As he leaned against the rampart for support, the figure he had seen appeared to settle and bend over the heap by the road-side. It raised up its face, and Jacob saw his sister. It then appeared to disperse the earth with its hands, and to bring out something red, and some decaying bones. A cry was heard, or seemed to be heard—the figure fell as dead upon the ground, and Jacob saw no more.

When his comrade came to relieve guard, Jacob was found lying along the wall insensible. He was carried off, and with some difficulty restored. The cause of his indisposition he would not tell; and only requested that he might buy himself out of the regiment or be discharged; adding that he should never be fit for a soldier again, and was only worthy of one fate. *That* fate neither would he explain. But as both his appearance and his health bore ample testimony that some strange and incurable infirmity had befallen him, he very shortly afterwards received his discharge.

CHAP. III.

THE PLAIN, AND WHAT WAS ON IT.

The giant shadows of those solitary giant stones which stand on Salisbury Plain, a record written in mysterious character of an age and a people else scarcely known, stretched far to the eastward in broken and irregular shapes, as the sun sunk redly beyond the hills which lie to the west of Wiltshire, and caught in brilliant patches each rising ground, each Druid's stone, and aged tumulus, with which the downs of that part of the country are so abundantly covered. Not a breath stirred, so that the dull sound of the sheep-bell could be heard at a distance inconceivable to any person who has not stood in the midst of those tracts, as a single mariner at sea, and listened to their tinkling miles away. A gray old shepherd or two, looking small as gnats upon so vast a visible surface, were moving homewards in the now gathering twilight, when a solitary soldier was observed advancing, foot-sore, and in pain, down one of the roads leading from Salisbury, across the Plain. Shortly, he overtook a shepherd who was walking the same road, and he and the way-worn soldier entered into friendly conversation. Whenever the inhabitants of peculiar localities chance to fall into discourse with strangers, whatever may be the subject of their first conversation, the former invariably evince and exercise a peculiar tact in diverting both their own and their hearer's attention to those immediate objects of home interest with which they are themselves most particularly acquainted. Thus it was with the old shepherd and the soldier:—there might, too, exist some mysterious affinity between the red jacket and the story which lay upon the shepherd's tongue, since one assisted very materially in calling up the other. The shepherd soon began to inform his companion how, some nineteen or twenty years ago, as a soldier like himself was passing down that very road, he was robbed and murdered, but by whom, nobody knew.

"It was supposed," said he, "to be near those three fir-trees; for under a heap of dirt close to them they found the body."

The shepherd started, for his companion stood still, as though afraid to move.

"Come, come along; don't be frightened. Why, I have come this way all hours of day and night in lambing time."

"Tell that soldier," muttered the frightened man, as he pointed forwards down the road,—"bid him for God's sake walk along and let me pass!"

"There is no soldier here except yourself," replied the shepherd.

"And my sister, too!" continued the soldier, for he was Jacob Fearn. "They are both there."

Thinking his companion out of his mind, the old shepherd grew afraid; and refusing to walk with him any longer, for fear of danger, hurried away, and left him to pursue his course alone.

CHAP. IV.

THE POTHOUSE.

It was nearly dark outside the same little public-house, which we particularly pointed out at the commencement of this story, though within blazed a heaped-up fire that rendered other light needless, when the soldier, Jacob Fearn, entered falteringly, exhausted, and with a countenance of ashes. He threw himself almost with the weight of a corpse into the chimney-nook, and mustered just voice enough to ask for a pot of ale. The kind host of the house, seeing his condition, and pitying his weariness, hastened with all speed to place the needful stimulus before him. The soldier took it up, but he could not drink:—*another* mouth was at the brim—the face of that very man who had treated him so generously twenty years ago. The landlord looked amazed at the soldier, while the soldier looked earnestly at him. At length the latter spoke.

"Landlord!" said he, "did you keep this house twenty years ago?"

"No, soldier," replied the host; "my father kept it at that time, and I was but about thirteen or fourteen years old."

"Then I must ask you another question," rejoined the soldier. "Look at me,—straight at me,—in my eyes,—all over. Now," after a pause, "can you remember a face that you saw twenty years ago? Or is it grown too haggard to look human yet?"

"Why, you are not the soldier that was said to be murdered from this house twenty years ago, are you?"

"No, not I!" replied Jacob, with a bitter smile. "Would that I had been! Now, look at me again. Look hard, man; and do not be afraid nor ashamed, for I shall not hurt you. No, I shall never kill a single living thing again! I am not that soldier; but I AM the man that killed that soldier! I am the man that sat in *that* seat with him, twenty years ago; that drank the ale he gave me; that talked with him; that went out late with him, and that murdered him! I am the man! Believe me, I tell no lies; and have walked through England here to surrender myself. Fetch somebody to take me to jail, for the gallows is better than the life I have led ever since. Nay, do not hesitate. I would not kill a mote, nor tell a lie again in this world, for all the world has in it."

The bewildered tavern-keeper knew not what to do but to comply. The constable arrived, and Jacob Fearn was conveyed to Salisbury jail. On his own confession, which was repeated and persisted in, he was eventually hanged, and afterwards gibbeted, on the very spot where the remains of his sister's lover were found under the heap by the road-side.

As for the fate of that sister herself, when she found that her lover never returned, as he had promised, she sickened and pined; but when the discovery of his bones was made known to her, she rushed frantically to the spot, and died in a frenzy upon his unhallowed grave; while her old mother, overcome by these troubles, soon followed to the same everlasting rest. Neither of them, happily, lived to witness the ignominious end of Jacob Fearn.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUSPICIONS CREEPING AMONG THE SAINTLY.—THE GREAT MERCHANT CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

"I WISH I came across him," quoth Robin Shuckleborough, "and I'd lodge such a fellow as that in the stocks. The old punishment of slitting the tongue of vagabonds like that was the best."

"No," said Manesty, "Robin, the best way is to let them speak on. But where has he told this story?"

"In general, among the shipping along the quays; but he made his way to Seal-street, where, having contrived to get into the committee-room, he told eight or ten of the membership there met, that he had sailed with thee for four months, during the past and current year; that he was close by thee when that scar on thy forehead was given; that he has known thee on and off upon the seas for twenty years; and that, in the African bark, 'Juno,' now for sale or charter, lying at Gravesend, there are fifty people that could say the same."

"And this tale was believed?" said Manesty, with a contemptuous sneer.

"If it was," broke in Robin Shuckleborough, "the elders of Seal-street, begging your pardons, Mr. Manesty and Mr. Rheinenberger, I was born and reared church of England, and church of England, if God gives me grace, will I die, so I do not think much of talking my mind out about the dissenters, — I say, if they believe any such a cock-and-bull trumpery as this, they are asses fitter to bray over a thistle in a field, than to preach over a Bible in the pulpit. This is now Sunday, October the 16th, 1764—new style—and it is certainly true, that my honoured master, young Mr. John, as I shall always call him, if he and I live on together till he is threescore and ten, left Gravesend on the 15th of June, 1761, bound for Kingston, on board the 'Bonny Jane,' 120 tons register, Moses Mugg, master; arrived in Liverpool, on the 19th of January, 1761, per the 'Lightning' coach, after a three days' rapid journey; sailed from Ilfracombe, by Bristol, on the 2nd of January, 1762, by the American sloop, 'Clipper,' bound for Barbadoes, 95 tons register, Jonadab Sackbag, mate, acting as commander; that——"

"Pr'ythee, Robin," said Manesty, smiling, "spare this minute chronology of my voyages."

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the zealous bookkeeper, "but I can prove from our books, that you have been absent just eight months in '60, '61, seven months in '62, ten months in '63, '64; and does not our letter-book minutely state to a day, or almost, what you were doing during the time? Dick Hoskins, indeed! I'd have Dick Hoskinsed him, if he dropped across my path."

"Nay, Robin," said his master, "do not be so warm. I believe

a better answer to this piece of absurd nonsense, will be found in the fact, from the year '39, when I returned from an unhappy errand to the plantations, with poor little Hugh, then about two years old, until the date in 1761, which you remember with an accuracy I cannot rival——"

"It was the 16th of October, between six and seven in the morning——"

"So be it; from the middle of '39, to the close of '61—two-and-twenty years. I was, let me see, absent from Liverpool, once in '43, when I had to go to London, about the bankruptcy of 'Ing, Tring, and Co.,' where I remained precisely a fortnight, in '46, when the Woolsterholme affairs were going to perdition; and I went with a vain hope of saving something for my poor sister's boy, and I stayed there then——"

"Eight days and six hours," supplied Robin, "from the moment we alighted at the 'Bull,' in Holborn, to the moment we started from the same. I was with you, sir, if you recollect."

"I had forgotten it," replied his master; "again, in '52, with a deputation from the corporation, on some nonsense now not worth remembering; and, in '57, on that troublesome business with which you, Ozias, were somewhat connected, you recollect——"

Ozias did not blush—for it would have been impossible that his body could have mustered a sufficiency of blood for such a phenomenon—but he looked somewhat confused. This visit of '57 was, in fact, connected with some serious embarrassments of his own, and Manesty had rescued him from bankruptcy.

"Manchester, or Bolton, or Rochdale, or some other of our neighbouring marts," continued Manesty, "are the ordinary limits of my travels; except my visit of a week, for some few years past, to breathe the fresh air at Woolsterholme Place, or whatever else you may have been pleased to call it——"

"Amounting on a rough calculation, which will, however, be found pretty near the truth," said Robin, pencil in hand, "to two-and-thirty days in London; say six visits per ann. to the towns about, setting them down at three days each, which is over the mark, eighteen days a-year, for one-and-twenty years, three hundred and seventy-eight days; fresh air excursions to the Yorkshire border for twelve summers, a week a-piece, seventy-two days; the sum, Mr. Rheinenberger, is four hundred and eighty-four days in all (errors excepted), during twenty-one years, being on an average, twenty-three days per ann., with a slight fraction over; and——"

"Thou needst not continue in thy calculations, friend Robin," replied Ozias, "all Liverpool will be witness that every hour of John Manesty could be accounted for during the years you mention. And as for the voyages of the three last years——"

"Cannot they be accounted for too," said Manesty. "They can as surely be told hour by hour, as those which have given employment to the arithmetic of Robin. But the thing is too ridiculous. Hoskins has been a pest upon the waters since the year '38—the year before I left America—perhaps longer; not a year has elapsed without our hearing of his depredations; and here have I—to say nothing of my character, or standing—here have I, during all the time, been as it were chained to my desk in Pool-lane, and because business of a

kind, in which, as Robin there well knows, I was most reluctant to engage——"

"I can vouch for it well, sir," interposed Robin. "I remember your saying to me, as well as if it was yesterday——"

"Never mind; because I am miserably against my will dragged across the Atlantic, there are found men with whom I 'ate of the same bread, and drank of the same cup,' are ready to give ear, if not credence, to the hiccuping of a drunken sailor, confounding me, perhaps, from some fancied personal resemblance, with an atrocious pirate, who was committing murders and robberies upon the ocean, while I was sleeping quietly on my pillow, or toiling peacefully over my ledger."

This was a burst of unusual length and earnestness from such a speaker, and Ozias made no reply. He had never heard of the French proverb, "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,*" but its principle flashed strongly upon his mind. The silence was broken by Manesty.

"And who in Seal-street gave heed to this drunken mariner?"

"None," said Ozias, "that I know of, gave heed; but none, also, could refuse to give ear. To avoid scandal to us and trouble to you, we got the man away with much difficulty, and placed him in safety at the 'Blackamoor's Head,' in ——, where he has been staying since last night. He is now in a drunken slumber, from which he will not arouse himself for several hours, and then Habakkuk Habbergam——"

"Habakkak Habergam!" cried Manesty, with evident displeasure, looking significantly at Robin, "what did he say?"

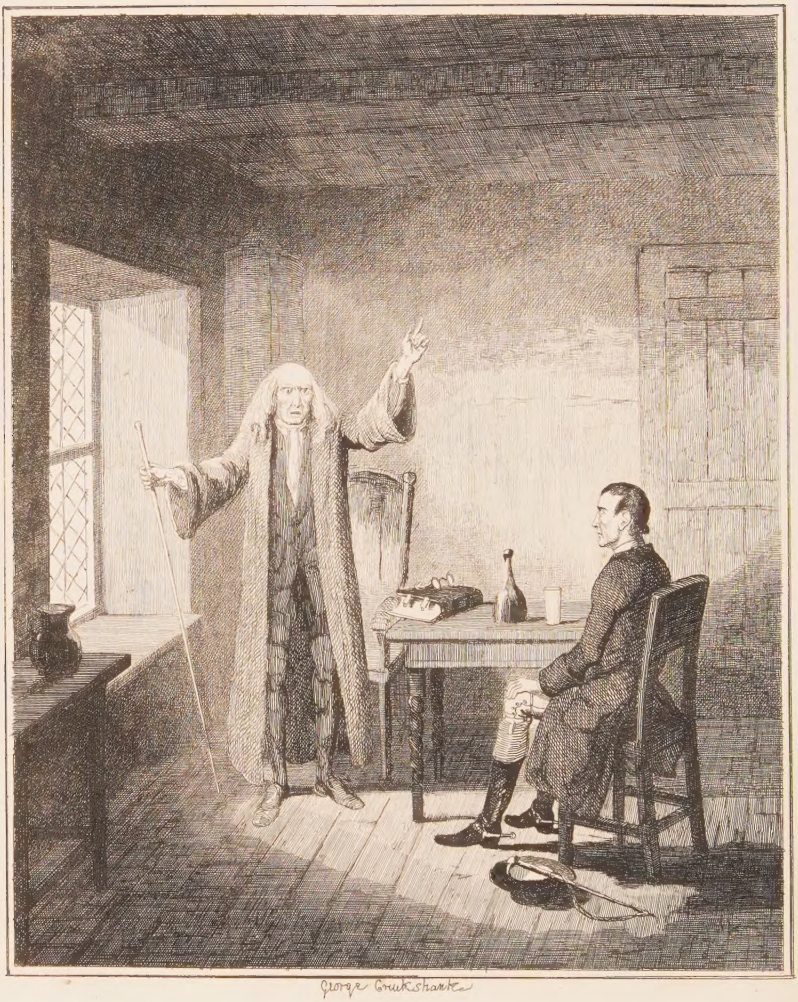
"Nothing more," said Ozias, "than that in the morning it would be well to visit him while he was sober, and so put an end to the noise, or bring the man to condign punishment."

"Habbergam," said Robin, in deep indignation, "is as black-mouthed a bankrupt hound——"

"Do not indulge in invectives, Robin," remarked Manesty, mildly, but still looking at his clerk, in a manner not to be misunderstood; "to-morrow morning, turn to his account as early as maybe, and have it adjusted as speedily as possible. A man who is so anxious to institute investigation into the business of other people, where he has no concern, cannot object to inquiries being made into the state of his own, where he has."

"I can pretty well guess," said Robin, "how the matter stands, and I'll cut out work enough for Humbug Habakkuk to occupy him to-morrow, without pimping after what is saying or doing by the blackguards of the 'Blackamoor's Arms.' Such a thief as that——"

Ozias looked hard at Manesty, who understood the look to signify that he wished them to be alone. It was no great difficulty to get rid of Robin, who left the room in deep dudgeon against the brotherhood of Seal-street, whom he consigned to the spiritual bondage of Satan, and against Habakkuk Habergam in particular, whom he doomed in thought to the temporal bondage of Lancaster Castle. His prayers were more efficacious—at least, more immediately so, in the latter than in the former case—for though we may charitably hope that the congregated independents escaped the fiery fate anticipated by Robin, it is certain that two days did not elapse before, through his exertions, and those of his attorney, the stronghold of the Dukes of Lancaster contained the corpus of the hapless Habakkuk.



The visit of John Manesty to Aminadab

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CHAPTER XV.

RELIGIOUS DOUBTS.—MANESTY'S CONSCIENTIOUS PERPLEXITIES.—HE VISITS AMINADAB THE ANCIENT.

Ozias waited until the noisy slamming of the hall door announced the angry exit of Shuckleborough.

"I have heard," he then commenced at once, "all that thy zealous clerk, and all thyself hath said; and I am well aware that this tale of the man calling himself Blazes must be wholly untrue, but it is not to be put down by violence and anger, such as that which Robert threatened and manifested. But I should be unworthy of the friendship which thou hast ever shewn—of the religious union in which we have so long lived—if I did not tell thee that, since thine acceptance of the plantation of Brooklyn Royal, thy brethren in the Lord have been anxious for thy soul's estate."

"I accepted it, as you well know, Ozias, much against my will; and after consulting the most famous lights of religion burning around."

"Thou didst not consult thine own conscience, John, which is a light more precious than that of the seven golden candlesticks burning before the altar."

"Of that," replied Manesty, solemnly, "you nor any other man can be a judge. You know not, nor will any one know, until the great day of the unveiling of secrets how my conscience balanced its account."

"Be it so, then; but this, I know, and all Liverpool knows it, too, that though it has suited thee to describe this West Indian estate as all but bankrupt, thy prosperity hath been of late yearly on the increase, far beyond the bounds of what thine ordinary business could afford any ground for warranting—and that during the last three or four years we know that the transactions in which thou hast engaged must be supported by funds far more ample and extended than any which thy regular trade could have supplied."

"If those persons," said Manesty, "who take the trouble of calculating what ought to be the gains of a man who understands his business, would expend a portion of their time on learning what business really is, we should have fewer entries in the Gazette. I am yet to learn that men who lose money in trade, are qualified to judge of the courses pursued by men who make it."

"It is not exactly by such that the observation was made—but be it so," said the meek Moravian.

"Say it out, then, at once!" was the answer of Manesty to the implied charge. "You think, then, that I am, what this fellow, Blazes, as you call him, has told you, the pirate Hoskins?"

"I think nothing of the kind!" said Ozias; "and I know it to be impossible, but many of thy friends fear that thou hast, in some underhand manner, which they are loth to trace, lent thyself to traffic with men as wild and as wicked as he, and shared in their ungodly gains. This may not have come to thine ears before, but it hath been long talked of in Liverpool, and especially since thy recent voyages. And here comes this man who swears he saw thee on the West coast of Africa—there known by the name of a bloodthirsty pirate."

"I can scarcely keep patience," said Manesty, "to hear this flagrant nonsense. Have you not known this man upon the sea for more than twenty years?"

"I have!" replied Ozias; "and therefore I believe nothing of this part of the story, which I set down as the mere ravings of an intoxicated fool; but the other suspicion hath been much heightened by his production of a scrap of paper, addressed, as he says, to himself, ordering a long boat to be ready with early tide, and the live stock to be discharged as soon as possible. The paper is very greasy and dirty, smelling strongly of tobacco and spirits, but if the hand-writing be not thine, John Manesty, never did two persons write characters more resembling each other than the writer of that paper and thou."

"It is very possibly mine," said Manesty. "Some order to bring Irish cattle here on shore, which this fellow has picked up."

"It is hardly that," answered the Moravian—"but be it so. The paper is not like that which thou wouldst have used here. Perhaps its begrimed state may account for that, and be it so; but he says that he has many others—and particularly some dozens of letters and communications which were found on the person of a desperate pirate, named Tristram Fiennes, killed in a drunken fray on the coast of Florida, about four years ago, which are of the same handwriting; and it is the purpose of the select committee of elders to have before them this man, Blazes, to-morrow, and procure from him all that he knows or possesses. It was this that brought me here, for I would not have thee taken at advantage. The idle story of this sailor I cast to the winds. May God have strengthened thee to resist methods of piling up wealth scarcely less contaminating of sin to the soul than the open violences of those whom the world calls outcast. If thou hast fallen into the pit, may God be a light to thy feet to see thy way out of it—and under all circumstances, whether to support thee, O my brother, under the injury of falsehood and calumny, or the deeper sadness of thine own consciousness of having done what thy soul cannot justify unto thyself, if my aid can be anything of value, remember how strong is thy claim on the gratitude of Ozias Rheinenberger."

He ceased. The tear, mantling in his small grey eye, kindled it into dignity—and a strong emotion lit up all his plain features, inexpressive now no longer. The habitual meekness of his face was exalted into a hallowed look of devout compassion which no hypocrite could assume. He fixed it for an instant on Manesty—who for some moments had remained profoundly silent, not attending to what was said, as if stricken with a sudden blow—and then rushed from the presence of his unheeding companion, heavy of heart.

Manesty remained in the same position for nearly half-an-hour after the departure of Ozias.

"He's a kind-hearted fellow, that!" was his first exclamation; "but he suspects that there is some shadow or foundation of truth in this story, impossible as he feels it to be on the whole. Others may come to the same conclusion without the same charitable feelings towards me. Success in any pursuit is enough to raise up hosts of enemies; and the very testimony I have borne against this trade, in which I am thus accused of participating, will render their venom more rancorous. This must be met—met at once—met like a man. Why cling those fancies to my brain? Am I not, by the world in which I live, and by the world in which it is scarcely suspected that I have lived, looked up to as a man of sound sense, of solid judgment, and firm decision? Is not my opinion daily, hourly, consulted on those matters which come home most to the business and bosoms of men?—and why not decide

in a case which so nearly concerns myself. Alas, I know that I have decided, and only desire that my decision should be ratified by the voice of another—that from another man's tongue I may hear loudly pronounced that counsel which I dare not whisper to myself. It is now two o'clock, and I shall have ample time to return by sunset. Yes—I will go—the ride of itself will be of use in bracing my nerves, and recruiting my jaded spirits."

In a few minutes, after leaving word with Hezekiah to tell Mr. Hugh that he was suddenly called away, and would not, in all probability, return till night, he was urging his mare onward with hasty pace on the road that led to the marshes of Ulverstone—the journey he had to perform was about thirty miles, and it was completed in two hours and a half. The summer sun was beginning to decline, when he found himself at the door of a solitary house of small dimensions, situated by the side of a desolate mere. It was the lonely dwelling of Aminadab the ancient, and he it was whose counsel Manesty had ridden forth to seek. As he approached, he heard the old man's voice loudly reading the Bible, and expounding its texts, as it would seem by his tone, with angry comment, though, except a very young girl, who was in the kitchen, and out of reach of exhortation, for which, if she had heard, she would not have felt the slightest respect, no one but himself was in the house.

No lock or latch secured its outer door, and Manesty, having tied up his horse, entered without any ceremony. The old man, bent over his Bible, did not perceive his entrance, but continued his fierce denunciations of the foes of the Lord in a furious commentary on the sixty-eighth Psalm. He had reached the twenty-third verse, when Manesty arrived, and was repeating with intense emphasis—"That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." Something either in tone or text made the new comer start, and he hastily broke off the coming exposition by laying a gentle pressure of his finger on the old man's sleeve.

Aminadab closed his Bible, and immediately rose to greet his visitor.

"Is it thou, John," said he—"thou, John, my son? I expected thee not, but welcome are thy feet upon the mountains, or wherever else my lot may be cast. Thou lookest jaded and worn. The fare I can offer thee is coarse compared with that which thine own mansion affords—but such as it is, who can be more welcome to share it than thou."

"I have no need," said Manesty, "of your hospitality, Aminadab, which I have known of old would be cheerfully given—I want thine advice. Not food carnal, but food spiritual, do I lack; and to whom could I come for a goodly supply of things sustaining to the soul with such surety as to thee!"

"Ninety years and one," said the old man, "have passed over this hoary head, and to the sound of flattery mine ears are clogged as with wax. Ask what thou wilt, John, and according to the light vouchsafed to me will I speak. Speak otherwise I could not, wert thou Balah the son of Zippor, offering me, by the hands of the princes of Moab, houses of silver and of gold."

Manesty was, however, in no haste to speak—something seemed to choke his utterance. The question which came at last did not seem anything formidable to a practised controversialist. It was one of

those questions of dogmatic theology a thousand times asked in ages by-past, and a thousand times to be asked in ages to come.

"Can the elect," said he, "fall from a state of grace?"

He had not long to wait for an answer.

"It is with grief I hear the question propounded," said Aminadab, "from the lips of one who was all but reared at my feet, as Saul at those of Gamaliel. Thou shouldst have been not a disciple to inquire, but a master in Israel to answer. They cannot."

"Those, then, that were once in a state of grace are ever in a state of grace?"

"For ever."

"And they cannot by any means fall into sin?"

"Never."

"And their salvation is always sure?"

"Always. But why, John Manesty, my son," said the old man, looking somewhat amazed—"why dost thou come to ask me of things which could be answered by babes and sucklings? Are not these the first plain rudiments of the most ordinary theology? Before the foundations of the world were laid, the names were written in the book of life of those who were chosen to inherit salvation. Not to obtain salvation, but to receive as a gift—to take it as the heritage bequeathed to them by their father, a garnered treasure not won by themselves. How, then, is it that you ask whether they can so sin as to bring upon themselves damnation?"

"They seem to sin, at least, Aminadab," said Manesty, doubtingly, though this supralapsarian doctrine was the favourite of his heart, and now sounded agreeably upon his ear.

"They may so seem," said the unbending theologian, "but of what moment is their seeming? Nay, they *do* sin, if we look upon their actions with the eyes and pronounce upon them with the tongue of the world. But can the acts of man control the decrees of God? Are we to set up the works of the created against the laws of the Creator? What is written is written—it is written by the finger of God. Can the weak and wayward wanderings of frail man blot it out again? Is He in his ways to be guided by the merits or demerits of man? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? To talk calmly, can these newly devised instruments control the steam? Can the spinning-jenny say unto the engine, 'My will is not thy will, thy might is less than my might?'"

"It is well," said Manesty; "such I knew was thy doctrine. But still, as we live in the world, while we pass through it, what the word of the world and the law of the world says must be attended to."

"Of a truth," said Aminadab, "we are here in carnal vesture, doing carnal things. We must eat, we must drink, we must sleep—things in no respect connected with the business of salvation—and we must proceed onward in our way allotted to be trodden. These are the things which are called indifferent."

"Of these good fame, in what people term society, is one?" asked Manesty.

"Surely. The poor things of this poor world we may not care for, but we may not do without, and without repute they are not to be attained."

"If, then," said Manesty——"I beg your pardon, Aminabad; I shall alter my mind. I declined your proposed refreshment just

now, but a faintness has come over me. Have you any wine in the house?

"None, my son," said the old man—"but I have some bottles of the brandy and some of the ale which thou hast sent me as oil to the flickering lamp of my waning life."

Manesty chose the ale, which the slip-shod girl speedily placed before him. He drank a copious draught.

"If, then," he said, wiping a perspiration which had rapidly formed on his forehead—"if, then, a saint is so stricken in his good fame in the world as to render his usefulness questionable, or perhaps to destroy it altogether, is it justifiable that he should resist the slanderer with weapons of strength?"

"It is so. It is granted to us to use such weapons to defend our lives, and even when life is not attacked, to wield the spear and draw the sword to maintain the cause of the Lord. In like case, then, when that which may cost us our lives, or that which we hold dearer than our lives—then, too, may we uplift instruments of punishment or vengeance. When Shimei, the son of Gaza, a Benjamite of Bahurim, cursed David with a grievous curse in the day when he went to Mahamain, did not the man of God lay it upon Solomon as a dying commandment—on him to whom he said, 'Thou art a wise young man, and knowest what thou oughtest to do'—to bring down his hoary head to the grave with blood? Did not Elisha, as he went from Jericho to Beth-el, call forth two she-bears out of the wood, who tare the two-and-forty children of the city who mocked him by the way? Yea, the whole scripture is full of wrath against the railing tongue which scorns the saints—as to thee, no doubt, John Manesty, is known."

"Have we, then, warrant," asked Manesty, "to do as was done in these old days?"

"No days," said Aminadab, "are old. To us there seems to be time, and year to follow year in the constant rolling of the sun. But he who made the sun hath no measure of time. What he permitted in the days of David—in the days of Elisha—in the days when Jeremiah changed the name of Pashur, the son of Immer the priest, to Magar-Missabib, making him a terror to himself and all his friends, because he smote the prophet on the cheek—that doth he permit now. This do I speak carnally, as to carnal men. But if I spoke in the language befitting a testifier of the truth, then should I dismiss from my mouth the vain and sinful words of what we were permitted to do. We are not permitted to do anything. What is done is ordained. As well mightest thou think, with thy feeble palm, to stop the waters of the Mersey, when they come raging to and fro down in murky flood, over its swallowing sands, by the boisterous east wind, or by thy will or by thy deed to check the careering wheels of the cherubim seen by Ezekiel by the river of Chebar. Shall the axe boast of itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up; or as if the staff should lift itself as if it were no wood."

"The elect, then, unto salvation," said Manesty, with great and earnest solemnity, "who are assailed by the reprobate unto eternal death, may by any means remove those reprobates from the earth without peril."

"Peril of temporal things, if, then, there be peril," said Aminadab,

"is to be thought upon with such care as may be—of that the Magistrate, who beareth not the sword in vain, must be the judge. He will see with such blinking lights as the dry bones of the law afford to his blear-eyed vision. But," said the old man, rising and grasping a long staff——

The sun in its most western slope was bestowing its parting beams upon Ulverstone Mere, and the old man so sate in his parlour as to catch the fast diminishing of its declining ray. As he rose it covered him all over with a yellow light, gilding his hoary head, and giving fiercer expression to the eye, which still, when aroused to the joy which controversialists feel when they confute, or fancy they are confuting, antagonists worthy of their skill, gleamed, or rather glittered with fire supplied from the ever-burning furnace within; his figure became erect, and he leant upon his staff not as a stay to his feet, but a sceptre to his hand.

"But," said he, "as for the decrees of the Lord, there is in them no heeding of the laws of man. They who think they make these laws—they who put them into effect—are but vessels in the hand of the potter—vessels of no more value or power, than those whom they, from the ermined bench, send to the squalid dungeon."

He struck his staff vigorously on the floor.

"Whatever thou purposest to do, John Manesty, do thou, and that quickly. It was revealed to me in the visions of the night that thou shouldst come, and I was spoken with to say that the work to which thou wert appointed was wending its way to the end. The doctrine I preach is sure; sure as—nay, far surer—than the granite foundations of the earth. Go thou on thy way rejoicing, and to rejoice."

He ceased for a while.

"But I shall never see thee again, John Manesty,—never again in this cobweb world. Go, however, secure of purpose and undoubting of salvation. Go to thy work, but go undoubtingly, for if Samuel was not merely justified, but commanded to hew Agag the Amalekite in pieces before the Lord, in Gilgal, because the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen offended the ears of holiness, how much more worthy of being destroyed is the man that bleateth mischief and loweth unrighteousness."

The brows of the old man were knit with a savage frenzy, and his eyes shot forth a more burning flame.

"Truth fast, is my doctrine—truth fast as truth itself—which is, after all, but an idle word to keep us the further away from him who is truth. The blessing of Jehovah-Jireh be upon thee! Thou hast now heard, my son, the last words which thou ever wilt hear from the lips of him, who, in the days of his vanity, was known as Sir Ranulph de Braburn—for more than two generations testifying as Aminadab Smith, which lengthened years have changed into the title of Aminadab the Ancient. Go and speed."

He cast his staff aside and grasped the hand of his excited visitor, who fervently returned the fervent pressure. Other words beside those which had been just spoken were now exchanged. The old man sank into his chair, and Manesty mounted his horse to ride hastily homeward.

MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT XIII.

Πόνου μεταβολὴ εἶδος ἐστὶν ἀναπαύσεως.

When a pursuit fatiguing grows,
A change is equal to repose.
(*Translation for the Country Gentlemen.*)

THE modern epicurean never exhibits his philosophy in a better light than by accommodating himself to circumstances. Stoical as a toad which "under a cold stone, days and nights doth, thirty-one," endure without sunshine or sustenance, his passionless heart readily accepts conditions not absolutely revolting. Before Lord Buckhurst had reached the sleeping stage of his journey, he had accordingly convinced himself that a man who has attained his grand climacteric, who enjoys a doze in his chair after his claret more than the most sprightly conversation, and esteems the dinner-hour the pleasantest of the twenty-four, has only to covet, for the partner of his remaining days, a lady-like, quiet, well-informed companion, who will not only relieve him from all cares of householding, but by the contribution of a handsome fortune, improve its quality.

"I am seldom many months free from the gout," mused he; "and even the intervals are beginning to be influenced by the progress of years and complication of infirmity. If half that Mauley and his wife have told me of the faithful attachment of Gatty Montresor be true, I have only to thank my stars which have prevented my entangling myself elsewhere in the interim of our coolness; for at *my* age, a woman fondly devoted to me, with seventy or eighty thousand pounds, (for she got twenty by the death of her mother,) is a better thing than the Venus of Praxiteles educated by Mrs. Trimmer.—Poor little Apol!—She was quite right!—She *could* not have given me a more judicious proof of regard than by placing it in my power to do justice to my early predilections."

On this point, Lord Buckhurst did not decide blindly.—Within a few years he had twice seen Miss Montresor, and noted with mortification that the tranquil years of her well-spent life had left fewer traces on her cheek than were produced by the fluttering of the rose-leaves in his own Sybarite existence, so carefully guarded round from the vulgar wear and tear of life.—

Her father and mother were no more; and with her handsome spinster independence of fifteen hundred a year, she commanded universal respect in the neighbourhood of her ancestral home, now in the possession of a distant cousin, of whom she rented a pleasant residence on the banks of the Stour, which, in his lifetime, Sir Henry had often pointed out to her, and delighted to embellish, as one where her latter years might pass cheerfully, in the midst of the friends of her childhood, and adherents of her house.

"Poor Gatty!—It will be, indeed, an unexpected joy for her to find, at the eleventh hour, her youthful visions realized!" mused the traveller, as he approached the post-town, within ten minutes' walk of which Alderwood was situated. "With her present income, indeed, I should not have been justified in encumbering my limited estate with a wife. But knowing all I do, and with the satisfactory prospect that at *her* age I shall be unafflicted with the plague of a family, I think I may venture! Poor Gatty!—So unexpected a reverse will be too much for her! I vow I have scarcely courage to hazard the scene in store for me.—But anything rather than a committal in writing."

It was the end of October, and as bright and burnished an October as could well be desired. All the sunshine denied to London, seemed to have found its way to the country; and when Lord Buckhurst, after duly refreshing himself at the inn, took his way along a well-fenced, well-kept private road, the finger-post of which pointed the way "To Alderwood," he quite forgot to wonder at finding himself on foot in a Wiltshire lane, so cheering was the weather, and so almost summer-like the gleams brightening the hedges, clothed with fuzzy tufts of the wild clematis; nor was it till the gate-keeper of the little Gothic lodge informed him that Miss Montresor was at home, that certain qualms of uneasiness reminded him he was about to enter, uninvited, the castle of the fair lady to whom he had proved so recreant a knight; the woman whose happiness in life had been sacrificed to him,—and whose unequalled attachment he had rewarded with baseness equally matchless.—His recent experience, however, of the inconsistency of female nature, as demonstrated in the sudden relenting of Apol-blossom after the chilling reception bestowed upon him by Sister Constanje, determined him on the present occasion to persevere, even if the once devoted Gertrude should in the first instance exhibit tokens of coldness or resentment. The Rubicon was passed, and he had only to push forward with all the audacity of Cæsar, to complete his triumphs.

Lord Buckhurst was informed by the grave, out-of-livery servant, who answered the hall-bell, and whose face he fancied he could remember at the hall, that "Miss Montresor was in her garden." The butler offered, however, if the gentleman would please to step into the drawing-room and give his name, to apprise her of the visit.

The gentleman of course replied, that he would apprise her himself; not a little relieved on finding that the awkwardness of the interview would be partly dissipated by taking place in the open air. In another minute he had traversed the house, and following the direction pointed out to him, entered the neat gravel-walk of a shrubbery of ever-greens, to which the decaying tints of a few deciduous shrubs imparted, by force of contrast, peculiar snugness. Clumps of arbutus and fuchsia, defying the progress of the season, brightened here and there the uniformity of the foliage, while the fragrance of the heliotropes and mignionette, still spared by the frost, embalmed the sunny atmosphere.

A sudden turn of the shrubbery brought Lord Buckhurst so unexpectedly into the presence of its liege lady, as almost to startle him.—His nervousness at the prospect of a tête-à-tête was, however, gratuitous; for Miss Montresor was inspecting her gardener affixing labels to the various plants of a dahlia-bed, set apart for seedlings, accompanied by a staid, middle-aged man, fully as qualified for a chaperon as the superioress of a Beghynage.—For a moment, Lord Buckhurst was not quite certain but that he might have preferred finding her alone; and he was conscious of a slight tremour in his voice while addressing to his once-loved Gatty a plausible account of his unwillingness to pass through the neighbourhood in the course of a tour he was making, without inquiring after her health.

But if surprised at his own want of self-possession, he was fifty times more so at the easy and hospitable frankness with which he was immediately welcomed by Miss Montresor. She seemed ashamed neither of her gardening gloves, her strong shoes, nor her quizzical companion; nor could she have shewn a more cheerful spirit in inviting her unexpected guest to accompany her back to the house, if he had been the most indifferent of the neighbouring squires.—It was cruelly mortifying!—Twice within the last two months, instead of producing the heart-rending emotions it had been once his painful province to call into existence, he had been hailed by two of his supposed victims with the serene deference due to their grandfather!—All this, he felt convinced, was as the gout would have it; but he was beginning also to think it as the devil would have it, too.

Prepared to reassure, as he had found it urgent to do at one of their former encounters, the sinking spirits of poor Gatty, he bit his lips for rage to find himself civilly invited to the luncheon-table, and calmly interrogated concerning their common friends, the Mauleys.—It was something, in concealment of his disgust, to be able to say that he had dined with the Attorney-general a few days before; and to talk fluently of the children of Emma, as resembling her, and affording a mutual subject of interest.

As he alluded to their beauty, a slight suffusion certainly traversed the usually pale cheeks of Miss Montresor. A moment

later, and he fancied he could even discern an auspicious swimming of the eyes!

"The natural regret of a woman in reverting to the progeny of a contemporary, and contemplating her own disconsolate old age!" mused Lord Buckurst. But he was instantly undeceived.

"I often reflect," said his mild hostess, "what joy it would have afforded my poor father's friends the Dean and Mrs. Clifton, could they have lived to witness Emma's domestic happiness, and the realization of all Dr. Clifton's prophecies concerning the professional advancement of his favourite pupil. He always used to foretell, if you remember, that Tom Mauley would reach the woolsack!—It is true the Attorney-general used to prophesy, in his turn, that his old master would die a Bishop."

"And so he would, in all probability, had he lived a few years longer!" interposed her grave companion. And on hazarding a glance towards Miss Montresor, Lord Buckhurst perceived that as he spoke, a rainbow was shining through her glimmering tears;—that a smile had brightened her gentle countenance.

It was very strange. Between these two women who had loved and lost him,—the young Béguine and the mature spinster,—there appeared to be a certain affinity of mind and manners, as though the character of the one had been modelled on that of the other;—or as if a specific idiosyncrasy were indispensable to entertain a due sense of his merits.

"It was unfortunately impossible to secure the happiness of both these devoted creatures!" was his secret commentary.—"Be it some atonement that I shall render poor Gatty the happiest of her sex; uniting in my regard for *her* the tribute so justly due to both."

The conversation, thanks to a pretty view of the river which the lady of the house was able to point out from the windows, as enthusiastically as if she had not enlarged upon its objects ten thousand times before, now became general; and Lord Buckhurst was charmed to perceive that five and twenty years spent in the country, had, without rusticizing her manners or appearance, enlarged the experience of Gatty in rural economy and knowledge of the country world, so as to promise a charming mistress to Greyoke.—He was now of an age to think it of consequence that *his* wife should know something beyond her sketch-books, music-books, or any other books.—The worst of it was, that Miss Montresor had no more hesitation in talking about his place than though it had been the seat of Lord Langley, instead of that of the lover of her youth!

Her questions, however, evinced at least how thoroughly she was acquainted, agriculturally and horticulturally, with the capabilities of the place. In those long solitary years, Greyoke had evidently been the frequent subject of her reveries and inquiries; and Lord Buckhurst felt as much gratified as he was capable of

feeling, to think that he was on the point of rewarding such unexampled self-abnegation.

To his still greater surprise, moreover, on making some allusion to his recent tour, with reference to a newly-discovered Spa, (tribes of which are beginning to start up in the Rhenish provinces, like mushrooms, under the fertilizing *fumier* of the gold scattered by English travellers,) Miss Montresor appeared as perfectly apprised of his route, as though she had officiated as his courier!

"You must be in very close correspondence with our friend Lady Mauley?" cried he, suffering his amazement to become apparent.—"Yet, now I think of it, even to her husband, I never indulged in much detail of my journey. I am convinced that I never bored any living being with a syllable of the particulars of my autumn on the Rhine."

"That you may not suspect me of witchcraft," observed Miss Montresor, with a gentle smile,—"I may as well avow that we have other mutual friends, than Emma Mauley.—A very dear, —a very *valued* correspondent of mine, whom you saw in your journey through Flanders, informed me, in a letter I lately received from her, not only that she had seen you, but that she had heard much of your proceedings in your subsequent tour."

"Sister Constanje!"—ejaculated Lord Buckhurst, scarcely knowing whether to be pleased or annoyed at this discovery of the espionage practised upon him; or of the probability that Gatty might be already forewarned of the generous intentions in her favour of the lovely fanatic; and he accordingly diverted the conversation in all haste to the agriculture of Flanders, the fertility of the Walloon country, and the loyalty of the Luxembourgeois; who, on the recent visit of King Leopold to St. Hubert, passed public resolutions to enter into an association for the purpose of rearing and preserving wolves, to afford sport to his majesty!

To his great indignation, the middle-aged gentleman, who, from his suit of rusty black, he had decided to be the parson of the parish, (his deferential deportment towards Miss Montresor implying, moreover, that the living was a poor one,) presumed to have an opinion of his own on these subjects; the unparsonic opinion of a fox-hunter, as regarded the preservation of wolves; and the impertinent opinion of a landed proprietor, as regarded Walloon farming. In his reply, Lord Buckhurst could scarcely refrain from the ironical impertinence which used formerly to tincture his parliamentary rejoinders. It was only in deprecation of the displeasure of the future Lady Buckhurst, that he commanded his insolence.

At length, however, a half-repressed sarcasm escaped his lips, which so clearly marked his estimation of the quality and calling of the man he was addressing, that Miss Montresor, in mercy to

him rather than her guest, judged it better (while adhering to the English rule of non-introduction) to name the stranger pointedly to Lord Buckhurst, as "my cousin Sir Clifford Montresor."—

"I might have guessed it!"—thought the Baron of Greyoke.—"The very cut of what the cant of English courtesy invariably dubs a—'worthy Baronet!'"

He set about doing the civil towards his future cousin, however, by veering gently round towards his opinion concerning green crops and barley. It occurred to him that perhaps, as Alderwood lay so "convenient" to the Hall, *his* cousinly presence there might afford an excuse to poor Gertrude for inviting him to return to dinner; or that the "worthy Baronet," perceiving how matters stood between them, might have sense enough to engage them both to dine with *him* at his own residence.—Nevertheless, though his lordship stayed on and on, hoping the cousin would at all events have the good breeding to retire, leaving the field clear to the last comer, Sir Clifford evinced as great a partiality for the comfortable morning-room of his quiet simple-minded cousin, as Lord Buckhurst of Greyoke.

"Decidedly," mused his lordship, thoroughly out of sorts, "when we are married, this dull, square-toed, inapprehensive fellow shall never be invited into the house!—Never was I in company with such a quiz, since I left old Clifton's!"

Meanwhile, perceiving with the tact of a woman long accustomed to presidency over a country house, that neither of her visitors had the least idea of giving her the remainder of the afternoon to herself, Miss Montresor proposed to them to try a new billiard-table in the adjoining room, offering her services as marker; and notwithstanding the years of double discretion she had attained, and the sober deportment which did them justice, Lord Buckhurst felt almost shocked at the ease with which she seemed to find herself thus perfectly at home with two persons of the opposite sex. He had scarcely patience to see the future lady of Greyoke contributing to the amusement even of her own cousin.

At length, in the fractiousness of his soul, not daring to quarrel with Sir Clifford, he began to find fault with the table. "He trusted Miss Montresor would excuse his frankness.—Ladies were not expected to be particularly good judges in such matters.—He hoped, therefore, she would pardon him for saying that in the purchase of that table, she had been scandalously imposed upon.—It was one of the *very* worst he had ever played on in his life!"

"I am glad to find you of my opinion," said Sir Clifford, coolly. "I was telling Gatty, yesterday, that it was scarcely worth house-room!"

"It is at least in nobody's way," was her smiling reply.—"I wrote word to General Laffan's agent when he engaged Alder-

wood from Christmas, that my new tenant was quite welcome to send down a few articles of furniture which he complained of having upon his hands, on my altering my original intention of giving up the house at Michaelmas. I think myself lucky, indeed, that they have encumbered me with nothing worse than a billiard-table, a grand piano, and a weighing-machine!"

"Are you going, then, to quit Alderwood?"—inquired Lord Buckhurst, with some surprise; "after making it so comfortable,—after adapting it so thoroughly to your habits and tastes?"

Miss Montresor smiled; and one of those peculiar smiles which look as if they ought to be accompanied by a blush. Nay, Sir Clifford smiled, too; and they glanced at each other across the billiard-table, in a manner that plainly implied, "had we not better enlighten the mind of this unhappy man, who is shooting so completely beside the mark?"

But his mind was already enlightened! That single glance had spoken volumes to him,—volumes equal in number and information to those of the Encyclopædia Britannica!—He saw all,—he felt all,—he understood all!—Gatty was about to re-transfer herself to Montresor Hall!—The cousin in the rusty black coat was a single man, and about to become what novelists call, "the happiest of men;"—that is, he was about to marry a very handsome fortune, with a not very ugly woman appertaining to it. It was for *him*,—it was for this detestable "*worthy* baronet," that the misguided little *Béguine* was stripping herself of her last consolation,—her fortune, in order to confirm to the autumn of Gertrude Montresor the happiness denied to her blighted spring!

"I was in hopes," observed his hostess, in a hesitating voice, "that, as you had seen dear Constanje so lately, and dear Emma still later, you must have been apprised of——"

"I was not aware that the happy event was likely to occur so *shortly*," equivocated Lord Buckhurst, scarcely knowing where to fix his eyes, that they might escape the sight of the alligator assuming an air of such insolent independence. "But since I came fifty miles out of my way only to offer you my congratulations, you cannot doubt how sincerely I rejoice in the prospects of a match, at once so satisfactory to your family feelings and personal predilections."

As if suddenly relieved from an uneasy apprehension, Miss Montresor, after a little satisfactory telegraphery with Sir Clifford, now *really* invited him to dine at Alderwood, instead of pursuing his way; and lucky was it for Lord Buckhurst's future sense of his own dignity, that he retained sufficient self-possession to point out some place, a hundred miles off, at which he stated himself to be under the urgent necessity of arriving at day-break.

"I so made my arrangements at starting from town," said he, with an ineffable smile, (resembling the shield of spun-sugar with which able housekeepers cover the acidities of a tart,)—"as to

be able, by travelling all night, to express to you, in person, the congratulations I might have offered less courteously by letter; and which a friendship of thirty years' duration renders sacred.—I am to find my post-horses in waiting, when I return to my inn, at five o'clock.—And by Jove!" cried he, in an agitated manner, looking at his watch,—"I am almost over-staying my time under the delusive influence of such pleasant society!—If I keep my poor Hennings waiting, so punctual are my habits, that I fear I shall be having him alarm the country, in search of me, or perhaps dragging the Stour!"

Sir Clifford Montresor, *really* a "*worthy* baronet," but tolerably aware of the disingenuous character of the man who fancied himself his superior, felt convinced that Lord Buckhurst was uttering a series of untruths, and politely offered to accompany him back to his inn.

To refuse, was impossible,—for what plea could he put forward?—and it was in vain that Lord Buckhurst attempted, by the most sarcastic ungraciousness, to disgust him with the project.

"I walked here to-day," replied Sir Clifford; "and the weather is still fine enough to tempt one back on foot. My lodge-gate is, as you may remember, only half a mile from Alderwood, and the town lies exactly between them.—I must, in short, go out of my way to *avoid* bearing you company;—so no apologies, I entreat."

Lord Buckhurst *did* remember; for the vivid memories of boyhood are seldom wholly rooted out; and too often had Montresor Hall been made the object of his truancies from Dr. Clifton's, to admit of his forgetting a single turning of the lane or an intervening stile.—The "thirty years" to which he had maliciously alluded by way of taunt to the superannuated bride, had not effaced those earlier gravings of nature!—

Bells were now rung, hats looked for, doors opened, leave taken, and the two middle-aged men set forth on their outward way together, with mutual sentiments, such as might have better become rivals of half their maturity:—the one, all malignant jealousy,—the other, overbrimming with a pity akin,—not to love,—but contempt!—

As they followed the windings of the pretty little paddock, affording a shorter cut than the lane, (to one who, like Sir Clifford Montresor, had the key of the private gates in his pocket,) the "worthy baronet" began to cross-question Lord Buckhurst concerning the condition and state of mind of the exiled *Béguine*.

"I am a plain man, and was never out of England in my life," said he, "and consequently cannot bring home to my comprehension these convents, which are no convents; and where the religious habit seems only a pretext for assuming an independence, unsuitable to the age and sex of the party.—How much happier would poor Apol. Hurst have been, had she en-

joyed her fortune in a rational manner, like Gatty for instance. —*Who* can have enjoyed herself in a more reasonable manner than Gatty!—Ever since she established herself at Alderwood, five years ago, on the death of her father, she has gone where she liked,—seen whom she liked,—done what she liked,—admired and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintance. *I* ought to know, who have not passed a day of all that time, without seeing her, either at *her* place or my own,—though faith! I was beginning to despair of her ever consenting to spare us both, twice in the twenty-four hours, the walk we are now taking, which, though pleasant enough in a glowing autumnal sunset like this, is the deuce and all on a frosty winter night!—But perhaps, (though I fancy you have the advantage of me by a year or two,) *you* are not subject to gout?"

Lord Buckhurst, whose varnished boots were exhausting themselves in efforts to keep up with the pace of the robust worthy, who was cavalierly accoutred in shooting-shoes, answered, like Hotspur, unwittingly, "he knew not what—he was, or he was *not*." But Sir Clifford was too much engrossed by his own happiness to require encouragement to proceed.

"I verily believe," said he, "our courtship would have continued with the continuity and straightforwardness of a Dutch canal, till we rested side by side in the family-vault under yonder spire, had not poor dear Apol. Hurst—(whose mother, you know, was the sister and co-heiress of mine, and to whom I am next of kin)—insisted upon bestowing in her life-time upon Gatty, the property she naturally intended should become mine at her death;—so as to leave my cousin no excuse, she wrote us word, for keeping me out of my fortune by further delay.—Her letters, in short, proved the means of satisfying dearest Gatty, that it was her *duty* to accept the happiness provided for her by the will of Heaven, and the position so honourably filled aforetime by her own mother. Thus shall I be indebted to my two revered kinswomen, for the happiness of my future life!—Admit, therefore, that I have good right to be in perfect conceit with the sex!"—

"Do not let me take you a step out of your way. Your road, I know, lies through the water meadows,"—said Lord Buckhurst, as they now reached the brickfields and straggling palings with decaying elder-berries dropping over them from the half-leafless trees, which constituted the mean suburb of the little town.—

"Thank you—thank you!—At this time of the year, they are too wet for a gouty man.—No, no!—I will see you safe into your carriage."

And so resolutely did he push on by the side of the enraged Buckhurst, that they soon obtained sight of the "Montresor Arms,"—before which, not a symptom of a travelling-carriage was to be seen!—The posters were clearly safe in their stalls, the carriage in the coachhouse.

"*Where* is Hennings?—My horses *directly*, if you please!"—cried his lordship to the waiters, who flew to the door, all alacrity, on perceiving Sir Clifford.

"*Horses*, my lord?"—stammered the man.—

"Horses, and my bill, immediately."—

"Your lordship doesn't sleep here, then?"—demanded the waiter.—"Mr. Hennings was *werry* partic'lar in seeing your lordship's sheets put to the fire, afore he stepped out!"

"Stepped *out?*"—reiterated the discomfited Buckhurst,—muttering to himself like a celebrated cardinal, of one of our royal highnesses—"*questo pur è un principe un poco interrogativo!*"

"Understanding your lordship did not return to dinner, my lord, Mr. Hennings is gone with master and missus to wisit the ruins,"—added the waiter, desisting from his system of interrogation.

"Three miles off!"—cried Sir Clifford, laughing—"and no dinner ordered for you!—You have clearly only to come home with me to the hall.—When your man returns, he can bring round the carriage ready packed,—if, indeed, in spite of the well-aired sheets, you are under the necessity of starting to-night!"—

To his infinite mortification, the defeated Rinaldo, unprovided with further excuses,—was now compelled to accompany the rusty black coat and shooting-shoes to Montresor Hall; and, moreover, to discern, on arriving there, that, in spite of the slovenly aspect of the master, the establishment of the old place was mounted on a far more solid scale than that of Greyoke!—His unexpected arrival, five minutes before dinner, produced not the smallest discomposure, nay, the dressing-room of his host, into which he was shewn to wash his hands, while a fire was lighting in another for his use, was set forth with a degree of luxurious comfort, which he had hitherto fancied peculiar to gentlemen whose boots and manners were as polished as his own.—

"Yonder suite of rooms," said Sir Clifford, pointing to a corridor, as they ascended the great staircase together,—"were Gatty's, when a girl. On coming to the estate, I would never have so much as the fold of a curtain altered;—though little did I suspect she would ever again preside as a mistress over this happy house. Sacred have they been to me, and sacred shall they remain!—The persons who fitted up the drawing-room suite I shewed you just now, and which you are gracious enough to pronounce in perfect taste, are finishing *her* rooms yonder in the southern wing, so that nothing need be invaded hereabouts.—It is my pride to know that she will find all as she left it; except, indeed, what it would have been painful to her to see again in their former condition,—the apartments inhabited by the late Sir Henry and Lady Montresor."—

Had the pulse of Lord Buckhurst been felt at that moment, the faculty would probably have decided that he was getting into a high fever, and was by no means fit to travel!—But the excellent dinner and wine, shortly afterwards set before him, reconciled him to his destinies more than he had supposed possible; though Sir Clifford had the ill grace to observe once or twice in the course of it, "we had better have remained at Alderwood, and eaten our mutton with Gatty."—

But Lord Buckhurst at all times preferred venison to mutton, even when swallowed *tête-à-tête* with a "worthy baronet;" and from his former experience of the cellar of Lady Rachel Lawrance, and other single or semi-single ladies, had derived no prejudice in favour of their *menu*.

Still, it was a trying thing to sit in that dining-room, the hospitalities of which he had so often shared as a boy, and had so ill requited as a man; and contemplate the same old family-portraits,—the admiral of Elizabeth's time, in his coat of mail,—the judge of William's, in his flowing peruke,—and as many "worthy baronets" of the house of Montresor, as Kneller, Gervas, Reynolds, and Hoppner, could supply to perpetuate the hatchet face of the family;—a collection which Howardson, in the exuberance of boyish impertinence, had formerly called the "ugly-cultural meeting of the Montresors!"—

There they still hung, gazing at him,—unchanged and unchangeable,—except that the gilded frames were a little the dingier for time, and the oaken ones a little the brighter for French varnish;—and in the emotion of his feelings, the Baron of Greyoke could have fancied that the sturdy noses of the hatchet-faced ancestors assumed something of an upward curve as they gazed upon him; nay, there was an old Holbeinsy head in an angle, whose green eyes, he was almost certain, glimmered with inward laughter!—

In spite of the soothing of the delicate claret and creamy Madeira, flowing from their warm bed of sand, he was becoming horribly nervous!—The square head of Sir Clifford seemed gradually to transform itself into the Polonius-like poll of old Sir Henry; and the face of the silvery-haired Lady Montresor, (stern as a Lady Macbeth who has been snowed upon) to fill the vacant space opposite, like the spectrum of the murdered Banquo;—and lo! he sat there among these horrible reminiscences of the past, till his knees knocked together under the dining-table!—

Never was sound of cock-crow half so welcome to a besprighted man, as the grating of his carriage-wheels on the gravel, to poor Lord Buckhurst!—He had risen, many a time and oft, from the lime punch-bewildered table of the "Crown and Sceptre," at Greenwich, without half so perplexing a dizziness in his head, as that which rendered inarticulate his adieus and thanks to his supercessor in the affections of the gentle Gatty;—and when,

at the following stage, Hennings appeared at the chariot-door, with his travelling-cap and the worsted comfortable tied over his chapfallen face, steaming with the fog of an autumnal night, to inquire whether his lordship *really* meant to proceed, or whether he were to inquire for beds, the poor valet was desired to shut the door, and proceed on some *other* sort of journey, in a phrase comprising seven ominous words,—only one of which was a dissyllable.—

But how could a man be expected to heed what manner of name he took in vain, when he thus found himself in process of slow mastication between the jaws of the alligator!—

FLIGHT XIV.

———"Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum."—HORACE.

Whene'er his fun some youngster pokes in,
His lordship will not stand such hoaxing.

THE year was on its deathbed when Lord Buckhurst returned to Greyoke;—with all nature in tears, and its successor listening with becoming gravity of countenance to the bitter repentance and saddening counsels of its expiring breath,—but all impatience to assume its place.—

Unluckily, too, the new year was forced, like other inheritors, to make its first appearance in decent mourning.—The weather was dreary,—the neighbourhood dull.—Lord Buckhurst, indeed, decided, like most men bedevilled by the loneliness of their country seat, that it was the very dullest in England!

But that his pride forbade, he would have let Greyoke to the highest bidder. But that the entail forbade, he would have sold Greyoke to the highest bidder.—He was beginning to look upon a family seat only as a clog fastened to the leg of a donkey, to prevent it from straying;—and though there are times of the year when a country house, particularly in a hunting county, is far from disagreeable, his lordship was inclined to say of *them*, as Tom Sheridan, when pressed by his father to take a wife—"*Whose* shall I take?"—Anybody's family seat was a pleasanter place to him than his own.

For when a man like Lord Buckhurst has been long absent from home, those treasures, his domestic servants, take particular care that his return shall be made as disagreeable as possible, in the hope of securing themselves to the utmost from his future company:—butler,—housekeeper,—gamekeeper,—bailiff,—every menial entitled to parlance with the head of the house, taking occasion to ask as many questions of him, as the waiter of the "Montresor Arms;" and to complain that the duties of office have been unaccomplishable during his absence for want of sufficient instructions.—

The keeper relates the catastrophe of a favourite pointer he has been obliged to shoot, because bitten by a strange dog under suspicious circumstances. The head coachman has to deplore a succession of casualties in the stable so numerous as to excite a belief that lameness must be contagious.—The housekeeper enlarges so emphatically on her labours, as to imply that she has the greatest difficulty in preventing the furniture from being devoured by moths and the pictures by rats.—According to the accounts of the butler, pipes of wine and hogsheads of ale appear to evaporate in the cellar;—and all and each have claims to make in their several departments,—for costly objects or privileges they have hitherto done very well without, but cannot dispense with a fortnight longer!—

Lord Buckhurst, when thus persecuted, thought of his little kingdom in Halkin-street, so well regulated by Hennings as his Cardinal Richelieu, and sighed heavily; and when the steward made his appearance with miserable details of tenants in arrears, holding in his hand the executor's accounts of the defunct year, in the shape of Christmas bills, his lordship felt that these doleful documents would have been more appropriately tied up with black ribbons than with red tape.—

All this was an invasion of his personal comfort which the discomfited man resented as an injury.—A wife would have warded off at least a portion of these domestic cares. It was not for *him* to be molested by a prosy housekeeper, with suggestions for new hanging the drawing-rooms, or having the yellow damask scoured;—and as to her account of requiring fifty or sixty pounds'-worth of house-linen, instead of agreeing with the steward that the demand was exorbitant, he turned his eyes reproachfully towards the portraits of his mother and grandmother, by Opie and Gervas, as if to reproach *them* that there no longer existed a Mrs. Howardson, to take care that Greyoke was provided with damask!—

"I used to consider women as a mere excrescence of the human race, intended by Providence solely to secure its perpetuation!" mused the peevish man of a certain age, as he wandered from the dreary library into the solitary saloon, and from the solitary saloon back again into the dreary library. "But I now perceive that the purpose of their being is more comprehensive.—No establishment *can* be kept in order without the prying, petty, circumstantial interference of woman's trivial nature!—*We* were created for nobler things. *We* were not intended by Providence to be troubled with examining in what portion of our household belongings moth and rust do corrupt.—I suppose I shall be having the mistress of the Greyoke schools pestering me, by and by, to examine the children's samplers and hear them catechized!"—

And, lo! by some mysterious association of ideas, his thoughts began to stray towards Montresor Hall, the newly-furnished suite of rooms, and faultless distribution of the establishment;

and, if the truth must be told, he had already begun to consider the fellow in the shooting-shoes a happier man than he had any patience with any worthy baronet extant for finding himself.—

"After all," cried he, in a fit of peevishness annunciatory perhaps of a flying gout,—"the best thing a man can do, who has neither wife nor family to create those factitious interests around him, which one welcomes merely as a choice of evils compared with utter isolation,—is to stick to the places where the wives and families of other men are more accessible than in the country. Why loiter here, to listen to the cawing of my own rooks and watch the rising of my own mist; when a few hours will convey me where I need not ride half-a-dozen miles in search of a morning visit, or compel myself to dislodgment in such weather, from my own bed and comforts, merely that I may sometimes eat my soup and fish in company with my fellow-creatures!"—

To London accordingly he went;—and as it happened to be on the eve of the meeting of parliament, his country neighbours of course attributed the movement to his duties in the House of Lords.—

For a moment, indeed, he was almost tempted to make the pretext earnest, and try to interest himself in politics.—But Fame, like every other female, chooses to be wooed ere she is won; and his lordship discovered, on attempting to assume the high position he had occupied and deserted five years before, that he was superseded as absent without leave. A powerful effort would, of course, have reinstated him in the envied post; but a powerful effort was neither for his years nor inclinations.—Far easier to sit by with a supercilious air of superiority, than to *prove* it by exertion.—

On his arrival in town, sufficiently disgusted by his mischances, as a suitor, to renounce all present intention of matrimony, and sufficiently sick of his solitary country house to find the stir and cackle of St. James's-street highly exciting, Lord Buckhurst took to a club life again, as though he had been just gazetted into the Guards!—But the species of existence which, five-and-twenty years before, he had voted the perfection of independence, he began to find less charming, after enjoying the command of an excellent establishment of his own.—At a club,—a small fry of united alligators is almost as troublesome as a full-grown one elsewhere.—At a club, a man is subjected, as regards temperature and diet, to the caprices of the majority. His lordship accordingly began to find it pleasanter in the intervals of engagements to his friends, to dine at home with two or three of his *affidés;* in preference to the beau-window, where, though no longer so lynx-eyed as in former days, he had caught the young members laughing on the sly, at two or three of his best-reputed stories!—

Judiciously deciding that even the best clubs were no longer what they used to be,—he considerably increased the measure

of his popularity, for a time, by asking the honour, favour, or pleasure of people's company to dinner, at a quarter before eight precisely,—the only hour of the twenty-four for a man who values the regard of his fellow-creatures, to invite them into his house.—

"*Faites vous miel et les mouches vous mangeront!*" says the proverb. Lord Buckhurst made himself fish, soup, and *pâtés*, and the flies of the great world found him capital eating.—For some years past, while his successive courtships were going on, his favour with the *beau monde* had been declining.—But it was wonderfully revivified by this sprinkling of champagne and claret; and for a time, he was kept in good humour with himself and the world, by the consequence he derived from accession to a throne at the head of his own table.—

By degrees the possession of authority exercised its usual bedespotification on his disposition.—He became a tyrant C. G., or by the grace of his cook, taking it as a personal offence if any one presumed to think his claret a few years too old,—his port a few years too new;—or differed from him too loudly in the copper-gilt politics of the day.—The more acquiescent of his guests were invited oftenest; and those who laughed longest at his jokes (which were getting as much too old as his claret) were invited every day. Before the season was over, Lord Buckhurst had surrounded himself with a circle of toadies.

Now, in former days, toadies consisted of poor relations, led captains, aspiring chaplains, with a sprinkling of men of humble birth but good condition, tuft-hunters, ambitious to be seen adhering to the skirts of a lord. In the present, toadies of a higher grade are to be had for asking—i. e., to dinner;—fashionable bachelors, better pleased with any kind of pleasant party than with their club, especially at the dead season of the year;—men of letters, satisfied to extend their connexion in the world by the acquaintance of fashionable bachelors;—and members of parliament, always rumbling, like hand-barrows, in search of custom on the London pavement.—Such men form themselves as readily into a circle round a determined and systematic dinner-giver, as Prussian soldiers into a square, at the word of command; and though among people of credit open toadyism is as much out of the question as open pocket-picking, an unavowed but consistent deference towards the opinions, habits, and eccentricities of the host, ends by confirming *him* in his eccentricities, habits, and opinions, and the toadies in their abasement.

One day, when the attorney-general was tempted by an often-repeated invitation to join the coterie of his quondam friend, (little suspecting that this invitation was repeated so often *only* because Lord Buckhurst's obedient humble servant, Colonel Sticktoem of the Guards, had a cause that required his Honour's favourable interpretation,) he was amazed to perceive how little the Sherbet of a society which he had heard praised as of ex-

quisite flavour, *was* relieved by the grateful acid of pleasantry.—The mawkishness of mere iced sugar and water disgusted him. The party was shaped as in a mould.—The guests affected a set of opinions,—which were those of Lord Buckhurst;—a code of tastes,—which were those of Lord Buckhurst. No dog barked when Sir Oracle oped his lips; and when he closed them again, the dirty dogs barked only in echo.

It is true, Lord Buckhurst was a clever specious talker, and entitled to a certain measure of applause. But Mauley, whose shrewd yet solid understanding was kept bright and shining by constant activity, like a vessel scoured for daily use, perceived in a moment that the mind of his contemporary was becoming dusty and cobwebbed, like some curious antique or piece of China, placed on a bracket for ornament, and too precious to be attacked by the spider-brusher. His faculties were on the decline,—his wit was degenerating,—spindled like the plants of the old greenhouse at Greyoke for want of due circulation of light and air.

The forcible arguments and decided views of the man of sense were as completely out of place among the Buckhurstians as if a fragment of Stonehenge had been suddenly stuck up among their plombières and spun sugar temples. Unversed in

"The science not *un*wise, to trifle well,"

Mauley could no more execute the feat accomplished by the others, as by Saladin in the tent of Cœur de Lion, of cleaving a cushion stuffed with feathers, than the pagans around him could make a single blow of the battle-axe of Truth cut deep into the heart of an argument.

"Poor Buckhurst!—how sadly he ages!"—mused the professional man, as he drove homewards, from the fashionable snuggery in May Fair (whose rental scarcely equalled the salary of its cook) to his roomy, comfortable mansion in Russell Square, where his children had been born to him, and where an escutcheon which his own abilities and industry had ennobled, would one day hang in achievement, bearing a profession of faith in that better world, wherein he *really* put his trust.

"'Tis very strange!—He gets positively heavy after a little wine;—while *I* am all the merrier for a cheerful glass. Yet there is scarcely a year between us;—though now that Tom is entered at Oxford, and Emmy presented, the less said about age, perhaps, the better!—Why, there is his old flame, Lady Montresor, grown quite young again, since her marriage!—Emma declares that in the family diamonds t'other day at Court, Gatty looked an elegant and pretty woman. *One* reason, I think, why Buckhurst wears less well than the rest of us, is his early exposure to hot rooms and excesses of every kind. Another also, I suspect, is his struggle after the juvenile.—Since the man who was grey at thirty has become black again at fifty, it requires no

great stretch of malice to determine that he dyes his hair,—and dyed hair ages a man's face more than twenty fits of the gout!—Nature understands so much better than we do how to shade and modulate her tints, that all is in harmony, however we may quarrel with the details.—Yes! I am decidedly of opinion that Lord Buckhurst makes himself ten years older by the minuteness of his getting up!"

Hennings could have enlightened the simple though acute lawyer, still further concerning the artificialities of the said rejuvenescence.—Thanks to the gossipry of that well-born valet, De Beausset, the world has been informed of the organic tenderness of a head which might otherwise have passed for cast-iron,—i. e., that of the Emperor Napoleon, who was so choice in the matter of hats, that he would only wear them lined with satin, and slightly wadded. By De Beausset-Hennings' account, *most* of Lord Buckhurst's garments were "slightly wadded."—He was growing particular about a thousand trifles hitherto unheeded. Even according to his own, not a shoemaker or bootmaker extant understood his foot. Stockings and flannel waistcoats were no longer what they used to be. As to coats,—but why enter into the fractiousness of an epicurean of a certain age, fretting over—*not* the rumpling of the rose-leaf,—but its decay!—

Nor were *people* more fortunate in pleasing him than *things*.—Now that he had given up the rush and throng of ball-rooms, or more correctly, now that he found himself thrust aside in them into a corner, like a piece of useless and troublesome furniture, nothing offended him more than when some civil woman, addicted to cramming her rooms with lords, whether they liked it or no, molested him with cards of invitation. Like Lady Rachel's letters of old, he left such missives unanswered, or flung them with indignation into the fire.

"For what did they take him, to suppose that *he* was going to add to the sudorific system of their mobs?"—And the toadies of course echoed—"for *what* did they take him?"—

Aware that it had been impertinently whispered in the world, (first, by the Langley set, who owed him a grudge with interest, so many years had the account been standing,) that his matrimonial overtures had been many a time and often defeated, he took up a tone not very uncommon among bachelor lords between the ages of fifteen and eighty-five, of regarding every invitation as so much bird-lime for his capture! Poor purblind old owl!—he chose to be on his guard against the nets set for gold-finches and larks!—

This air of supercilious self-defence sat oddly enough upon a man who might have been a grandfather. However, the young Honourables who found his table a convenience, affected to regard him as a very dangerous man;—pretending to be sadly afraid of

his attentions to *their* Mademoiselle Mélanies, and the Lady Rachels of the season.—

Surrounded by such flatterers, it was not likely he should surmise that Mauley or any other human being had ever left his house saying, "*Poor* Buckhurst!—he *ages* sadly!"—

Even on the decease of a certain dowager duchess, formerly Lady Lucy Cranwell, his partner and contemporary, whom every body seemed to think had lived out her time, and was quite as well in the family vault as usurping a dower-house in Hanover Square from her late husband's grandson,—Lord Buckhurst tacitly coincided;—without reflecting that there was only a few months' difference of age between him and the woman voted superannuated by the fashionable world.

"And to think that, till very lately, Crohampton flattered himself I should be ass enough to marry Lady Caroline," cried he, shrugging his shoulders. "But Crohampton *is* decidedly in his dotage!"

Because his system of beating the alligator about the ears with a *batterie de cuisine*, and goading it with the point of a spit, gave him the ascendancy for a time, he still, in short, fancied himself firm in his saddle!

"Do you dine to-day with Buckhurst?" was a question which men who respected themselves asked aloud in the park at that curious juncture of its roads where "people" sit in their phaetons to swallow the dust raised by "people" on horseback,—and "people" on horseback love to entangle themselves among the wheels of phaetons, so as to form an exclusive nucleus of fashion distinct from other "people." For to "dine with Buckhurst" was as much one of the indispensabilities of the season as to sup or whitebait with those other lords, who do the honours of London to the *Comédie Française* and *corps-de-ballet.*

> "Qui de son age n'a pas l'esprit,
> De son age a tout le malheur,"

sang Voltaire; and the man of the century certainly shewed himself possessor of "*l'esprit de son age*," in preferring salines and good claret to the vagaries in which other elderly gentlemen are seen to indulge—of capering at Almack's, or going it in Leicestershire, when they ought to be holding the leading-strings of their grandchildren—in betaking himself to an easy Brougham, in place of a rash cabriolet—and avoiding turtle and venison more than three days in the week. But unluckily, he had espoused at thirty so many of the quiet easy selfishnesses of fifty, that the age he *now* attained possessed few pleasures to offer in the way of novelty. As others at years of discretion are sometimes *blasé* by the sensualities of life, the egoïst of half a century's experience was almost satiated with its comforts.

He was suddenly reminded, however, (and by a pang,) of a hitherto untasted pleasure. As the first qualm of conscience

teaches a man to appreciate the excellence of virtue, on finding that the reputation of an Amphytrion costs as dear as other usurped reputations, and that a man with seven thousand a year cannot emulate the dinners of Tarbolton House without exceeding his means by as much as they are exceeded by those of the Duke of Tarbolton,—he said unto himself—"What a much pleasanter life I used to lead when I lived within my income!—Nothing would be easier than to make up the money for which that beast Cognovit proposes a mortgage on Greyoke, by living abroad and economizing for a year or two. Lord Harry assures me I might do all I am doing here at Paris—ay, and more—for a hundred thousand francs a year; which would enable me to lay by three thousand, to clear off incumbrances.—I could let this house for four or five hundred a year,—which would be so much gained; and though I should not choose, under any circumstances, to let my family place, going abroad would afford a fair excuse for paying off the establishment at Greyoke,—a clear gain of some hundreds per annum. The lodge people, who have been there these thirty years, might be trusted to reside in the house,—and one of the tenants to live at the lodge and look to the gate. As to the head-gardener, he might pay himself by farming the gardens, and I could let off the park, up to the lawn to Hugster, of the home-farm;—all which would save me a world of boredom, and put thousands into my pocket.—For my own part, I should not care if I never set foot in the place again, for the air decidedly disagrees with me. I never spend a week there without gout, or threatening of gout.—The dry air of Paris would be the very thing for me!—*Decidedly* I will try Paris."—

And to Paris, accordingly, he went, with the view of "pulling in,"—at the moment his English friends were getting up their horses from grass, and looking out for blockheads, with halls and castles in hunting counties, hospitably disposed.—A source of economy on which he had not reckoned, presented itself soon after his arrival. Mr. Hennings, though the pearl of the valetocracy in his day, was also getting into years; and as nature reasserts itself, in old age, equally with master and man, the "old-gentlemanly vice" told in *his* case by indignation at the curtailment of his perquisites. It did not, by any means, suit *his* book to go abroad and economize. Moreover, he could not do without his port wine, or sacrifice his strong ale and strong Cheshire. The thin potations and small profits of France disagreed with his years and constitution; and he accordingly asked permission of *His* Majesty, to send in his resignation.

For a moment, Lord Buckhurst was indignant at what he considered an act of *lèse Majesté*. Hennings had become as easy to him as an old glove. Hennings understood the symptoms of his gout. Hennings knew by looking at them whether his clothes would fit. Hennings could instruct the laundress in the

quantity of starch he liked in his linen. Hennings was, in short, as essential to *him* as Macmahon to George the Fourth.

But then, for all this, he was highly paid;—and what was high in England, was monstrous in France.—Lord Harry assured him that the most accomplished valet in Paris, even if uniting the functions of *maitre d'hôtel*, (a prodigious economy,) would not cost him half the exorbitances of Hennings.—On second thoughts, therefore, he did as other monarchs do,—accorded permission to his premier to retire into the tranquillities of private life, and eat his own Cheshire under his own elm.

Mr. Hennings, accordingly, set up an Hotel at Brighton, and Lord Buckhurst set up another Lord of the Bed-chamber—Mr. Hennings admitting that a lady who had hitherto passed for his wife by the left-hand, was his wife by the right, and every way qualified to assume the control of the Buckhurst arms; while Lord Buckhurst soon discovered that the individual whom he had always defined to his friends as his "right hand," had faithfully discharged the duty of a right hand,—by helping himself.—

But if his lordship got rid of his esquire of the body, by establishing himself in the French capital, he had by no means got rid of his toadies!—More than one of them found it well worth while to cross the channel, and set up his staff within reach of the Rue St. Lazare; where the economizing Amphytrion had hung his *crémaillière* in a style that passed for splendid. —After all, it was just as easy to laugh at his dull jokes, on the banks of the Seine, as on those of the Thames.—

Nor was Lord Buckhurst sorry to find that two or three grampuses had followed his convoy. He understood his own business too well not to be able to affix precisely the distance at which he chose them to remain, and found it comfortable enough to surround himself with his habitual atmosphere.

Though supple of nature at the age when most natures are supple, he had now taken the form and pressure of his own fancies and inclinations too long not to find difficulty in recovering sufficient elasticity to conform to the exigencies of a foreign country; for Lord Buckhurst was too much a man of the world to be unaware that to live in Paris on the same level of society he had occupied in London, he must cull *la fleur fine* of the Parisian world, rather than consort with the heterogeneous mass of his countrymen; and before the winter was over, accordingly, he had paid his toll of entrance into good society by losing a sufficient sum at whist, and exacting from his *chef* the invention of a *plat* to which his name could be assigned in the archives of gastronomic science—"*Les Canetons à la Buckhurst*" were at least as deserving immortalization as "*le poulet à la Demidoff*;" and as coming events are sometimes too slight to cast their shadows before, it was impossible for his lordship to conjecture that the dish of his devising would marmitonize ten

years afterwards into "*Canetons à la Boucourse.*"—*Car voilà comme on écrit l'histoire!*—

One of the first foreign vexations of the noble expatriated, arose from the discovery that, reversing the customs of St. James's-street, the elderly man of *ton* in Paris is expected to play the *roué*, the boy *dissipateur*, the shrewd and calculating man of the world.—But, not even to accomplish the bad name of a Richelieu or a Lauzun, would *he* have hazarded the "brief frenzy" of a steeple-chase or any other frenzy which the *amiable séducteurs* who exhibit in an *avant-scène* for the extinction of Mademoiselle Dumilâtre the ruins of those graces whose maturity adorned the court of Marie Antoinette.—It was much too fatiguing for a man who had kept himself under a glass-case for the last twenty years, to set about playing the boy.—

On this account, and one or two others, the revolving year found Lord Buckhurst disposed to think that the charm of Paris as a residence,—*i. e.*, the charm of unaccountability and irresponsibility,—of a perpetual lounge in a camera-obscura reflecting an infinity of pleasant objects,—was marvellously over-rated.—He was *im*morally certain that he could eat, drink, sleep, and lounge, quite as pleasantly in the parish of St. James, as in either that of St. Honoré or of St. Thomas d'Aquin.—

But by the time the first quarter of his second year was accomplished, that is, by the time he had balanced his account with his London banker, he was quite *as* certain that Paris was the *very* best and *very* pleasantest abiding place in the world!—Instead of laying by three thousand pounds in the course of the year, according to his intentions, he found that he had actually economized three thousand six hundred!—

Moreover, there was the delightful prospect before him,—the pleasant occupation for the coming year,—that, by careful examination of the accounts of his *maître d'hôtel*, and denying himself a few little costly irregularities, he might manage to screw up his savings to a sum of four thousand, limiting his expenditure to *three!*—*This* would be doing something worth talking of. He should like to know what Cognovit would say to *that!*—Why, in another year, his estate would be wholly unencumbered.—Nay, a residence of a few years longer on the Continent, (more particularly if he pushed on to Italy, a country so much cheaper than France,) would enable him to add the long-coveted wing to Greyoke, which was to overtop the insolence of the stuccoed portico.—The additional wing might at some future moment encourage him to reside at home.

And so Lord Buckhurst rubbed his hands, (which were now growing a *leetle* thin and yellow,) as he projected for his latter years this new triumph over the alligator!—

CONCLUSION.

"γῆν ὡρῶ."

Hurrah!—I spy land!—

Does any gentle reader who has visited Paris, (and crabbed must he be who hath *not*,) remember a little cozy hotel in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, *entre cour et jardin*;—the *cour* being paved with wood so as to be echoless and irresponsive as the heart of an egoïst, and the garden planted with cypresses and sycamores,—dense and gloomy as his soul?—No quivering aspens or rustling *arbres de Indée* to disturb the nerves of the neighbourhood when the light breezes visit their leaves too roughly.—All is philosophically calculated to ensure an almost sepulchral repose.—

In this temple, consecrated to St. Ego, there is a cool but cheerful suite of summer-rooms on the ground-floor, facing the north and opening upon the gay parterres of the garden; while the first-floor, facing the sunny south and the court-yard, has double casements, for winter use;—betwixt which, forced flowers bloom throughout the dreary months, so enclosed that their pernicious fragrance may not overpower the cautious sybarite within.—

Of this choice retreat, during the cold weather, every corner is carpeted; though prepared to re-encounter with the freshness of *parquets*, the reviving fervours of summer heat.—The doors are guarded from sound by patent hinges, and from air by *bourrelets* of velvet.—All is still and stagnant.—The *bien-être* of every sense and every nerve is cautiously provided for.—The cellar is cool as the heart of the proprietor; the only draught of air perceptible in the whole house being up the chimney of the kitchen.

And what a kitchen!—The Academy of Arts and Sciences might borrow hints from the administration of its details,—the caloric of its stoves,—the decompositions effected by its *casseroles!*—There they hang,—those glittering *casseroles*, from alpha to omega—"small by degrees, and beautifully less."—There they glow,—those exquisite furnaces susceptible of as delicate a modulation as the chromatic scale under the vocalization of Persiani!—The *chef-de-cuisine* exhibits the well-bred gravity of a professor of some university; while the *trousse-poulets* flutter about, white, active, and aërial as the zephyrs of a ballet, prepared for their *premier pas*.—

In the apartments of the hotel, all is equally calculated for the promotion of personal enjoyment. The lights are so placed as to fall with subdued radiance,—or, like the wit of true philosophy, to enlighten without dazzling;—the seats so distributed as to evade draughts of air and the unauthorized observation of unprivileged eyes.—The reading-chairs were calculated for a repose

as ineffable as that of the Delhai Lama; the couches are as if the fingers of Oblivion's self had tickled up their mattresses of *crin*, and superstratum of eider;—while the pillows are soft as the head of a fashionable *garde-du-corps*, or the heart of his laundress!—

In the centre of this downy nest, abided of late the shrivelled marmoset its master;—" old, cold, withered, and of unexcitable entrails;"—a Falstaff, *minus* wit and obesity—a Lucullus, *minus* the capability of delectation.—The lights, so carefully shaded, brought no gladness to his spirits;—the snugness so elaborately framed and glazed, yielded no sense of comfort to his shattered nature. Lord Buckhurst, at sixty, resembled the little artificial garden of a Chinese mandarin, whose chief growth consists in ornamental rocks,—and in whose glittering sands flowers are stuck to blossom for a day, then wither in rootless barrenness for evermore.

Peevish in mind, as meagre in body, his spirit was embittered by mistrust, and his frame paralysed by inaction. His smiles was a mere grimace; and the milk of human kindness within him soured to verjuice.

Till noon, all was kept as still in the Hotel de Bourcourse, by his attendant slaves, as in the tomb of the Capulets,—that

> ———" the blind mole
> Heard not a footfall;"—

for till noon, the Sultan slept.—But at the eleventh stroke of twelve, entered La Brie with a cup of *chocolat de santé*, to facilitate the swallowing which, a single one of the heavy silken curtains was slowly withdrawn, lest the too sudden admission of a glaring light, should overpower the weak nerves of the valetudinarian. Once a week, the cup of chocolate was prefaced by the restorative of a moderately warm bath in the adjoining *salle des bains*, with a few herbs or a bottle of Jean Marie Farina's superlative, thrown into it. After the prologue of the bath or cup of chocolate, came Act I. of the toilet,—viz., the *ébouriffage* of the scanty locks garnishing that still striking head, and the ensconcement of a furred symar in winter,—or in summer, a wrapper of chintz.—

When next the curtain drew up, the levée was commencing. —The dressing-room contained the favourite dentist,—the pet surgeon,—or the *complaisant*, a broken-down marquis of the most ancient section of the *ancien régime*, who made it his province to hunt out all sorts of novelties "*pour ce cher Bourcourse;*" to know, like Fine-ear, by laying his head to the earth, when the first heads of asparagus were sprouting; when the rich truffle arriving per Laffitte and Caillard's *diligences* from the sweet South.

The first case of ortolans,—the first spit of beccafiers,—the first basket of oysters from Murênes,—the first green figs from

Grenoble, — the first chasselas from Fontainbleau, — the first peaches from Montreuil,—were sure to be announced in gentle whispers by Monsieur le Marquis de Bretancourt to the somewhat dunny ear of Lord Buckhurst;—"*cet excellent Bretancourt*" taking care that his St. Peray should be sufficiently iced; his Château Margeaux translated from the cellar to the surface of the earth, at the happy moment;—that the *chévreuil* should, like Mdlle. Falcon in the *Juine*, be broiled in oil, ere placed upon the spit;—the pheasant poult, like the ringlets of Canova's Venus, bear tokens of having been dressed *en papillote*.

More, much more, fell within his province. He made it his business to digest for the spiritual nourishment of the English peer the *premier Paris* of the *Journal des Debats;* the last number of the periodical in vogue, whether *Les Guesses*, or *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, or *La Mode*, or the *Revue des deux Mondes;* —a pasticcio of literature, condensed into the form of a cake of portable soup, being every morning presented by the hoary marquis whom penury had condemned to a life of perpetual youthfulness, to the lord whom cautious selfishness had condemned to a life of perpetual old age.

For of the pleasures of Paris, few appeared so secured against moral or physical remorse,—indigestion of the soul or stomach, —as to encourage him to participation;—Lord Buckhurst having come to calculate with such infinitesimal accuracy the balance of every earthly enjoyment against its cost, that pleasure presented itself to his imagination in the form of so many parts of coin of the realm, so many parts of headache or nausea, and so many of the volatile essence of delight.—As if the man who, through the graceful outlines of the form of beauty, took measure of the skeleton and viscera within, were capable of deriving pleasure from its exquisite harmony of proportion!—

For a time, Lord Buckhurst contented himself with exercising this cautious sobriety on his own behalf. A luxurious table and charming *loge d'avant scène* at the opera, were at the service of his friends, howbeit *he* might choose to dine on a *consommé*, or a *riz au lait*, and prolong his *siesta* till midnight.—But by degrees, he became disgusted at supplying pleasures for the palates of other people. His dinners became more frugal, and his *avant scène* dwindled to a stall. If his friends prized his society, he said, they would not esteem it the less that hecatombs no longer smoked upon his board!

The friends, however, (being precisely such friends as one expects to find arrayed in the coats of Blin, and et ceteras of Staub,) chose to discern a wide difference between a hecatomb and a single portion of *éperlans frits* and *épigramme d'agneau;* and as to escorting a man to his carriage after the opera, who neither supped at the Café de Paris, nor so much as adjourned to Tortoni's, for a *sorbet à l'ananas, le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle;* —to waste any part of their pleasant mornings upon a fretful

contradictory old man, whose jokes were all *histoire ancienne*, and whose earnest was the diary of his apothecary, was far too great a self-sacrifice in that brilliant capital, the sands of whose hour-glass are of Ophyrian gold.

And thus it came to pass, that Lord Buckhurst, who had taken such marvellous care to secure himself against noise and molestation, began, in the sequel, to find isolation and quiet a source of irritation. When he heard a piece of stale news, he grew angry that he had not heard it before. His soul waxed drowsy within him. His unincidental life depressed him. The nerves and appetites deprived of the pabulum on which nature intended them to exercise their powers, seemed to prey upon themselves;—for the *dolce far niente* is often more exhausting than the labours of Hercules.

Hypochondriacism now laid its iron grasp upon the soul and body of the sickly epicurean.—He began to see only moats in the sunbeam,—to feel only rheumatism in the shade,—to apprehend sleep as a source of nightmare,—wakefulness as a foretaste of purgatory.—By day or night, not a pleasant thought in his mind to keep him company!—The falling off of his circle since the curtailment of his bills of fare, plainly proved that the proverbial faithlessness of worldly friends is fidelity itself compared with the fickleness of worldly acquaintance.—The Mesdemoiselles Mélanies, who occasionally honoured him with a visit, were sure to inform him it was on their way to Nourtier's to purchase silks, or Fossin's, to look for a new bracelet.—Even the poor,—the *very* poor marquis, ceased to make his daily appearance with the dentist and apothecary, after the arrival in Paris of a rich American, who readily adopted a toady whose begging-letters were sealed with a coronet; the ex-British being now-a-days the same coronetiverous savages which the *Great* British were a century ago.

Cramped by the disuse of his members, reliant upon the exercise of the faculties of others till his own had become incapacitated, Lord Buckhurst, though no longer capable of amusing himself, had not spirit to purchase the power of entertainment of other people. He hated to drive out in his comfortable carriage, and see the huge active mass of a joyous population indulging in unmeaning hilarity; for the windows of his soul, like those of an old-fashioned casement, were paned with lead.

One day, having proceeded to Vacher's to ascertain by personal trial whether a new form of *fauteuil à la Voltaire* were easier to sit in than the one wherein he enjoyed his daily doze, he was annoyed by hearing orders given by a gentleman and lady whose backs were towards him, in French which might have raised the philological philosopher by whom those chairs were invented, from his grave in the Panthéon, to reprehend, and in a tone whose cheerfulness was wormwood to him.—The vulgar jocularity of John Bullism, in all its *mauvaise odeur* of roast

beef and Cheshire cheese breathing from those kindly accents, caused his blood to curdle, even before he discovered that the happy homely couple who were giving orders for a pair of costly cabinets, to contain the medals they had been collecting in Italy, were no other than Sir Henry and Lady Montresor!—

When they turned their goodly and healthful countenances towards him, his disgust was increased. For they were absorbed either in themselves or their cabinets, too much to have their wits about them; and instead of recognising him, as he had apprehended, mistook him for some withered beau of the Faubourg St. Germain, and with a "pardon, Monsieur," stood aside to let the old gentleman pass!—

Their recognition would have grievously annoyed him;—but their non-recognition was an impertinence still harder to be borne!—

On returning home, he gravely interrogated his looking-glass for an explanation:—and the dapper individual in a caoutchouc wig and whaleboned stock which presented itself to his scrutiny, attired in a coat, waistcoat, hat and gloves which looked as if made for his great grandson,—certainly exhibited few traces of the "Frederick" of Clifton's, or "Howardson" of Halkin-street.—Still, he felt that if *he* were able to discern his slight and elegant Gatty in the cordial middle-aged woman who shewed so much solicitude about the jolly gentleman her husband, she might have returned the compliment. And lo! the disgust he experienced on the occasion brought on his fifty-seventh fit of the gout.—While still encradled and embedded in flannel, he was informed one day, by La Brie, that an English lady and gentleman who had called repeatedly at the hotel, during his indisposition, being on the eve of quitting Paris, insisted on seeing him, "*d'anciens amis, à milord, qui voulaient lui procurer une surprise agréable.*"

While my lord was protesting against being agreeably surprised, satisfied that the old friends consisted of his former love and her husband, his Ariadne and her Bacchus,—a gabble of voices very unusual in his carefully-modulated establishment, reached his ear; the clatter of feminine expostulation far louder than he could possibly suppose to issue from even the present expansion of form of Lady Montresor.—

"What manner of woman is this?"—was rising to his lips, when the door of his dressing-room was flung open, and in stalked a gaunt, hard-featured female, introducing a young man of graceful figure and deportment, who vainly attempted to prevent the intrusion she was perpetrating.

"My dear Lord Buckhurst," cried the now reedy pipe of poor old Lady Rachel, as she pushed her way towards the gouty chair, "I would not hear of Captain Mauley leaving Paris without making your acquaintance!"—

"Your ladyship does me too much honour," faltered the

withered man in the flannel dressing-gown.—" But you must perceive my utter inability to receive visitors in my present costume and state of health. La Brie! *reconduisez cette dame.*"

The lady, however, would *not* be shewn out.—The lady had promised Lord and Lady Mauley, on quitting England, that if she met their handsome son Frederick in Paris, she would present him to their old friend Lord Buckhurst; and after many vain attempts, the case was now becoming so desperate, that she would no longer be denied.—

" I am going away to-morrow," she resumed,—" and shall be anxious to give many of your old friends in England an account of your health, and of the establishment of which they have heard such wonders:—or rather, of which we all infer such wonders, since it induces you to expatriate yourself so strangely!"—

The valetudinarian seemed resolved to take refuge against this voluble attack in silence, like a tortoise within its shell; for not a word did he utter in reply.—

" Your servants told us you were ill?" — continued Lady Rachel. " But what of that?—At *your* age, people are prepared for ailment and infirmity.—As to the costume, for which you apologize, at *your* age one does not expect to see a beau."—

Captain Mauley interrupted an apostrophe, under which, from grievous starts and wincings, he concluded Lord Buckhurst to be suffering more than from twinges of the gout, to express his regrets at having disturbed his lordship while suffering from indisposition.—He was charged, he said, with a thousand messages from his father and mother, who were on a visit to their married daughter, the present Lady Langley, in the neighbourhood of Greyoke.—His father, indeed, was particularly anxious to hear of the welfare of his old friend—" though I am sorry to say," added the young man, with a smile,—" the duties of the woolsack leave him little leisure for the indulgence of such pleasant recollections as those he appears to attach to the name of Buckhurst. Yet, I can assure you," he continued, finding it impossible to elicit a word of encouragement,—" that since he has become a grandfather, Lord Mauley appears to have grown ten years younger! —While staying with my elder brother Hubert and Lady Louisa Mauley, last year, he enjoyed several long days with the hounds; and on the first day's pheasant-shooting, was one of four guns that bagged a hundred and ten brace!"—

But that Lord Buckhurst slightly elevated his brows and shoulders, it might have been supposed that not a syllable of all these filial vauntings reached his ears.—

" Well, my dear lord,—and what do you think of this six feet two edition of your old friend?"—cried Lady Rachel, indignant at his persevering silence. " The Mauleys have got five of them, —one handsomer than the other;—only that *this* one being your godson, ought to interest you most!—For *my* part, I am con-

vinced that people grow young again through their children, as a banian-tree derives new life from the down-rooting of its branches! —All the fathers and mothers among my contemporaries have ten years' advantage over *me*,—who, like yourself, am but a withered old stick, good only for faggot-wood, which no mortal would save from the fire."—

Lord Buckhurst, thus apostrophized, could not altogether refrain from a dry cough.—

"I was looking, the day before I left London," resumed Lady Rachel, "at the old *beau* window at White's;—in which, forty years ago, you used to figure; and I promise you that the wretched set of withered old faces I saw there, made my flesh creep,—like the valley of dry bones!—Nothing was left in town but the sort of superannuated younger brothers one is sure to find nailed like birds of prey to the clubs, all the year round, because nobody is fool enough to invite to his country-house a man whose mind and body are in the sere and withered leaf; and who has no gifts of *heart* to compensate for their decay!"—

Lord Buckhurst actually shivered with suppressed rage at the insinuation. But he said not a word.

"All this *you* certainly escape by living abroad!" observed Lady Rachel. "Here, nobody cares for anybody, and it is therefore less noticed that you are left to wither out in lonely desertion the remnant of your days! To see you so meagre, yellow, and peevish, does not surprise those who have no recollection of Frederick Howardson! Sir John Honeyfield, when he returned to England last year, told us he had met you under repair, at Wiesbaden, or Kissingen, or some other German *Fontaine de Jouvence*, and that you reminded him of the old crazy houses one used sometimes to see in Lord Eldon's time, which had been fifty years in Chancery, having survived all those whose business it was to brush off the cobwebs. Poor Honeyfield! Since then he has died the death of the *bon vivant*—apoplexy! But at least *he* enjoyed himself in his time, which is more than you appear to do!"

Captain Mauley, perceiving from a certain hyæna-like expression in the keen eyes of the sick man, that he was becoming ferocious under this rattling fire, gently reminded Lady Rachel that her *remise* was in waiting.

"No matter—no matter!" cried she. "My old friend is breaking so fast, that I may never see him again. I may as well say out my say, therefore, while I am about it!"

Lord Buckhurst shivered from head to foot at the mere threat.

"I must not omit to tell you," said she, speaking louder and louder, in the conviction that it was deafness which rendered him dumb,—"that poor old Greyoke is going full gallop to rack and ruin. The pictures are spoiling from the dilapidated state of the roof; and the park has been let to such wretched tenants that the nettles overtop the timber!—You don't care, I know.—

You will never set eyes on the old place again; and, like most men, abhor the very name of your heir-at-law!—But for whom, then, in Heaven's name, are you skinning your flints?—It is well known you don't spend a third of your income; and as no one cares a rush for *you*, and it may therefore be inferred that you care not a rush for anybody, we none of us can forbear wondering."—

Lord Buckhurst now sank back in his chair with so frightful an expression of countenance, that Captain Mauley insisted upon withdrawing Lady Rachel from the room; and the true sardonic laugh greeted his ears as he conducted her down stairs.

Before the pet apothecary, who was instantly sent for by La Brie, could arrive, his lordship's paroxysms were tremendous.—The apothecary attributed his patient's sudden seizure to gout thrown into the system; the valet, to a *colère rentrée*. The invasion of the Goths had, in fact, driven him to the last extremity.

The poor shattered frame of the epicurean was immediately exposed without mercy to *douches* and depletion. But there remained no stamina for the struggle; and before Captain Mauley quitted Paris, he received a *billet de faire post*, appropriately edged with black, acquainting him that the funeral *convoi* of Frederick Lord Buckhurst would move from the Hôtel de Bourcourse to the Cimetière de Montmartre, the following day, at eleven of the clock! It was all up with Cock Robin. As a mark of respect to the memory of his father's old friend, Captain Mauley accepted the lugubrious invitation; and having passed under the costly black draperies appended by the *Pompes Funèbres* to the façade of the mansion, was struck by perceiving how vast a proportion of the other hangings and ornaments of that *bijou* of a palace had been removed during the last illness of the proprietor. The seals of the *juge de paix*, it is true, were upon a variety of cabinets and caskets;—but all the choice moveables had disappeared!—

Still more to his amazement, Captain Mauley found himself the only gentleman mourner at the funeral! Monsieur le Marquis de Bretancourt contenting himself with sending in his place, the carriage and chasseur of his new Yankee patron.—

The dentist attended in person, having a claim against the estate of the deceased,—and La Brie was in the train, as black as Hamlet in his suit of sables.—But the *spectacle* was all the better conducted for having only professional attendants, who were well up in their parts, and to whom all came easy. It was, in fact, a remarkably pleasant funeral. The refreshments handed round were from Tortoni's; and as the only living being who cared for the deceased in his lifetime—(a poodle presented by La Brie to his washerwoman, to whom it instantly attached itself—) had already found a happier home, there was not a single drawback on the hilarity of the enfranchised establishment.—

Lord Buckhurst had of course died intestate;—the operation of making a will being abhorrent to epicurean practice. But this tended to render his death a still further source of gratification. A suit arose out of the disputed heirship at law, which threw ten thousand pounds or so into the clutch of the lawyers. Gray's Inn clapped its hands therefore, and Lincoln's rejoiced and was glad.—

The Barony of Buckhurst is extinct.—So also is the memory of its late representative. For a year or two, indeed, whenever the wind was easterly, a certain *incurable* in White's *beau* window, with hair as short and white as thistledown, was heard to mumble to another driveller, whose eyes were glassy as a pair of spectacles—"do you remember Howardson, who was afterwards Lord Something or other (dead, I fancy, for one never sees him now), how deucedly he used to fuss when people left the door open when the wind was in the east?—Bless my soul!—how deucedly he *did* use to fuss!"—But these component parts of his insignificant circle have also crumbled away.—

Even the headstone erected, by contract, by the Pompes Funèbres, beside his weedy, slovenly grave at Montmartre, having no one to superintend its equilibrium, has sunk into the soil, so as to render illegible his right honourable name; the alligator having, in the sequel, so thoroughly obtained the best of it, as to have trampled out all trace of his unprofitable footsteps from the surface of the earth!—

STORY OF THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

SHINE on, proud Sisters!—gem the sky,
But mock not ye my destiny!
Human I know my heart has grown,
But never for a shining Crown,
Would I its human love unlearn,
And to my radiance lost return.
Ye pity me my lowly choice,
But hear the Starry Bride rejoice!
Sisters, believe my Crown is not
A forfeit high for Love's sweet lot!

Strange, human love demands, they say,
The sacrifices mortals pay;
Yet wealth before its altars flung,
Or for a trophy, proudly hung,
Within its temple, fortune, fame,
And myriad hopes the heart could name,
Grow valueless, until they seem
Poor as the mem'ry of a dream!
Sisters, my forfeit Crown is not
Too high a price for Love's sweet lot!

Strange human love! None ever thinks,
While the elixir draught she drinks,
Too high the price;—and so no stain
Of shame doth like a brand remain,
If round the heart, beneath Love's wings
Gather all holy thoughts and things—
Ambition's tinsel toys are not
A forfeit high for such a lot!
Then grieve not for my lowly choice,
But hear the Starry Bride rejoice!

THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

PART III.

[The length of the paper, and our previous arrangements, compelled us to break off in this paper last month, at rather an inconvenient place. For the benefit of the reader, we beg to state that the Ensign-Captain had arrived at Bromley, on his way to London, to consult old Gullington's will, at Doctors' Commons; and the author had diverged, to tell another story of what had befallen Jonathan Felt, the hatter, at Chiselhurst. At Jonathan's first visit, he found the butcher's pony tied to the gate, which rather discomposed him, by kicking at him.]

Arrived at Baiser Cottage gate, Jonathan gave it such a swing as kept it chattering to and fro, as he winded the tortuous course of the carriage-road, hoping at every turn to see his angel pop out of a holly-bush, or perhaps an Irish yew, which grow very luxuriant in those parts, for the soil is light and gravelly, in consequence (the Bromley barber says) of Kentish property being chiefly gavel-kind. The wit of that, however, we don't understand. Hop, step, and a jump, and at the door Jonathan stood! No ringing, no knocking, no nothing of that sort; in you go—hang up your hat—and, how d'ye do?

On the passage-table lay a confounded lot of parcels, long, brown paper, mercer's-ware sort of goods. On other occasions Jonathan would have "doubted that Amelia would be extravagant," but the fineness of the day and the fairness of the gipsy's promised fortune, banished care and anxiety from his heart, and wiping the dust from his boots on the woolly-brown mat, he threw open the parlour-door like a bridegroom entering his chamber, or a real John Bull Englishman determined for once to be happy.

What activity within! A dapper young draper was measuring out sarcenets. The table was covered with pieces and patterns, while the sideboard exhibited bales of stockings, and parcels of linens, added to which three or four band-boxes stood in the corner. Paper in hand, and pencil in mouth, Amelia bent over an armful of satins, while old Mother Moneybags kept following the young Yardwand, to see he didn't do her out of the eighth of an ell. Mary, the maid, looked smilingly on; for dearly women love to see the ribbons roll—particularly the *white* ones. Altogether, it was a regular busy Baiser Cottage. Baiser Cottage it was well called; for there had been a deal of Baisering done there—more than entered into poor Jonathan's philosophy.

Now, we really believe—such is the feminine love of triumph and display, that if old mother Moneybags had been requested by Paul Pry Poole, Hamilton Reynolds, or any other eminent dramatist, to select "a situation" for downright flat extinguishment and flabbergastration, she would have chosen the one in which Jonathan found her, surrounded by the trophies of victory, and the spoils of conquest!

Ellenborough himself could not have devised a greater triumph! Found in the midst of matrimonial preparations! White ribbons for ever!

To be sure, Jonathan had been a most provoking, uncloseable sort of suitor—doubting, diffident, over-cautious sort of chap, and as the old saw says, "faint heart never won a fair lady." It isn't right, as times go, to be over long in closing. Either take my daughter, or leave her; but don't be constantly teasing her. That was Mrs. Moneybags' maxim. In this case, we don't mean to offer any opinion. Mother "Bags" might be right, or Jonathan might be right, or both might be right; all we have to do with is "facts."

Now, Jonathan had seen wedding preparations before, and though (what the Birmingham people call) not much more than "half sharp," he was wise enough to know them when he saw them again. Indeed, there is a reckless "fourteen poll-days'" sort of extravagance about matrimonial arrangements;—twenty yards of this, forty yards of that, fifty yards of t'other—unlike the usual yard-and-three-quarters' caution of the sex, in ordinary, every-day transactions. One would think they were fitting out the bride for a long race—four times round the world, and a distance—they get so much of everything. Jonathan was rather puzzled; for knowing he had not sent his foreman to make any proposition, or even to *sound* them on the subject, he could not devise how they could possibly so far anticipate his offer as to be making preparations for carrying it out. He might, perhaps, have thought it rather indelicate; and doubted whether a girl who was so ready to jump at a man, would make a steady wife or not; but in these sort of sudden surprises a man does not take all the bearings at a glance, and the appearance of things fitting the train of mind in which he had arrived, Jonathan thought the anticipated offer must have been understood, and therefore he might jump on to the next step on the other side of it. Accordingly, the impassioned hatter bounded to the side of his dear, and seizing the fair hand containing the pencil, carried it to his lips with such force and fervour, as to send the pointed pencil up his nose! A violent fit of sneezing ensued, which gave the ladies a chance of jumping at their conclusions also.

Now, we believe if there is one thing that a high-spirited, connubially-inclined woman, hates more than another, it is a "slow coach," and Amelia Moneybags had certainly had her troubles with her hatter. Whether what she had done had been all on the square or not, is immaterial—a girl is not to be kept hanging on the tenter-hooks of suspense, like a pair of old trowsers on a slop-shop peg; and having had the chance of "throwing Jonathan over," as it is classically called, she had not been able to resist the temptation any more than she now could the satisfaction of making an exhibition of him, now that he bowed submissively to her yoke. Accordingly, she let him sneeze and splutter all over her fair hand, and very fair and white it was, with the most elegant little taper fingers, and delicately formed nails, and then blurt out something about love, and putting his private mark upon her, just as if she were a consignment of hats, and how eternally he was obliged to her for anticipating his "invoice," and how sincerely he hoped the nap of their happiness might never be ruffled. To be sure, it was rather too bad, considering all the people

that were present; but women don't always know when they've had enough of a thing, and having suffered rather severely in the victualling department from the effect of Jonathan's over-cautious procrastination, they thought they might as well bite him pretty smartly at parting. However, there's an end of all things—offers included; and having let Jonathan run himself out of wind, (no difficult matter for a pursy, free-living hatter,) Mrs. Moneybags most maliciously beckoned him into the next room, and introduced him to a little podgy, porcupine-headed, harvest-moon-faced man, squatted in an arm-chair, sucking the contents of the "Morning Advertiser"—introduced him, we say, as her son-in-law elect. Nay, more; she closed the door, and left them together, like the two Kilkenny cats, to eat each other up at their leisure.

Jonathan stared like one possessed; at last a sudden recollection came to his assistance. It was Belasco Brown, the builder, whom he had often seen on the box of Bromley Bob's "pair 'oss coach," going up as he was coming down; and whom Bob, with the loquacity of the brotherhood, had frequently jerked his elbow at, and pointed out as "the gemman wot was a courtin' of a girl down at Chiselhurst," and poor deluded Jonathan had even felt a sort of interest in the buffer, on the "fellow-feeling making us wondrous kind" principle. Poor deluded Jonathan, we say! He never laid "that" and "that" together so quick before; but having spliced the ideas he very soon determined what to do. And reader, what do you think it was? Stick Belasco in the gizzard? Stuff the paper down his throat? Slugs in a saw-pit? Pistols and coffee for two? Oh, no! That he'd go home and cry! Magnanimous Jonathan! One withering glance he cast at little bacon-faced Belasco, and then bolted towards the door; but, oh, perfidious woman-kind, Mrs. Moneybags had locked it! And worse still, Amelia was on her knees outside, looking through the key-hole! *Whisk* Jonathan flew round the little room like an exasperated lion in his den, and the day being hot, and the window up, out he went like a shot, leaving his hat behind him.

Well, but we fancy we hear some supercilious, lip-curling reader exclaim, "Where's the point of your story? What's all this to do with fortune-hunting? A hatter leaving his tile behind him is nothing extraordinary; if *he* couldn't afford it, we wonder who could!"

Reader, we didn't promise you any "*point*," but it *has* one notwithstanding; though, but for your timely inquiry, we believe we should have forgotten to give it. This is it; and when you've read it, we shall be particularly obliged if you will accommodate us with a laugh.

Jonathan rushed down the avenue, and fastened to the gate-post stood that identical black pony that he had seen on his first visit. The butcher was there, too; and seeing Jonathan's hurry, concluded he was after the nag, and greeted him with, "*Well, sir, d'you mean to have her now?*" Please laugh!

But, Lord bless us! here have we been keeping Mr. Stockdale's coach, and Ensign-Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, waiting at the door of the Red Lion at Bromley, while we have been running up to shew the reader the scene of Jonathan Felt's misfortunes at Chiselhurst. A tale within a tale, like a child's nest of boxes, or one of our friend B——'s stories, parenthesis within parenthesis.

"All right behind!" "Sit tight!" and away we go.

The golden laburnum flowers had set the Ensign-Captain into the speculative train of mind that the sight of the kicking pony set Jonathan Felt, while the approximation of our hero to Chiselhurst set us off into that long piece of riot of a story from which we have just returned, stern downwards, and all in the skulks. *For shame* "Rambler," for *shame;* where have you been? To him!—get to him! Now we are on the scent again.

As evening's cool came on, the Ensign-Captain wrapped his "martial cloak around him," and disdaining all encouragement to the loquacious Jehu Stockdale, he gave himself up to delicious dreams of blissful and instantaneous wealth; not that he was angry or snappish with Stockdale, but he preferred the joyous musings and ruminations of his own mind—the ready structure of ethereal castles, to the usual routine of road slang, at the expense of sherry and soda water, or "cold without." Now for London! Ride, sir—ride! London—dear delightful London! Noble, independent place! How joyous is every avenue of approach to your overgrown monstrosity—how the tide of population begins to swell, and roll, and ebb, and flow, as, entering on your water-besprinkled road, the rush of her outpourings meet the arriver.

Arrived at the then coach-crowded, but, alas! now deserted hostelry, the "Belle Sauvage," on Ludgate Hill, the Ensign-Captain took a light coffee-room supper, and repaired to early rest in one of its yard-encircling corridors. A barrack is not the quietest place in the world, least of all, we believe, that from which our hero had come; but barracks were like the stillness of the tomb compared to the noise and racket of an old town-coaching inn. Blessed bug-biting old places! it was quite a misnomer talking about a "night's rest" at one of them. A night's "scratch" would be more like the thing. Not that we mean to insinuate that the "Belle Sauvage" has anything of that sort. However, the Ensign-Captain didn't care a copper for all the horns and horses' hoofs that sounded from daybreak in the busy space below; no, nor for all the knocks and inquiries of boots as to whether he was the "gemman" for the Ipswich heavy or the Falmouth light, or if he wasn't "goin'" to Edinbro', or hadn't booked a place throughout for Bath. He didn't even d—n him; but at the delivery of each negative, turned in his little cot, and hugged himself with the idea of lofty four-post beds, with damask hangings, marble wash-hand stands, with China jugs, and Windsor, or Castile soap,—we even believe the luxurious dog thought of a swing mirror, but this we trust was for the *Missis*.

* * * * *

As St. Paul's deep-toned clock struck the hour of nine, the Ensign-Captain was contemplating his person in the large plate glass windows of the noble shops on Ludgate Hill; and ere the last thrill had spent itself on the morning air, the gallant youth was at the archway leading to Doctors' Commons. And here let us exhort all "nice young men" to emulate the Captain's earliness. It is a good thing, especially at Doctors' Commons, where the clerks look upon nice young men as "interlopers" interfering with their friends, the "six and eightpence worths," and would rather throw them over than assist them. The novice's awkwardness bothers them when they're busy, whereas a little polite palaver will even gain assistance in the morning.

Och, by the powers! Ensign-Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington knew this, and it would ill become a genuine descendant of one of the rale ould kings of Ireland to be wanting in politeness. Accordingly, having threaded his way down Dean's-court, across Great Carter-lane, and down Bell Yard, until "PREROGATIVE WILL-OFFICE" nearly stared him out of countenance above a door in Great Knight Rider-street, he addressed himself in the blandest manner to a young gentleman, in a green cut-away coat and arm-sleeves, intimating his behest, and in a very short space of time, a volume of wills was laid upon the desk, with the very one he wanted copied the last upon its parchment pages. It was just proved, and scarce a thumb-mark soiled its whitened fairness.

How the Ensign-Captain's heart beat as he recognised the now well-known name of Simon Gullington! Thus he read:—

"This is the last will and testament of me, Simon Gullington, of Camelford, in the county of Cornwall, Esquire, one of his majesty's justices of the peace, and a deputy-lieutenant of the said county."

"What a respectable jontleman!" exclaimed the Ensign-Captain when he had got so far.

Then he proceeded, and read all about Simon's sound and disposing mind, but raythor weak body, and the magnificent bequest of two thousand a-year to his dear wife Rebecca.

"Och, by the powers! but that'll cut a hole in the fortune, I fear!" exclaimed our hero as he read it, and all about his real and personal estate, and tin mines, with cross-remainders, which the Ensign-Captain looked upon as a sort of testamentary handicap to bring all the daughters to equal weights. Then when he came to the codicil, and found the old girl had cut her stick, how delighted he was. He almost shouted with joy at the discovery; and he thought he could never sufficiently commend Simon Gullington's prudence in leaving his housekeeper five hundred a-year instead of marrying her and very likely giving her two thousand. Och, by the powers! it was almost too much for him! Sure, he'd been a most respectable ould jontleman, fit to associate with a rale descendant of the ould kings of Ireland. What a monument he'd put up to his memory! Then his consideration for his servants. Och, it was beautiful! Butler, footman, groom, coachman, gardener, and keeper—what English "keepers," Irish "sportsmen" call. What would Barber Beaumont, or Mr. Morgan, the actuary, estimate the ould jontleman's means at? Surely not less than six thousand a-year! Call it *four*, for safety—one a-piece for the daughters. Tin mines too—a money *pit*, in fact! The devil take the cross-remainders! He didn't care for them. Most likely that most respectable footman was the very jontleman in enjoyment of his departed father-in-law's benevolence. And maybe, that was the very same butler too. Bless his cheerful countenance! He looked like a decanter-carrier—nice nate fellow. "Sherry or Madeira, sir?" "*Champagne*, if you please!"

Never had Ensign-Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington made so satisfactory a search before. The will carried monetary conclusions so strong on the face of it, that he hadn't recourse to his thumb-nails or letter-backs to carry away any of the lumps of information it contained—a practice familiar to all searchers, and adopted for the purpose of defrauding the clerks of their copy-money. The two thou-

sand a-year to his dear wife Rebecca, the subsequent liberal provision for his housekeeper, with the introduction of such a variety of servants, and the mention of real and personal estate, and tin mines together, with the powdered footman and fat butler at Tunbridge Wells, all formed so delightful a realization in the Ensign-Captain's brain of money pots without end, that he strode out of Doctors' Commons, and walked down Ludgate Hill a perfect exemplification of happiness. Och, by the powers! but he was happy—he was joyous! By the great gun of Athlone, what a chance it was! Make himself and three friends, and no chance of cross-remainders! Twice four's eight—what a party they'd have. Who should they be? Let's see. There was dear old Lieutenant O'Keefe, thirty years in the service, with divil a rap but his pay and a Waterloo medal; sure he should be one. Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe.—Dear old broth of a boy! Wouldn't he make a man of him. And jolly Barney Brallaghan!

> "Don't say nay, canny Judy Flannaghan,
> Only say, that you love Barney Brallaghan;"

and little Billy O'Leary. Och! sure, Billy O'Leary should be served—merry little Billy O'Leary, and Arthur O'Brady, and Harry O'Grady. Och, by the powers! but he'd got over many. Never mind, they should draw lots, and the fortunate holder should give the loser a thousand pounds—say a thousand—or a share in a tin mine—both perhaps.

Well, the upshot of it was, that returning to Chatham by one of those amphibious amalgamations of English coaches and French diligences—a double-bodied vehicle with fat and heavy horses, which travelled at a most uncomfortable pace for a man in our hero's hurried state of mind—he singled out three meritorious brother officers, all of the Emerald Isle (God bless 'em!), to whom he appropriated the three peony-faced Miss Gullingtons. "*Quick*" being the word, they soon had their best traps packed up, and sunset that day saw them entering Tunbridge Wells in a yellow barouche with four piping posters. No time was lost, and they were marching in double file upon the common by eleven o'clock the next morning. Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington arm-in-arm with Miss Serephina, Lieutenant (now Major) O'Keefe and Miss Susannah, Barney Brallaghan and Miss Henrietta, and Billy O'Leary with Miss Louisa. Sure the girls thought a miracle had been wrought in their favour. Sweethearts a-piece all in a shower.

> "News, girls, news? I've got great news to tell—
> A wagon-load of sweethearts are come to town to sell."

But our dear fair friends, whose ideas in these matters travel much quicker than our pen can do, will have jumped to the conclusion, that a quadripartite alliance, as Lord Ashburton would say, took place, and our dear male pupils we well know will be anxious to hear how the tin mines turned out. Well, the devil and all be in it, if those tin mines weren't the ruin of the whole thing!

Old Simon Gullington—*Gull*ington he was well called, for he was as big a flat as ever was foaled—not content with the manor or lordship or reputed manor or lordship of "Wingaway Tower," in the

said county of Cornwall, and the noble well-timbered estate of "Light-come-light-go," near Norton Fitzwarren, in the county of Somerset, with the perpetual advowson of "Tie-him-up-tight," in the county of York, bringing him in a clear net rental of six thousand a-year, must needs try his luck in a tin mine. Now, anybody who knows anything about mines, gold mines, lead mines, tin mines, coal mines, or any sort of mines, knows that, of all ravenous, consuming, insatiable maws, there is nothing to equal the appetite of a mine. The mint itself would hardly appease the cravings of a bad one. Old Gullington's was the *worst* of the *bad*. It would make our arms ache to copy the outlay and expense he was at. The boring and sinking the steam-engines, with their enormous piston-rods and cylinders, the pumps, the boilers, and balance-bobs, the steam-whims, and stamping-engines, with the sumpmens and changing-houses, smiths' and carpenters' shops, counting-store, captains, engineers, sampling, casting, tin-dressers, assay-offices, powder-magazines, covered sawpits, smith's shop, with convenience for fifty forges, twenty large machine-turning lathes, and cottages for fifteen hundred workmen, all built on the "grand Gullington consol and aggrandizement mines" as he called them. Suffice it to say, that the manor or lordships, or reputed manors or lordships of "Wingaway Tower," with the noble estate of "Light-come-light-go," and the perpetual advowson of "Tie-him-up-tight," were soon thrust underground, and that between the time of making his will and providing for his said dear wife Rebecca, he had got rid of five-sixths of his property; and his sound and disposing mind being seriously affected by the unfortunate turn his affairs had taken, it followed the example of his *ray*ther declining body, and Simon Gullington soon followed his money underground.

The executors, as usual, walked in, and finding the affairs in a glorious state of confusion, washed their hands of them with all convenient speed, by selling the whole affair, stones and all, consisting of huge quantities of iron, boiler, and kibble plates, hilts, leather, tallow, grease, old copper, and lead, old brass, 20,000 fathoms of wood and iron, tramroads, debenture, and other timber, coals, rope, stuffing-boxes, and glands, and the Lord knows what! which, after deducting the funeral, testamentary, and executors' expenses, left about a thousand a-year, five hundred of which was bespoke for the housekeeper, and a dirty five hundred was all that was left for the four Miss Gullingtons and their four devoted husbands!

Note.

Scene—The author pacing up and down his den rubbing his hands with glee at having finished the article, and considering how he shall spend the 100*l.* he's to have for writing it.

Enter Printer's Devil. Please, sir, Mr. Ainsworth says he doesn't think the story all square, because the ladies were living in a fine house, with werandahs and a butler, and powdered Johnny, and he doesn't think it could be done for the money.

Author. My compliments to Mr. Ainsworth, and tell him the ladies were living in the back of the house, and the servants belonged to the lodger in front—and here, tell Mr. Ainsworth the reason the old boy didn't marry his housekeeper was, that he found his affairs were raythor declining, and he thought it was time to be prudent.

Printer's Devil. (*aside*) Oh, *my!* that's just why he should, and then he'd have got her for nothing.

THE THREE INDIANS.

*(From the German of Nicolaus Lenau.)**

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Now in storm great Heav'n its anger speaks,
Now to shivers giant trees it breaks,
  Niagára's† voice its thunders drown.
Scourges bright of flame—its lightnings flash,—
Scourges, that the foaming waters lash,
  Till, with swelling rage, they hurry down.

Yonder Indians, standing on the shore,
Watch the billows as they wildly roar,—
  Listen to the wood's dull dying noise.
One is aged, and his hair is white,
Yet, above his years, he stands upright;‡
  Those two others are his gallant boys.

On his sons now looks the aged sire;
Darker than the clouds that glance of ire,
  Though the sky they blacken as they roll.
And his eyes, a wilder lightning dart
Than the storm, where cloudy masses part.
  Thus he speaks from his indignant soul:—

"Curse the Whites—each vestige of their name!
Curse the waves, on which the traitors came;
  When, like beggars, first our land they sought!
Gales that urged their ships, I curse ye all!
On the rocks a thousand curses fall,
  That they did not shatter them to nought.

"Hither now their vessels daily come,
Ev'ry one strikes wounds into our home,
  Poison'd arrows, o'er the sea they fly.
By the robber-troop of all bereft—
No, not all; our deadly hate is left—
  Haste, my children—haste, and let us die."

Thus he speaks; and now their boat they free
From its fast'nings to the willow-tree;
  Now they press upon the current strong.
Now resign'd, their oars afar they cast;
Father, sons—lock'd in embraces fast—
  All begin to sing their dying song.

Loud and lasting is the thunder's crash—
O'er the boat of death the lightnings flash—
  Sea-mews wild, with joy, around are whirl'd;
But no terrors can these men appal,
Singing still they shoot into the Fall—
  Down the cataract they now are hurl'd!

* Those who know anything of modern German poetry, need not be informed that this is only an assumed name of Count Strehlenau, one of the greatest lyrical writers of the day.—J. O.

† Lenau pronounces the word "Niagára" with the penultimate long; and as this is the more pleasing pronunciation, and moreover, that actually in use among the Indians, I have adopted it, though perfectly aware that the English usually lay the accent on the second syllable.—J. O.

‡ Almost literal: "Aufrecht überragend seine Jahre."—J. O.

THE TREASURE-FINDERS.

BY R. B. PITMAN.

PART I.

It is a well known fact that for many years subsequent to the disastrous epoch of the French revolution, treasure of different kinds, both in money and jewels, was from time to time found buried in the earth in various parts of the country. The nobles and other persons of distinction who adhered by habit and principle to the fallen fortunes of the Bourbons, were glad to escape with their lives from the convulsions that shook France to its centre. To protect their property in such a state of things was of course impossible, and they were too happy if they could avoid by instant flight the premature and violent deaths of many of their friends. Hence it followed, as a matter of necessity, that they were compelled to hide away their effects by any method that most readily presented itself: to bury it seems to have been the means usually adopted. Numbers of these unfortunate persons died in foreign exile, as much from privation as from broken hearts ; some after a lapse of years returned to their native country, but only to find the home of their ancestors despoiled, or perhaps in ruins, their hidden treasure withdrawn from its concealment by some lucky discoverer, and the remnant of their family scattered and dead, or else (oh, most hard of all to bear!) joined to the ranks of the usurper. In some very few cases the real owners of the property succeeded at length in recovering it, but these instances were of such rare occurrence as to be merely the exceptions to a rule which the sad events of that period too well established. The following incident, as connected with these facts, is authenticated in the district where it happened, and still lives in the remembrance of many of the inhabitants.

About the year 1818, three men of the small town of Lamballe, in the department of Ile et Vilaine, had occasion to travel on matters relating to their business to Le Faouet, in the department of Morbihan, Lower Brittany. The journey was a long one and the road in many places wild enough, more especially as they neared the forests with which that territory abounds; but this did not prevent them from undertaking it on foot, with the assistance of now and then a cast in some wagon or cart that might happen to be passing. They were by no means well supplied with funds, but with bread, onions, and cider, and a pipe in their mouths (that never-failing resource of a Frenchman), they considered themselves tolerably provided for.

A light heart and a contented spirit are after all the best auxiliaries, and these two out of our three travellers eminently possessed: the third wore a more clouded expression of brow, seeming indifferent to the careless chat and noisy laugh of his companions, and yet from his years he should have been the liveliest of the trio, for youth's soft down was still upon his cheek—in fact he could not have numbered more than nineteen or twenty years; but although the age of Pierre Arnaut was the period of the "sunshine of the heart," yet there appeared to be a weight upon that of the young man which neither the excitement of exercise nor the cheerful society of his uncle Jacques and his comrade

Jean Dupas, had power to lighten. Left an orphan in early childhood, Pierre had been brought up entirely by his uncle, for whom he consequently felt the affection of a son, and had by him been taught his own trade, that of a watchmaker. Dependent as he was upon his relative for support, until by industry he should be enabled to set up in business for himself, he had yet had the imprudence to form an attachment to a young woman of his native town, the daughter of an opulent farmer, who fully returned his passion; but the father refused his consent to a match where the bridegroom would have nothing to bring to the common stock but an unblemished character and a warm affection for Louise. The elder Arnaut, whose own means were small, was not desirous that his nephew should establish himself in life before he had some more certain prospects of subsistence; but, however, he remembered the time when he himself was young, and could scarcely blame an imprudence which his own warm temperament would have rendered him very likely to fall into under similar circumstances. Besides, Louise Garnier was handsome, and though but eighteen, was accounted the best spinner and dairy-woman for miles round, and had acquired habits of steadiness and good management far beyond her years, in consequence of long superintendence of a large family of young brothers and sisters, having lost her mother during childhood.

An engagement between the young people was secretly formed, which had already existed above twelvemonths, but without, as it appeared, much likelihood of its terminating according to their wishes. The father of Louise, a careful, prudent man, and fond of money, continued inexorable; and Pierre Arnaut worked on, feeding upon love and expectation, though gradually the "sickness of hope deferred" began to rob his cheek of its ruddy hue, and his spirits of their elasticity.

Things were in this state, when the elder Arnaut received a letter from a friend at Le Faouet, informing him that he had entered into a contract for a supply of watches, among other articles, for exportation to the colonies; and knowing his old acquaintance to be skilful in his calling, he thought it would be doing him a good turn to give him the offer of making some, desiring him at the same time, if the proposition was likely to suit, to repair to Le Faouet, in order to make final arrangements, and to bring with him a few specimens of his craft. Arnaut not being, as we have said, particularly well to do in the world, and considering that if this employment should prove lucrative, he would have it in his power to assist his nephew, lost no time in making preparations for his journey, taking Pierre with him, and leaving his little shop in charge of his wife. It happened that a neighbour, Jean Dupas, had also occasion to travel into Morbihan; and thus the three, profiting by the opportunity of each other's society on the road, departed in company.

Several days passed without anything material occurring. They went principally on foot for the sake of economy, the two elder beguiling the way by conversation, and occasionally rallying their young companion on his melancholy. They had arrived within six leagues of their destination, and were passing the outskirts of a forest, when Dupas, to whom the country was well known, proposed that they should proceed by a path cut in the wood, rather than continue the high road, as being a saving of more than half a league. To this the

others assented, and turning into the forest, followed their comrade's guidance. After walking some time, they resolved to sit down and partake of their frugal repast upon the trunks of some felled trees, which offered a tolerable convenience for the purpose. Near to this place the path they were in was crossed by another; and at the junction of the two, according to the custom of Catholic nations, a wooden crucifix had been in times past erected; but, from the effects of time and the weather, the wood had decayed, and the crucifix, broken off at its pedestal, was lying on the ground. Our travellers, though not possessing any extraordinary share of religious fervour, had yet the usual Roman-catholic reverence for the Cross, to which they felt they should be shewing an heretical disrespect by leaving it in its present prostrate condition. As soon, therefore, as their simple meal was concluded, they set to work to prop it on its original resting-place; this, however, was found to be impossible, on account of the decayed state of the pedestal, which gave way when the slightest weight was placed upon it. Unwilling to relinquish their laudable object, they consulted how they might best restore this, the great emblem of their faith, to its proper position. They at last bethought them of digging a hole close by the side of the pedestal, so as firmly to insert the lower part of the cross in the ground: they had, of course, no tools adapted to such a purpose, but ingenuity effects wonders; after a little search, they found some pieces of slate (of which there were quarries in the neighbourhood), and these were sufficiently sharp to cut into the earth, and scoop it out without much difficulty. They had continued their employment for some minutes when Pierre, who, from his youth and strength was making greater efforts than his friends, struck his slate against some hard substance. Imagining it to be a stone, he was about to endeavour to remove it with his hand; but the elder Arnaut, whose natural sagacity had been quickened by the experience of a long life, stopped him with the remark that he thought the substance, whatever it was, emitted a strange hollow sound. As he spoke, Jacques again struck it a harder blow, and then they all became aware that an unusual noise proceeded from it. Urged by curiosity, the travellers hastened to loosen the earth in which it was imbedded, and to raise it from the hole; but the weight was so great, they were several times obliged to pause in their exertions in order to recover breath.

They at length succeeded in lifting up and exposing to the light of day a wooden case, having the appearance of a small writing-desk, but black with dirt and time, and of an excessive weight. With many exclamations of wonder, the men hastily endeavoured to open it, and the hinges were so decayed, that by using a pocket-knife as a lever, they were after a few efforts enabled to raise the lid. If their surprise at finding the box was great, it was redoubled at sight of the contents. Many thousand francs, with several louis, and some articles of jewellery, presented themselves to the delighted gaze of the finders. The case had evidently been packed in haste, for some of the jewels were carelessly wrapped in paper, which now dropped into pieces from decay, and others, apparently equally valuable, were not enveloped at all.

A considerable time was spent in admiring the treasure contained in the casket, and in congratulating themselves and each other on the fortunate discovery they had made; they then proceeded to count

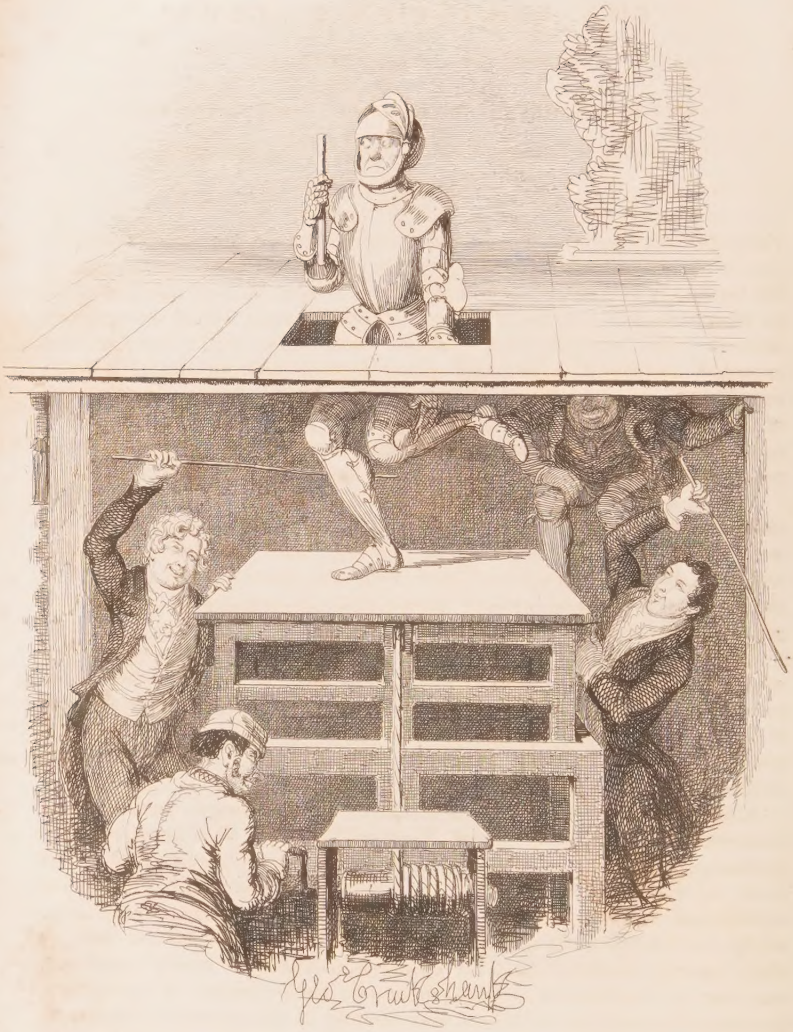
their newly-acquired riches, and found they amounted to a sum exceeding ten thousand francs, exclusive of the jewellery. It was agreed among the men to divide their booty into three equal shares as soon as they should arrive at their destination, and to keep secret from everybody the piece of luck that had befallen them; for however good Catholics they might have shewn themselves as regarded the arrangement of the crucifix, they yet had not sufficient of the vital spirit of religion to follow the requisition of their church in distributing the money thus found among the poor.

They presently continued their journey, taking it by turns to carry the box. Evening, however, surprised them before they had accomplished the distance they intended, in consequence of the long delay in the forest, and they were yet far from Le Faouet. There was a village of some importance within a league of the place where they were; but after a short consultation, it was agreed to take possession for the night of an old decayed cowhouse, or shed, that stood in a corner of a field by the road-side, rather than seek for quarters in the village; for like all persons conscious of having a secret to conceal, they dreaded lest the eye of curiosity should pierce their mystery, even though a little precaution would make such discovery extremely unlikely. The travellers possessed the materials for striking a light for their lantern; and on examining the hut, it was found to be sufficiently commodious for affording a night's lodging to men whom previous habits had rendered indifferent to luxurious accommodation. But their wallet of provisions was empty, and how to obtain a supply for supper became the next question. It was finally determined to draw lots, for one of the party to go to the village before mentioned to purchase the necessary articles for a repast more substantial than usual, by way of celebrating their good fortune. The lot fell upon Jean Dupas, who, taking with him the requisite sum, commenced his walk at a round pace.

RUSLAND CHAPEL, VALE OF RUSLAND.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THERE is a little chapel on a hill,
The mountain breezes sing around the shrine,
The wild wind sweeps the narrow aisle at will,
Through latticed panes at will the sunbeams shine.
No shrouding curtain sheds a solemn gloom—
No glowing pane is rich with varied dyes;
O'er noble rest is rear'd no marble tomb,
Where dust with kindred dust in slumber lies.
Oh, little wayside chapel! rude and lone
Thou art; yet made most glorious by the might
Of faith! whose power can raise the meanest stone
Into an altar of celestial light,
Making this humble chapel on the hill
A temple God himself will not disdain to fill.



"Alas, poor Ghost!"

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, 1, ADELAIDE-STREET. 1843.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION ON STEEL, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.*

Stukely. "I'll make a widow of you."—THE GAMESTER.

XXVIII.

ELLISTON may now be considered to have attained that culmination of public favour, which the configuration of the stars had predicted, at his birth. The year 1809 had advanced *Napoleon* and the Comedian to the ascendant of their glory. *Wagram* and Drury were interwoven! The forms of the two actors stood out in bold relief from the crowded canvass of events, and either felt he had no longer a rival, except in the contemplation of each other. Destiny seemed enamoured of the parallel; wilder and more hazardous were their projects yet to come, but success had attained its zenith, and though more fiery in progress, the day was still wasting, and the moments numbered.

It may be well suspected by those whose tastes have led them to a close acquaintance with what is called "life," that Elliston, by nature well-favoured, skilled in the art of pleasing, with passions, which like wine, are termed "generous," and with the attraction of a sparkling notoriety, was open to some of those perils so inseparable from a state of polite community.

Under the gaudy guise of "*bonne fortune*," the Siren conceals her snaky tresses—youth, blood, imagination, vanity, and "money in the purse," are alike equally assailed, and when we recollect how vulnerable was our hero, (if he may be still permitted to retain the title,) collectively and severally in these particulars, it will be as little doubted what was the issue of the conflict.

Elliston, who was really fond of his wife, and when in her company preferred her to any other woman on earth, might have been startled, perhaps, at hearing he was not a good husband. Constantly in the habit of listening to his own praises, and never subject to direct reproaches, he amused his conscience with a convenient credulity, whilst he indulged his inclinations with the more substantial fare of their hearty gratification. That affection which he really possessed, was but an involuntary virtue, which he never dreamt of protecting by either fortitude or restraint, and so long as he cajoled himself that, when palled by the traffic of unrighteous pleasure, he returned to his own home with the chastened feeling of its intrinsic repose, and made confession of the same, he had shewn the best proof of domestic obligations, and given the best redemption of his conjugal pledge.

The ingenious Mr. Tom Jones has said, speaking of domestic infidelities, "How little does a wife suspect the small share which such an affair has with the heart!" but surely we need not trouble our readers with the refutation of so fatuous a sentiment. The offering of the

* It will be observed the present illustration has reference to the September Number of these papers.

heart is surely tainted by a dereliction of duty; and it is but the tenacity of nature a little outliving the corruption of the will.

The fact is, Elliston had now become a thorough man of pleasure. *Le jeu, le vin, et les femmes* either occupied him in turns, or not unfrequently made one common cause. His own vainglorious resolutions—the exhortations of his uncle and that memorable passage of Dr. Johnson, which his dying relative had put into his hands, and which, out of respect to both, our graceless subject had transcribed from Cambridge, to his wife, were all equally forgotten, were lost at play, were buried in the bowl, or more basely dishonoured in the blandishments of his mistresses. He had little reflection but what arose from the wretched chagrin of the hazard table; and to satiety alone was owing any temporary show of decorum.

It is not to be supposed that from the watchful alarms of a devoted wife, or from the quick apprehensions of an intelligent woman, these were things which could hope for any concealment. Mrs. Elliston felt them keenly, but met them wisely; she well knew if the strongest tie were broken, little could be expected from inferior restraint—strife and objurgation but gratify the passion of complaint, but make no point in the recuperation of the lost—her reproaches were only those she "could not spare him"—the depression at her heart, and the cloud of sadness which sat weightily on her brow.

The form of play* by which Elliston was chiefly infatuated was hazard, and this he would follow at any brief opportunity which his more ostensible engagements afforded him At no period of the day did it come amiss; and the pecuniary supplies which he had received under his uncle's will, added but fresh fuel to the element, rendering "abundance the means of want." But this pursuit, varied only by indulgences equally demoralizing, had no power yet over his constitutional energy, none to divest his mind from new schemes of professional speculation. The heated and protracted pastime of the previous night borrowed not a moment from his more creditable occupations of the morrow. Punctual at his appointments, in full possession of his subject, and directing the routine of business, his bodily constitution long sustained him in these multifarious draughts upon its resources, which if singly and well directed might have rendered him the brightest ornament of dramatic art, either operative, literary, or intellectual.

It was, alas! but a few years afterwards that his legal adviser had occasion to remark, "Elliston, you come to me fresh drunk at night and stale drunk in the morning, and expect me to talk with you on matters of business; depend upon it sobriety is as good a policy as honesty." But, as Mr. D'Israeli observes, "the errors of men are as instructive as their virtues," we may claim permission to proceed.

Amongst the number of Elliston's gambling associates was a gentleman of the medical profession, residing in the city. To this individual Elliston had lost, from time to time, considerable sums of money; and under strong suspicion of foul play in his adversary. But we would by no means extend any misjudged pity to him who is a prey to sharpers, for his fate is too frequently only that of a less skilful knave

* It has been curiously observed, by a biographer of Mossop, that, abstracted from the sin of gaming and the vices concomitant on the bottle, he was otherwise *a most respectable man!*

within the fangs of a greater; and although not the slightest imputation of unfairness was ever attached to the subject of these memoirs, yet he must be content to share no better sympathy in his distresses than that with which we are accustomed to regard the overthrow of black-legs themselves.

In spite of these occurrences, "frequent losses and no reverse," Elliston was still an *ami de maison* of his city acquaintance, who, whether bleeding his victims at home or his patients abroad, was equally turning all occupations to the same profitable account, and with just an equal respect to principle. The truth is, the general practitioner had an exceedingly pretty wife, who though scarcely meriting a milder fate than that which awaited her in such an union, was nevertheless the subject of the basest perfidy; for the husband having speedily squandered the "pretty little fortune" his own Caroline had brought by marriage, she was now either totally neglected or valued only as the convenient instrument to more extensive plunder. The lady, however, was not one of those weak-minded persons, who take these kind of matters greatly to heart, for, like a sensible woman, she far more valued the admiration of many than the affection of one; and as this precisely suited the sporting practitioner's "book," he was inclined to believe his matrimonial scrip might some day or other turn out no idle investment.

This lady was well calculated to engage the *blasé* imagination of the comedian, while he himself, ever ready with that sequacious sophistry by which principle is more insulted than by open defiance, looked on his amatory intercourse in this direction as an act of self-justice, and any dividend of the wife's favour, as a kind of set off to the husband's obligations; or perhaps boldly justified his own investment of the citadel, by the governor's abandonment of the fortifications.

An incident occurred in the course of this intimacy, ludicrous enough, if we could but divest it somewhat of its less impudicious nature, which we will only notice *en passant*. Elliston, on one of these "wine and walnut re-unions," had proposed to this lady an excursion to the delightful town of Sevenoaks, and as her husband was not to be admitted into the secret, (for though assuredly he was one "not wanting what is stolen," yet in a court of law, like them all, he would doubtless appear "the most affectionate and attached of husbands,") the expedition was to be conducted by some dexterity on both sides.

The three days' absence of the medical gentleman at Doncaster, might have rendered the lady's escape safe enough, as far as he was concerned, but it was deemed expedient to take some precautions in respect of good-natured friends and casual acquaintances, with which most neighbourhoods swarm, who might perhaps conceive it a bounden duty to remove any blissful ignorance from before the eyes of a husband, and help him liberally to the tree of knowledge, and all the consequences of the fruit *degout*. It was therefore arranged that the lady should equip herself in a suit of mourning, assisted by the most positive of all female disguise—a widow's cap. Thus attired, she was to glide stealthily from home, when, at an appointed spot, the comedian was to receive her into a hackney coach, whence they were to proceed across the water, and subsequently start by post-chaise for the salubrious retreat of Sevenoaks.

"Expectata dies aderat."—The morning dawned; and the lady pre-

pared herself for the part she was called on to enact, with that self-possession of nerve, as almost to have induced belief the character were no longer fictitious. In perfect safety this "lone woman" traversed the street of her own abode, and, after threading sundry by-ways, arrived, within a few minutes, at the appointed corner, where the enterprising actor was in readiness to receive her.

Here they entered a hackney-coach, but taking unwisely the direction of Ludgate Hill, their progress was, for a considerable time, impeded by the multitude of vehicles which are always encountered on this spot. During this suspense, sundry persons, well-known to our exemplary wife and widow, passed and re-passed, whilst the lady's security was undoubtedly owing to the nature of her disguise, and her own imperturbability of manner.

Having traversed Blackfriars Bridge, this worthy couple reached the spot where the post-chaise was in waiting, and Elliston, with a grace and easy audacity which would have become *Ranger* himself, tendered his services to the transrhedation of his companion.

At this moment, a gawky lad, in a tawdry livery, laden with cheese, grocery, and other articles of household consumption, who had been loitering at a shop-window near the spot, now suddenly rushed forward, and casting himself before the widow, in the most grotesque posture of alarm, began to blubber out, in disjointed accents of distress, "Wooh! wooh! ha! ha!—wooh! ha! poor master! poor master! ha! ha! ha!"

The self-possession even of that lady who forms our present subject, was not proof against this abrupt outpouring of human agony; whilst Elliston looked on, for the moment, if not with equal confusion, at least with as much indecision of purpose. But the lad still kept up his generous grief in unabated roaring, and as the spot on which the scene occurred was sufficiently public, he soon brought about him a most ample auditory.

It turned out that the youth, who had some time since served in the capacity of doctor's boy, to the general practitioner in the city, had been discharged on suspicion of having stolen the fœtus of a hedgehog, preserved in spirits, and deposited till then in his master's laboratory; and being thus unexpectedly impressed with the untimely dissolution of his late employer, he had burst into those demonstrations of grief, which had now become positively a howl. Another gasp or two might have brought him a little to himself, but on wheeling round, and perceiving the commissariate wreck of tea, sugar, cheese, and pickles, scattered at his feet, the sluices of his agony were again forced, resembling far more the ululation of a bull-calf than the sympathetic tones of a heart-stricken page.

The nature of all this was soon apparent to one so deep in the equivoque of comedies as our hero. He immediately took up the clew thus thrown into his hands, and having rescued the widow from the sticky fingers of the hysteric lad, and deposited her within the yellow post-chaise, he led the youth, with true "Ellistonian" solemnity, apart from the crowd, and entering into a circumstantial account of the calenture which had so unexpectedly removed the object of his lamentations from the troubles of this world, and described with accuracy the vault in Allhallows Church, where his good master's remains were deposited, together with the couplet to be engraven on the monumental stone, he left him in lawful possession of half-a-guinea, to recal his

spirits and refit his stores; when stepping into the vehicle, with the same sublimity of mien in which he had conducted the previous business, the fugitives were once again on their adventurous way.

The lady was soon restored to that ineffable complacency, out of which, before this day, she had never been surprised, and having, with admirable dexterity, as she sat, relieved the sweet oval of her countenance from those vile weeds, and liberated her abundant tresses, black as the raven, (and, peradventure, as full of omen,) from which the glow of animation, and the gleam of triumph, "looked out and smiled," and having commuted the dense fall of Norwich crape, beneath which quick suspiration so long had laboured, for the light and fantastic thread of Brussels, our Bread Street "Berenice" shone out again in all her pristine loveliness. Matters being thus restored, Elliston and the apothecary's wife arrived at Bromley.

And now we beg to give up any further pursuit either of the parties or the narrative, of which we should, in all probability, have made not the slightest notice, but for the little episodical incident just recorded. Should we have wearied our readers with folly, we will at least not outrage them by vice, for historical justice is not to be vindicated by mere truth alone, which, under certain phases, may be as unseemly as falsehood itself; nor should we ever be content to purchase an *aventure exquise* at the expense of a moral lesson.

THE PAINTED TOMBS OF ANCIENT ETRURIA.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

They sought to banish sadness
From the mansions of their dead;
They pictured forms of gladness,
Sweet perfumes there they spread.

The crown a king had cherish'd,
In his hours of earthly pride,
Was there when he had perish'd,
And his sceptre by his side.

The gems that deck'd the beauty,
When her morn of love arose,
Still graced, as if in duty,
Her long and last repose.

The painted walls were glowing
With scenes of mirth and glee,
Where ruby wine was flowing,
And sounds of revelry.

Whatever spoke of pleasure
In most seductive tone,
Of active life, of treasure,
In the halls of death was shewn.

But vainly, O how vainly!
They sought to banish fear,
The spectre scenes tell plainly,
That with the feasts appear.

The gold, the jewels gleaming,
And the richly-scented air,
They did but give the seeming
Of a joy that was not there.

How beautiful soever
Their hope, their trust might be,
Except that death must sever,
They had no certainty.

O tomb! so plain, so lonely,
Hewn in the rock's hard side,
Through whose brief tenant only
Are the fears of death defied.

O blessed tomb! whose story
To the end of time shall last,
The halo of his glory,
That a Saviour o'er thee cast,

In brightness hath descended
On every Christian tomb,
And by its clear light ended
The terror and the gloom.

And we, by fear unshaken,
May lay us down in trust,
For *we know* that we shall waken
From our lowly bed of dust.

A VISIT TO MAGOG, AFTERWARDS HIERAPOLIS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The name of Magog has marked claims upon our interest. The giants whose effigies welcomed Philip and Mary on their public entry into London; who proclaimed from the portals of the Temple the pageant to Elizabeth; and who (or their wicker representatives,) were formerly attendant upon civic exhibitions—have been variously viewed as the figures of Celtic chieftains, or Pagan idols. It is certain that the ceremonious observances of the civic guilds and officials, more interesting from their antiquity and grotesqueness, than from their wisdom, have closer analogies with those of the northerns, and more immediately with those of Flanders, as is shewn in a curious work lately published,* than with those of southern nations, from which we have borrowed many things in our royal progresses. But Gog and Magog have an even more remote origin, belonging, as they do apparently, to the traditions and historical reminiscences of Gog, the land of Magog; of the rempart of Gog and Magog, the *sidd Yagug wa Magug* of the Orientals ; of the giant Og, king of Astaroth or Bashan; and lastly, of a city of Magog *par eminence.*

The ruins, or rather the fragments of the ancient city of Magog, lie on the most deserted portion of the Syrian wilderness, at a distance varying from ten to fifteen miles from the river Euphrates, and between that river and the city of Aleppo. They were visited, in the latter part of the last century, by the old English traveller, Maundrell; in March, 1836, by a party from H.M. steamer Euphrates, of which the author formed one; and since that, in June, 1838, by Viscount Pollington.

Our party was a pedestrian one, and Col. Chesney having given me the option to take whatever convalescents I thought the walk might be of advantage to, we started pretty strong in numbers, and well armed, from a point where the river was judged to approach nearest to the object of our excursion.

During a walk of at least ten miles, nothing occurred to break the monotony of the scene; the plain was at that season covered with green sward, enlivened by a few flowering plants, but there were no trees. The ground undulated at times, and presented us occasionally with grassy vales, in which we neither observed wild beasts, nor human beings, nor habitations; till coming upon a higher part of the upland, the remains of a great city burst upon us, in all the indistinctness of crumbling ruins, within an almost boundless extent of rampart. All the old authorities, who have written upon this once-celebrated site, have agreed in asserting its magnitude. Ammianus calls it a most capacious city, and Procopius designates it as the chief and most noble city in that quarter of the world.

As we approached, a few Arabs made their appearance, as if they had sprung from the rubbish, and they kept increasing in numbers during the whole time of our stay. In order to avoid delay, duties were quickly divided. Col. Chesney began taking measurements;

* Lord Mayor's Pageants, &c. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq. 8vo. Printed for the Percy Society.

Col. Estcourt and Lieut. Fitzjames got out their sketch-books; Lieut. Murphy and myself took bearings; while some of the artillerymen, who accompanied us, kept the Arabs in countenance, and soon lulled the savage suspicions which at first were too clearly expressed in their looks, and got into friendly understanding with them. It appeared that they called the place Bambuch, which was also the name given to Visct. Pollington; and they also told us that four hours off, on the banks of the river, there were ruins of another town, called Kara Bambuch, "the black Bambuch," which was the port and ferry of Bambuch Proper. It is well known that the ancients (Strabo, xvi. 515, Pliny, v. 23) called this city also Bambyce. Pliny says, "*Bambycen quæ alio nomine Hierapolis vocatur, Syris vers Magog.*"

The walls, which are clearly traceable for several miles in circumference, and were defended at intervals by towers, of which a few are yet standing, although in a ruinous condition, first attracted our attention; but they were judged, on examination, not to belong to a very remote antiquity, and with, at the most, Roman or Byzantine foundations, to present in their towers and more perfect portions, evident proofs of a Saracenic renewal.

Within the great space, thus rampart enclosed, were many low but picturesque piles of ruin, with large hewn stones, and fragments of columns scattered about here and there, amid masses of brickwork of such extent and solidity, as clearly to indicate that they belonged to public edifices; indeed, this was otherwise proved by the fact, that in the intervals between these ruins of a better class of edifices, there were no traces of the ordinary dwellings of the inhabitants: in this point exhibiting a marked difference from the ruined cities of the early Christians in the same country, where the fragments of every house and tomb are clearly visible. Indeed, where the great cities of antiquity were afterwards occupied by Arabs, Persians, and Turks, without any Christian interpopulation between the Pagan and the Muhammedan era, the houses built of mud and stone have always disappeared, except in the case of such as have continued to be inhabited, leaving only the fragments of more ancient buildings: and such deserted cities constitute a kind of link between the solid mounds and towers, which attest an Assyrian or Babylonian ruin; the perfection met with in the deserted homes of many of the early Christian communities, and the mere mounds of rubbish and pottery, which indicate a Sassanian or Arabian site.

Among these various piles of ruin, scattered about in scornful irregularity, one particularly attracted the attention of our draughtsmen, as more curious than the rest, and as having much that approached to the Egyptian in character. There could be no doubt, even from a hasty survey, of its great antiquity. Every thing was massive and simple. The front was formed by a great oblong mass of masonry, composed of huge stones placed in careful and neat juxtaposition, but without cement, and from which a vestibule six or seven feet deep had apparently projected. The vestiges of a doorway also still remained, the overthrown lintel of which had been a massive and solid square, or parallelogram. From fallen masses, it also appeared that the upper pier of stones, in whole or in part, had projected beyond the remainder, and had been chiselled into an ample and beautiful architrave, but it was naturally impossible to say whether or not the entablature had

borne a pediment. This portal could be traced, chiefly by the foundations and overthrown walls, to have led into small chambers or cells, and dark sanctuaries of the same massive and simple character; and from what I have since seen at Persepolis, I have little doubt that these were the remains of the great temple, which for ages sanctified the city, and to which that strange form of worship belonged, so renowned in Holy Writ, of a monstrous goddess, half-female, half-fish, and well described by Pliny as "*prodigiosa Atergatis.*"

The principle of fecundity, as represented by the sun, moon, and stars—by fire, by animals, by the sunbuleh, or ear of corn, and other less refined emblems—always formed the great object of adoration among the early nations of the East. The varieties which the same general form of worship, as in the case of Atergatis, presented, are far too numerous to detail; and as each variety of the same original form merged into a different branch of the Greek and Roman mythology, so the unravelling such connexions is quite unnecessary. It is sufficient to state that Atergatis was also the Astarte of the Phœnicians and Syrians, the Astoreth and Succoth of the Hebrews, the Dercete of the Greeks, and was admitted into the classic Pantheism by various writers—as Venus, Juno, Diana, Urania, and Luna—from circumstances which would all admit of easy explanation.

Astarte is placed by Milton among the fallen angels:—

> ——————— "with these in troop
> Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
> Astarte, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns,
> To whose bright image, nightly by the moon,
> Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

The crescent here noticed as the symbol of Astarte, and observed in coins struck at Ba'lbek, and which also formed the ornaments taken from the camels' necks of the conquered men of Succoth, has, it is well known, remained the symbol of Islamism.

Cicero relates that this piscine goddess was married to the beautiful Adonis, but we have more positive historical details of her nuptials with Ba'l, the god of Ba'lbek, and of the dissolute Elagabalus. Her image was for this purpose transported from Carthage to Rome (not forgetting the rich offerings of her temple), and the day of this mystic marriage and gross example of even a corrupt idolatry, was held as a general festival in the capital and throughout the empire. It would seem that Horace believed in the efficacy of this marriage, when he says—

> "Juno, et Deorum quisquis amicior
> Afris."

The representative of the god of Emesa, or Ba'lbek, was, on this occasion, the celebrated black stone described by most historians as quadrangular, but of irregular shape, and four feet high, but by Gibbon as a conical black stone. It is certainly represented in the latter form on an imperial medal struck at Emesa, in honour of Sulpitius Antoninus. There is every reason to believe, from the careful descriptions given by the ancients of the colour and appearance of this stone, that it was a *meteorite;* and this view of the subject is supported by the tradition attached to it at its original site in the temple of Cybele, in Phrygia, where it was said to have fallen from heaven, and which was also related of it again when at Emesa, no doubt to

attract the multitude to its shrine. This origin of the stone appears to have been the cause of its great sanctity. The history of this meteorite is also curious and somewhat obscure. It appears to have been removed, in solemn pomp, from Pessinus to Rome, in order to drive the Carthaginians out of Italy. It got thence, somehow, to Emesa, from whence it was removed to Rome by the emperor, who apparently took his name from the object of his adoration—for the stone was called El Gabel, or El Kábul, and it, or another like it, actually now sanctifies the Kába' or temple of Mecca.

The fane of Atergatis was celebrated for its opulence and its consecrated wealth, and afforded a liberal maintenance to more than three hundred priests. It is to be expected, that such riches tempted the cupidity of privileged plunderers, and Crassus is reported, on his ill-fated expedition against the Parthians, to have spent several days at Hierapolis, weighing out the sacred moneys of the goddess. The temple was, however, already a ruin in Julian's time, or one thousand four hundred and eighty years ago.

We looked in vain for the tank or reservoir which contained the sacred fish attached to the temple of Atergatis. We fancied we could distinguish traces of such, in front of the temple, but were not certain, and the Arabs could not assist us in our inquiries. Aelian, in his "History of Animals," relates of these fishes, that they went in a crowd, conducted by a leader, and that they blew and worshipped among themselves in a wonderful manner, as if inspired by the goddess; a phenomenon which, however, may be seen any day, practised by the tame fish in the gardens of Hampton Court or of the Tuilleries. The origin of this Syrian regard for fish, was evidently connected with the form in which Atergatis was worshipped, whether regarded as a mere symbol of fecundity, or as the mother of Semiramis, as Diodorus would have us believe. The reverence entertained by the Syrians for fish, is noticed by Xenophon, and it is a curious fact that it exists in the same country to the present day.* The mosque of Abraham, at Edessa, is in high esteem amongst all classes of Muhammedans. It is one of the most perfect, although small, model edifices of its kind throughout Asiatic Turkey. It is a square building, surmounted by three domes of equal size, and has a lofty menareh rising above a grove of cypresses. Close by, is a beautiful fountain and lake, whose banks are sheltered by verdant bushes which overhang its waters, and cause at once a refreshing fragrance and a welcome shade, all around. These waters flow onwards into a large marble reservoir, which embraces the whole length of the mosque; the waters are clear as the finest crystal, and thus protected, their surface is seldom ruffled by the slighest breeze, and this tranquil sheet of water, called by the Greeks Callirhoe, or the beautiful fountain, is crowded with thousands of sacred fish, which are daily fed by the hands of the pious, and of pilgrims who come to pay their devotions from afar.

There were several other ruins of some extent scattered about the precincts of the city, and among these were a series of low round arches apparently belonging to the Roman era, the object of which was not made out, but it was doubtful if they did not belong to an

* The sacred fish at the tomb of Daniel at Susa, have not yet been met with by travellers.

aqueduct. Nothing, however, remained to absorb attention so much as the vestiges of the temple of the Scythian goddess, and which appeared, by its massive strength and simplicity, to have been peculiarly adapted for a situation such as that in which the city of Magog stood, surrounded by an immense wilderness, presenting no character but monotony and extent, and where it was essential, in order to give to any structure an imposing character, or the stamp of magnificence, that it should be in harmony with the surrounding scenery. In such cases all small subdivisions would have appeared mean, and have hurt the results which would have flowed even more from such strength and simplicity, than from positive magnitude. The massy materials and dark chambers of such edifices, are also common to Egyptian, Persepolitan, and Indian architecture; but the tanks near the temples, with their enclosures of stone and steps for devotees, and the propyla and avenues of sphynxes met with in the two former, and represented by the pyramidal entrances of the Indian pagodas, if ever existing, have left no traces at the temple of Atergatis.

The origin of the city of Magog is involved in the obscurity of fable. Its temple is attributed by Lucian, of Samosat, (who is said to have been born here,) to Deucalion, and as Deucalion was the son of Prometheus, or Magog,* the city would appear to have borne the name of the founder's father. Gog, the Prince of Meshech and Tubal, was admitted to be the progenitor of the Scythian race by all antiquity; and the incursions of the Scythians into Syria, were characterized by the foundation of the city of Magog, and also of that city east of the sea of Tiberias, which is variously called Astaroth, Bashan, Basan, and Bathsan, in the Holy Writ, but which was afterwards called, from its inhabitants, Scythopolis. Hence, from their approximation to Palestine, the fearful denunciations of Ezekiel, against their King Og, also mentioned in Deuteronomy, for they appear to have preserved such a name, as a title, as Ba'l, Keï, &c. were also used in the Oriental languages. The Scythians were, on account of their stature and strength, called giants. Thus their King Og is described as such, and the race were by the Arabs designated as Anak (giants), and by the Hebrews, Anakim. They were also called by the superstitious Greeks and Romans, Arimaspes, or one-eyed, from their closing one eye when using the bow. They are particularly described by Ezekiel, as using bows and arrows, and as clothed in all sorts of

* There exist many very strong grounds for establishing the identity of the oriental Magog with the Prometheus of the classic Pantheism. In the first place, both are made sons of Japhet, (Gen. x. 2,) "Japeti Genus," Hor. Secondly, the Scythian race descended from Magog, settled in Caucasus, (Goghasan of the Chaldeans, whence the Caucasus of the Greeks and Romans,) where Prometheus was in the poetic mythology chained to a rock. Thirdly, they were the first extractors and workers in metal, as recorded in Holy Writ; and Æschylus makes Prometheus declare so with his own mouth, but which is more commonly expressed by the fable of the demi-god stealing fire from Heaven. Fifthly, the name of Magog itself is expressive of the tearing and tormenting of the liver and mind, which was the punishment inflicted by Jupiter on Prometheus, (sad emblem of the anxieties which attend upon civilization.) The word is used in this sense in the Chaldaic and Hebrew versions of the Old Testament, (Psalm cvii. 26; and Ezek. xxi. 15,) and this meaning is preserved in the Greek version, although softened down in the English version, in the first case, to "their soul is melted because of trouble;" and in the second, "that their heart may faint." And lastly, by the very fact, that we find the classical tradition of the building of Magog attributing it to the son of Prometheus or of Magog.

armour. They had also bucklers and shields, and all of them handled swords. The word used for bucklers in the Chaldaic, signifies breast-plates, and the intelligent reader will not fail to perceive how closely these descriptions of the Scythians apply also to the London effigies of Gog and Magog, of high stature, clothed in all sorts of armour, "*Æs circa pectus*," with swords and shields, besides some ancient British weapons, probably since placed in their hands. It is also worthy of remark, that these figures do not wear helmets, whereas most of the warriors of antiquity wore such, except the Scythians, as may be seen without going any further, in the enumeration of the helmet-wearing troops in Ezekiel, and among whom the Scythians are not included.

The Scythian city of Magog was conquered, overrun, and its form of worship much altered, at the same time that its name was changed, by the successors of Alexander the Great, who, disdaining the worship of the luminary of night, introduced the worship of Ba'l, and gave to the town the proud name of Hierapolis—the city of the sun. From that time to the fall of the Roman empire, it continued to play an important part in the wars of the Macedonian succession, and of the republic of Rome, and of its emperors, against the Persians and Parthians. The visit of Julian to this city is described in an interesting manner by Gibbon, whose almost every sentence, here, and at Daphne, is, to one acquainted with the localities, and with the Byzantine and Oriental historians, an apt and happy quotation, from a different authority; but, accompanied by a more than usual under-current of partiality for the "philosophic" and apostate emperor. The fellow opponent of a then young Christianity, whom Julian had the pleasure of embracing at this place, is called "a philosopher and friend, whose religious firmness had withstood the pressing and repeated solicitations of Constantius and Gallus, as often as those princes lodged at his house, in their passage through Hierapolis," and his epistle from hence to the haughty Libanius is described as "displaying the facility of his genius, and his tender friendship for the sophist of Antioch."

The last of the Roman emperors, who for a time upheld the falling empire, and reached Hierapolis, driving the Turkish host before him, was Diogenes Romanus. This bold but unsuccessful warrior, whose feats and death are carelessly passed over by Gibbon, according to Knolles, the historian of the Turks, built a castle at this city, which he wished to make limitrophal to the rising power of the Seljukians, but the crescent was then in the ascendant, and the advance of the Moslems into the Holy Land, laid the foundation of the first crusade.

In recent times, Lord Pollington has thrown doubts upon the identity of the ruins of Bambuch, with those of Hierapolis. "I cannot help thinking," he says, "that unless there can be clear evidence to the contrary, we ought—admitting as certain, that Hierapolis was in the neighbourhood—rather place it at Yerabolus, the two names Hierapolis and Yerabolus being nearly identical."—(Journ. of R. G. S., vol. x. p. 453.) This clear evidence we can, however, easily produce. In the first place, Hierapolis was also called Bambyce, and these ruins preserve the latter name, slightly corrupted, to the present day; and, in the second place, Yerabolus is apparently a corruption of Europus, and not of Hierapolis. Europus, according to Ptolemy, came next to Zeugma (Birehjik) in descending the Euphrates, and was between it and Cecilia; which latter was, according to the Peutingerian tables, twenty-four Roman miles from Zeugma, and between Zeugma and

Hierapolis. There can, therefore, be little doubt of the positioning as ascertained by the Euphrates expedition, of Europus at Yerabolus, of Cecilia at Sarisat, and of Hierapolis at Bambuch.

A curious circumstance, illustrative at once of the distrust of the Arabs, and yet of a certain dislike to any unnecessary display of suspicion or of hostile feeling, occurred during our stay at Bambuch. The tenants of the wilderness, whose homes were nowhere apparent, but which could not be far off, continued, as I previously noticed, to drop in, in increasing numbers, during our exploration of the ruins. They did not come more than one or two at a time, and that at intervals, but I remarked, from a tower on which I was perched, that before they came to the city, they all visited a cemetery which was on the plain, a short distance without the walls, and where one of these swarthy wanderers remained, as if a sentinel. On leaving the ruins, I separated from the rest of the party, to visit these tombs, to the evident dissatisfaction of their guardian, and, to my surprise, found there the arms, guns, and spears, of the Arabs, piled up behind each separate mound, shewing that they had brought them with them, less in any way to offend us, than, in a country where every man's hand is against his neighbour, to resent any attempts which might be made on our parts to rob or to injure them.

It was our fate to remain a considerable time in this remarkable neighbourhood. While navigating the river, the steamer had the misfortune to go upon a bank, at a moment when the waters were falling very rapidly, so that all the efforts made by backing paddles, putting out hawsers, &c. to get her off, proved ineffectual, and we were ultimately detained till a fortunate rise in the waters floated us off. This misfortune occurred at a spot a little above, where a woodless range of hills, about six hundred feet in height, crossed the country from west to east, leaving the river to sweep through them, by a narrow pass; at the entrance of which, and on the right bank, were the ruins of the port of Hierapolis, or the "Black Bambuch."

These ruins were more immediately situated in a rocky ravine, which gradually narrowed on the side of the mountain, but yawned with open mouth upon the river side. They were of a very fragmentary character, consisting chiefly of the remains of dwelling-houses, enclosed within a rude rampart, which crossed the rocky chasm at its mouth, climbing the broken outline of acclivities on both sides, and sweeping along the crest of the hills to meet again, and enclose the same chasm at its upper part. There were no remains which looked as if belonging to public edifices, or to buildings of any importance; but a peculiar character, was imparted to this ancient port and town, (which did not appear to have been inhabited since the Roman era,) not only by its situation, but also by tiers of caverns; some sepulchral, but most of them having apparently served for dwelling houses, and which were disposed on the steep face of the rock, where it crested the ruin-clad acclivities on both sides, but especially on the northern, were they were crowded into a lesser chasm, which branched off to the north.

There were no living beings in this now deserted town, although many of the caves would have formed admirable dwellings for the Arabs; but these strange people, tenacious of the customs of their ancestors, prefer the freedom of the tent, and never dwell in the ruins of cities, the neighbourhood of which they frequent, as at Palmyra, Atra, and Hierapolis, from the abundant vegetation which is always

found in the wadys or oases in which they were originally built. There is no ruin in the desert but there is water near it. This was a first condition of the existence of such. The early Christian ruins in the Syrian hills alone form an exception. The water in them was preserved in great tanks, hewn in the solid rock—but this would not do on the plains. If there were no human beings, there were, however, plenty of wild beasts; and jackals and foxes were so numerous, that, no matter at what time the ruins were visited, some were sure to be seen, with ears erect, and with a ludicrous expression of surprise, gazing from the entrance of the lofty caverns on those whom they evidently considered as intruders in their domain.

During our long detention in this district, I had many opportunities of visiting both banks of the river, as well as the ruins themselves. Nor was the country without many interesting features and plentiful subjects for contemplation. It was here that Belisarius, disdaining the timid counsels of the Roman generals, among whom was a nephew of Justinian, and who, affrighted at the attitude assumed by Chosroes, had shut themselves up within the walls of Hierapolis, pitched his tent "of coarsest linen," and received the Persian ambassadors. The plain between Hierapolis and the river was hunted by six thousand horsemen, who pursued their game, indifferent to the proximity of an enemy. Around the tent of the old general was a mingled host of Illyrians and Thracians, Heruli and Goths, and Moors and Vandals, while, on the opposite bank, the ambassadors could perceive a thousand Armenian horse ready to dispute the passage of the river. It required but a small stretch of imagination to fill up this motley scene on the now naked canvas of wilderness.

The ignorance which has hitherto prevailed regarding the existence of this port of Hierapolis has led to much confusion among historians. Thus, Zosimus (iii. 12) relates that Julian, quitting Antioch, came to Hierapolis, where he had ordered all the boats to be assembled—a statement which, as might naturally be expected, puzzled Cellarius and other critics. Gibbon, also, by a mistake rare with him, makes Julian visit Batnæ, the ancient Serug, before his arrival at Hierapolis. Julian's boats, which were 1100 in number, made a double bridge across the river at this point, and were fixed to the rocks by iron chains.

In contemplating, also, for so many days, the peculiarities of this rock-enclosed passage of the Euphrates: its great adaptabilities for a bridge of boats, or for a more permanent means of transport, appeared to be only equalled by the great natural advantages which it presents, as a post, for defence; in that point resembling another remarkable pass of the same river which occurs in the Arabian desert, and was long occupied by the troops of Zenobia. We feel, no wonder, on looking at these dark and naked hills, and the boundless plains which extend below and beyond to the extreme verge of the horizon, only spotted, here and there, like the skin of a panther, with a few grey shrubs, that Chosroes (Keï Khosrau) should have hesitated to engage in a decided battle in such a distant and dismal country, from which not a Persian might have returned to tell the tale.

But the loneliness and peculiarities of the place were still more prominently brought out at night-time. When the moon and stars of the East illumine the habitations of men, they do not, as with us, blend themselves with their lights, as if heaven and the city were only one domain, but they throw over the "white city's sheen" the pale,

soft, shadowy light, which breathes repose in every ray, and moulds all the various forms of beauty with the stillness of enchantment. So, also, when the same subdued light falls on alternating rock and ruin in the wilderness, it draws a veil of pleasing softness over the rough features of crumbling stone and of shattered walls and buildings, so as almost to transform them into orderly arrangement and harmonious proportions, and never fails to invest them with fresh and peculiar beauties. All that was desolate and diffuse when seen by the broad daylight, became, viewed in the stillness of eve, while sitting on some huge block that lay upon the adjacent heights, almost perfect and elaborate. The climbing ramparts, the rugged piles and tiers of caves, alternately buried or brought out by mingled light and shade, were both magnified and multiplied by the dark shadows which they cast upon one another, and the scene assumed a character of mysterious and wild beauty, which increased with the distance, till the fading outline sunk into the valley of the river, as if into the depths of a fathomless abyss.

Yet in these lonely and wild districts there lived a few Arabs, wild and untutored as the scenery amid which they dwelt, perpetually moving their tents as the grass withered beneath them, and who were of different tribes on the opposite side of the river. These Arabs bore a deadly hostility to one another, and during our detention, many little adventures occurred in our intercourse with them, but without any serious results, except in one case. We had always done our best to keep up friendship with both parties, and, indeed, to establish amicable relations between them; but the sheikh of the tribe on the right bank had put us under peculiar obligations by his liberal supplies of fowls, eggs, milk, and truffles, the latter of which were found in abundance on the neighbouring hills. In consequence of this, and of the assistance which he lent us in procuring skins to inflate and to float the vessel with, he was one day invited on board, and a single-barrelled gun was presented to him, and at his earnest request, was loaded with English powder and ball.

The shoal on which the steamer was then lying was separated from the right bank by an island, and, in consequence of this, the boat, on going ashore, had to keep along the left bank, till above the level of the island, when it shot across to the opposite side. On this occasion, the tribe on the left bank had observed the sheikh go on board, and the news having spread, they awaited his return, when they opened fire upon our boat, totally regardless of the officer and men who had charge of it, and who, being unarmed, were obliged to crouch down to avoid the shots. The sheikh, however, used his Birmingham fowling-piece for the first time with practical results; for firing into the crowd of assailants, he hit one of them, breaking his arm above the wrist. At the same moment, the transaction having been observed on board, the carronade was discharged to cover the boat's crew, and this had instantly the desired effect of dispersing the Arabs and driving them to their tents. Upon visiting them afterwards, the wounded man was found to be very indifferent to his misfortune; for the love of revenge, so powerful in an Arab, and handed down from father to son, supported him in his sufferings, and rendered all attempts at preaching forbearance and reconciliation as vain as would have been the desire to restore this strange tract of country to its pristine population or to its olden idolatrous semi-civilization.

HENRY OF NAVARRE AND GAVARET.—1584.

BY MISS SKELTON.

Gavaret, a gentleman of Bordeaux, born a Huguenot, had been, at the time of which I write, lately secretly converted to Romanism. He was of a fanatical and melancholy disposition, and refused to enter publicly the church for which he forsook his old faith, until he felt that he had rendered himself worthy of her protection and favour by some signal act of devotion to her cause.

The chief support of the Protestant faith in France at this time was Henry of Navarre, and consequently the highest service that could be performed by one anxious to shew devotion to the opposing church would be the extinction of this great light of heresy; and to the effecting of this object did the mind of the melancholy Gavaret turn.

The Spanish court, by means of many emissaries, made constant attempts upon the life of Henry of Navarre, which, by God's grace, he, through his courage, his address, and his presence of mind (for these were gifts liberally bestowed upon this favourite of Heaven), was enabled ever to defeat and to elude.

The conversion of Gavaret had been wrought by a Spanish priest, who saw at once in this headlong fanatic a fitting instrument for the contrivance of these designs; and it required but little to convince the enthusiast that he was the weapon chosen for the striking of the decisive blow, which should rid the good cause of its most hated enemy. Accordingly Gavaret was privately invited to the court of Madrid, there to receive needful instructions and assistance. Not long did Gavaret linger in Madrid, he was too anxious to put his great design in execution, and his employers too careful to avoid any suspicion that might be incurred by the long harbouring of the Frenchman at their court, for either party to throw any obstacle in the way of the speedy arrangement of the necessary preliminaries.

Many a good counsel was bestowed by the ministers of Spain upon their emissary, though all through the medium of the priests, for the arch-plotters against kingly life were cautious in no way personally to involve themselves or their monarch in the deed that was supposed to have for its origin nothing but zeal for the true religion, unmixed with political motive.

But more substantial aids than those afforded by good counsels were bestowed upon Gavaret by his supporters—a safe pass back into Spain, a purse of broad golden pieces to procure disguises and arms, and last, not least, a valuable horse on which to effect his escape after the doing of the deed.

Gavaret, a soldier and a matchless rider, gazed with delight at the noble animal, whose perfect shape and symmetry told of strength and speed, as his obedience to nod and gesture did of careful training. The horse was a true Barb, black as jet, with dark glossy sides and shining mane, showing to great advantage in the full glare of the noonday sun which poured into the open court, where Gavaret first beheld this splendid gift from his supporters. It was small, as most of the Barbary

horses are, but nothing could exceed its fine and graceful action—nothing could be more beautiful than the formation of the flat shoulders, the round chest, the broad square forehead, the muzzle short and fine, the ears small, the magnificent eye, prominent and brilliant, the veins so beautifully traced, through which might almost be seen the quick coursing of the fine, warm blood. In truth it was a glorious creature, and might have bribed a better man than Gavaret to murder. Had incentive been necessary in the present instance, perhaps no better one could have been offered, for Gavaret was a "sworn horse-courser," a perfect rider, and an enthusiastic admirer of this noble animal.

Gavaret, with deep thankfulness, took the rein of his new acquisition, and led it from the spot; he engaged a trusty groom to accompany him with it beyond the Spanish borders. Both he and the groom rode hacks, the fine horse was carefully led, until on French ground he dismissed his companion and the inferior steeds, and mounting the Barb, rode to King Henry's court.

King Henry's little court was held at that time at Pau, in the neighbourhood of which place he amused himself, when not engaged in the sterner pursuits of war, by hawking and coursing. The river was deep and rapid, and the grounds beside it in some parts were low and marshy, affording good opportunities for the sport he loved the best—the noble sport of hawking. Here came the lordly heron, sailing with broad flight across the marshy grounds and smooth standing pools—now sinking low upon motionless wing, looking for the prey he sought,—now, with swifter movement, darting downwards on the espied victim,—now standing in solitary pride upon some dark grey stone, or on the root of some old tree beside the river or the pools,—now rising, in all his majesty of course, far, far into the deep blue sky. Amid the trees the wood-pigeon and the turtle-dove built their nests—the hoarse cry of the bittern from the thick reeds was often heard;—in the late autumn days, when the cold weather had set in further north, the snipe and woodcock were plentiful amid the swamps; and as the winter hardened, the wild duck would come screaming to its reedy refuge,—the grey goose would fly heavily above the head of the watchful fowler—the mighty wild swan, so rare and shy in its appearance, would sail in silence by. Nor was there lack of other game. The partridges of France are plentiful amid her wide fields of corn; the great bustard sometimes came from the farther hills—the ruff and reeve were not unfrequent visitors; and in summer fat quails would seek from the hot shores of Africa the more moderate climate here afforded them.

Henry of Navarre delighted much, as has been said, in falconry, and he had many a noble cast of hawks. He was choice and nice, to the highest degree, in his various flights of these birds, in their falconers and keepers, and in the dogs, that made the sport complete. He had the beautiful ger-falcon, from Norway or from Denmark; the lanner, from the Swiss mountains; the English merlin, the saker, and the goss-hawk;—the latter so useful in the pursuits of smaller game. These were trained each to her peculiar vocation—some to strike the heron, some to pounce upon the wild goose or the swan; the falcon for the raven or the bold kite, the gross-hawk for the partridge. Some were trained to fly at the fur—that is to say, to bind hares and running

game; some to aid their masters in the chase of larger animals, by fixing on the head of the wolf or wild boar in pursuit, and thence tearing forth the eyes. But all the birds King Henry owned were of price and beauty, and all, in point of training, were, as the true hawking phrase goes, "fit for the fray."

Well, Gavaret, when he joined the court at Pau, found that King Henry was out on a hawking party, but thinly attended; and thinking no time fitter for the object he had in view than the present one, he did but pause for a scant half-hour's rest, then rode forth to seek him. It was a glorious day; and, long ere Gavaret found those he sought, he could hear borne upon the singing wind the clear musical voice of the monarch, the sharp sudden bark of the attendant spaniels, the shrill cry of the quarry, the deep tones of the falconer, calling back his bird, the shout that announced the finding of the game, the shout that announced its fall. Gavaret, as he passed along at an easy canter, could see, through the openings of the trees, the figures of the sportsmen at their sport. It was, as I have said, a glorious day, and the sun shone with unbroken lustre on the gay forms of the handsome Henry and his companions. Henry, always so handsome and so gallant, looked doubly so now, with the excitement and the flush of the chace glowing upon his fine upturned countenance, and lighting up the large piercing eyes with an increased fire and animation; his dress was calculated to shew off to great advantage the beauty of his shape; and his graceful horsemanship, his hat flung back from his brow, was decorated with a long waving ostrich plume—a plume as white as snow; the diamond that clasped the feather, which danced so gaily in the wind, was, in those broad day-beams, a second sun; the golden spurs upon his heel, the golden hilt of his sword, the silver on the pistols in his holster, the silver on his studded bridle, flashed as he moved in the light that was poured from that unclouded heaven.

Nor must we omit to say how gallantly went the sport watched so eagerly by the king. Just as Gavaret came in sight the quarry, a noble heron, was rising into the air, and the ger-falcon, borne by Henry, was loosened from its jesses, and cast off on the pursuit. The ger-falcon was a splendid bird, sent as a present to the King of Navarre, by Elizabeth of England, and brought with others of the breed by her command, from Norway. It was of great size; and the spread of its sails, or wings, was of extraordinary width, its plumage was beautiful, a snow-white throat, wings of snowy whiteness, crossed with bars of brown, shaded from light to dark, a tail of the same rich contrast, her pendent feathers pure and unspotted, her ruffled mails, or breast feathers, of downy softness, her clear large eye was of a dark deep blue, her bill of the same colour. With those eyes, meeting the dazzling sunlight, and with her strong claws knotted, ready to strike, up she rushed against the wind, the fairest falcon that ever rose in flight.

Gavaret, pausing for a moment, watched the chase. The heron, proud and stately, swept forth across the river; the falcon rose far above it; and descending rapidly, drove it back to the side of the stream it had attempted to quit. The heron, turning on his back, awaited the attack of his enemy. The falcon, stooping gallantly, struck with claws and beak at the heron; the latter, shooting forth

its long sharp bill, attempted to inflict a wound that would have been death. But the falcon was too wary—she eluded the well-aimed blow—and rising for a space, again descended to the attack. The heron shrieks with fear and rage—the falcon answers with her hoarse cry of triumph. Both are gallant birds—both fight bravely. But for ONE, there is no hope; that stately heron shall never soar again above that rolling river and those shining pools—those wild efforts for life and freedom are his last—that melancholy scream shall never sound again. Down, down they come—the conqueress and the conquered—the triumphant falcon—the dying heron. Down they come, blood falling from the victim in his descent, crashing through the branches of the trees they come, until, prone upon the ground, the heron flutters in its last agony, while the proud victor, with talons deep in the quivering body of the pelt, begins pluming at the neck. King Henry himself reclaims the falcon; the assistants take from the scarce breathless body the heart and liver, and with these the king rewards his bird; then, replacing the embossed hood upon her head, and the silken jesses to her feet, he takes her again on his wrist, the silver bells attached to her leathern henits tinkling with their sweet music,—music whose soft chiming reached the ears of Gavaret.

"And must I then," said Gavaret, as he gazed upon this bright scene and on this gallant prince—"must I then slay one so beautiful, so young, so careless, so happy?"

But the momentary relenting soon passed away; and Gavaret, with a look of deep devotion, raising his eyes and his right hand towards heaven, and murmuring a few words of prayer or deprecation, touched lightly the bright neck of his barb, and advanced towards the king.

King Henry was a man of sharp discernment; and he had observed the absence of Gavaret from the camp during the last week; he now observed him approaching on a strange steed, one, too, that his knowledge of horseflesh told him at once was a Spanish Barb. And for some time had Gavaret been suspected of a leaning towards the old faith. And Henry did not fail to mark the crimson flush gathering on his brow, then fading suddenly to ashy whiteness—he did not fail to mark how fully armed he rode, with sword and dagger in his belt and pistols in his holsters.

Gavaret, advancing, bowed low before the king, uncovering the dark curls that clustered round his head. The king welcomed him with a gracious nod and word of greeting; then, watching narrowly every movement of Gavaret, and without giving him time to make any further approach towards himself, he sprang from his saddle, and hastily moving towards him, laid his hand upon his rein, and said, in loud cheerful tones—

"Ha, Gavaret! a fine horse—as good a steed as ever man bestrode. Where gottest thou this jewel? Ha! man, dismount—dismount. I must try his paces. Make haste—make haste! I burn with impatience to back so fair a Barb. True Spanish, eh?"

And as he spoke, he took the bridle from the hand of Gavaret, and by every possible means urged and aided him to dismount.

Gavaret, bewildered by the impetuosity of the king's manner, unable to act offensively, so closely was he pressed and watched, could

do nothing but comply, and quitting the saddle, he held the stirrup, while Henry mounted.

Then, quick as thought, the king forced the horse forwards for a few paces, then, as suddenly checking him, he wheeled him round, and faced the pale assassin. Drawing the pistols from the holster, one by one, he discharged them, and one by one, flung them far from him, into the deep rolling river. The pale assassin started where he stood, but made no effort for flight. The king laughed scornfully.

"Here, take thy steed—worthy a better master;" and, springing from the saddle, he flung Gavaret the rein. "Take thy steed, and go upon thy way; but never let me see thy face again. Say nothing, Gavaret; full well I know those pistols were loaded for a lofty aim: and this noble steed was not given thee for nought. Go, I say—begone! Linger no longer, lest I am tempted to punish thee as a traitor should be punished!"

And the king, waving his arm proudly, gathered his attendants round him, and rode from the spot. And that baffled murderer, struck with a painful conviction that the enterprise, so miraculously crossed, must be unpleasing to the Heaven he thought to serve, turned his steed in silence from that place of sunshine and of royal grace, and riding for the nearest wood, soon became lost to view, amid forests as dark and gloomy as were the depths of his own heart—as was the imagination of the deed he had come to do.

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF "THE ARDENNES."

BY FREDERIC TOLFREY, AUTHOR OF "THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE."

PART THE SECOND.

"As soon as we were once more on a high-road, I could not help exclaiming, 'Well, Pierre, here we are you see, safe and sound, and not eaten up as I was led to suppose we should have been. We are out of danger *now*, I presume.'

"'I am not so sure of that, sir,' was the reply of my companion; 'we may yet have difficulties to encounter.'

"I ridiculed the idea, laughed at him for his folly, and putting spurs to my gallant grey, desired him to follow me.

"I had not cantered above a mile after leaving the forest, when, at a turn of the road, I came suddenly on a 'cabaret,' or roadside inn, as you call it in this country. It might have been even termed an '*auberge*,' for it gave promise of more comfort within than the ordinary dram-shops which are to be found in every cross-road in France. We had been on horseback for some hours, and I was not a little pleased at the opportunity which presented itself of rest and refreshment.

"As Pierre and myself rode up to the door of this rural hotel, he examined attentively the superscription, and exclaimed, '*C'est drôle!* the landlord is, or rather was, an old *camarade* of mine, at *Mezières*, many years ago—there cannot be two *Maxime Bourdons* in this part of the country.'

"We were in the act of dismounting, when a barefooted urchin beckoned us to ride round into the stable-yard by a side gate. We did so; and having directed Pierre to look after the horses, I was on the point of making my way to the front of the house, when my attention was attracted by a female figure, of no ordinary mould, on a rude and wooden balcony which ran round this portion of the premises, and from which a staircase, or rather steps, communicated with the yard below, and close to the spot where I was standing. She advanced towards the end of this open verandah, and with the sweetest tone imaginable said, '*Par ici, monsieur, s'il vous plait.*' In three bounds I was on the platform by her side, for a petticoat had ever irresistible attractions for me, and she led the way to an indifferently furnished apartment, which I was given to understand was the *salle-à-manger.*

"Travellers, of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, in all countries, from time immemorial, have assumed to themselves the privilege of toying with chambermaids and female waiters—a squeeze of the hand, a kiss and a sly pinch are the usual familiarities, which, not being interdicted, very frequently have tacitly given a prescriptive right to these rambling Don Juans to accost, thus unceremoniously, every female who may be doomed to servitude. I never was a Joseph; and if I had been, the lovely countenance of the captivating handmaid before me would have overturned all my philosophy; a more beautiful creature I never beheld, before or since. There was something so *distinguée* in her face, the outlines of which were the most perfect it is possible to conceive—an expression I cannot describe—but it was irresistibly winning. And to these advantages, so rare in one moving in so humble a sphere, were superadded a grace and a *tournure* absolutely enchanting. In short, I was *eperdument amoureux* at the first glance. To my surprise, she shrank from me, and repulsed me in so determined, and, at the same time, so dignified a manner, that, for the moment, I was thrown off my guard. Recovering my surprise, I renewed the attack, but the tone and manner were so decided, and the bearing of this singularly beautiful girl so lofty, firm, yet respectful, that I was annoyed with myself for having been such a fool. There was nothing of prudery, or even of anger in her demeanour, for she appeared to regard me with sorrow and a mixture of pity. In short, her behaviour puzzled me not a little. Smarting under the rebuff, I believe I said to her, rather waspishly, 'Why do you repulse me? I dare say I am not the first young fellow who has fallen in love with your pretty face; and perhaps I have done no more than others who have frequented this house. What is the matter with you? You look unhappy.'

"She turned her eyes upon me, with a look I shall never forget to my latest breath, and exclaimed, 'I *am* unhappy—wretched—miserable—and so would you be, also, if you knew the doom that awaited you.'

"'And pray what is that!' I asked, incredulously, for I thought she was trifling with me.

"'Only,' she replied, 'that you have not three hours to live—by that time you will be a corpse. I know not what secret impulse makes me say this to you, but I cannot resist forewarning you of your inevitable fate. Escape is hopeless; and you will meet with the same end as the other victims who have entered this room.'

"'This is some idle fiction you have conjured up,' I replied, 'to deter me from making love to you; perhaps there is some lover in the case, and you wish to frighten me by this improbable story.'

"'I call God to witness that I speak nothing but the painful truth,' she rejoined. 'But stop—you shall know all.'

"Having said this, she went to the door, and from thence into the passage, to listen if any one were within hearing. Having ascertained that all was safe, she returned, and, closing the door after her, came up to me, and continued her appalling communication.

"She looked at me with tears in her eyes, and then pointing to the floor said, 'Look at this sand—did you ever see sand in a *salle-à-manger?* and that too on a first floor. Alas! what scenes of blood have been enacted here. You have ordered dinner—which is being prepared below—a few minutes before it is ready, you will see three officers, in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, ride into the courtyard—they will call loudly for the landlord—order dinner, champagne, and other luxuries. You will then be waited upon by the landlord himself, who will announce the arrival of his distinguished guests, and request, on such an emergency, that you will permit them to dine in this room with you; for although he has dinner sufficient for five persons at one table, yet if it were divided, it would not suffice for *three* and *two* in separate apartments—*you must comply;* for a refusal would only accelerate your doom; by complying, you will gain time, and God grant you may devise some plan, with your servant, for frustrating the schemes of these bloodthirsty wretches!'

"I was thunderstruck, as you may suppose, and could hardly believe my senses. I desired this lovely girl to send my servant up to me as soon as she could without exciting suspicion. This she did; and I repeated to Pierre every word she had told me. He was incredulous for a long time; but upon my dwelling on every minute particular he became more attentive, although he could hardly believe that his old acquaintance of Mezières, who was the landlord, could lend himself to such a sanguinary plot. 'At all events,' he said, 'I will go back to the stable, under the plea of looking to the horses, and return with our pistols which I can conceal in my pockets.' In a few minutes he rejoined me, and we had scarcely began to talk of the extraordinary tale that had been communicated to me, when the tramping of horses' feet was heard, and three officers, dressed as the girl had described, entered the yard of the inn. Thus far her story was confirmed. Conviction of the truth now took possession of Pierre's mind.

"'It is too true,' he said. 'I will go back to the stable, and think of what is best to be done. In the meantime, the landlord will, doubtless, come to you; and it is better we should not be seen together.'

"He had not left the room five minutes ere mine host made his ap-

pearance. A more specious and obsequious Boniface you never beheld. As the girl had predicted, his opening speech was to the effect that I would, he trusted, pardon the liberty he was about to take in proposing that three officers of the Imperial Guard should dine in my room. He had dinner for five, certainly; but if the repast he had prepared were served up in two separate apartments, there would not be sufficient for either party. He assured me, moreover, that I could not fail to be pleased with the society of these gentlemen, as they were officers of rank, *du bon ton*, and *bien comme il faut*.

"Putting as good a face as I could on the matter, I expressed my willingness to meet his wishes and those of the officers. I added, however, that I trusted the newly-arrived gentlemen would excuse my servant sitting at the same table with them; that I was travelling for my health, and he was seldom from my side, as I was subject to sudden attacks of spasms. I thought the fellow appeared rather disconcerted at this announcement; but not pretending to notice the effect my communication had produced, I requested him as he left the room to send my servant up stairs, as I wished to take some cordial before dinner. Pierre soon made his appearance, and putting my pistols in my hand, said,

"'All is but too true, monsieur; *courage*, and we shall be masters of the field. I have arranged my plan, and you must follow my instructions. The captain of this infernal band of cut-throats you must place at the bottom of the table, facing you; his two confederates you must request to sit on one side of the table, while I take my place opposite to them. As soon as I have helped myself to a glass of wine, *after the dessert is placed on the table*, you must shoot the scoundrel facing you!—shrink not, for on your nerve and presence of mind depend our safety. Leave the rest to me; we have a desperate game to play—coolness and courage alone are wanting to ensure success.'

"I promised compliance, and was picturing to myself the scene in which I was so soon to play so prominent a part, when the three *soi-disant* officers made their appearance, ushered in by the landlord. The fellows were dressed to perfection—rather *outré* as to dandyism; for they were oiled, curled, and scented as the veriest *petit maitre* in the *recherché* salons of Paris. Their address was rather of the free and easy school, somewhat overdone, perhaps, but still there was nothing offensive in their manner. They were profuse in their thanks for the honour I had conferred upon them by allowing them to dine with me; in short, they acted their parts to the life. The glances that had been interchanged amongst themselves as they entered the apartment, when they beheld Pierre, had not escaped my observation. I therefore, as soon as they had expended their volley of compliments and thanks, apologized for being compelled to have my servant at the same table, assigning the same reason I had given the landlord. At length the soup was served, then the cutlets, a fricandeau, stewed ducks, and a roasted capon. Every mouthful I took I thought would have choked me; and my want of appetite, which was remarked, I attributed to the state of my health. The fellows ate, drank, laughed, and chatted away in the most amiable manner possible.

"The dinner was by this time nearly brought to a conclusion. The

girl had waited upon us; and during her absence from the room with the remains of the dinner, one of the miscreants opposite to Pierre appeared to be searching about his person for some missing object; at last he said, 'I have lost my snuff-box.' And addressing himself to my attendant, added, 'I will thank you to go down stairs, and on the dresser in the kitchen you will see a gold snuff-box—for I must have left it there—and bring it up to me.'

"Pierre, however, to my great delight, never quitted his seat; and very quietly remarked, that he never executed any orders but those of his master. The person addressed looked confused at this reply, and bit his lips with rage. Turning to me, he requested very politely that I would send my servant for the box in question. To my infinite relief, and as good luck would have it, the girl re-appeared with the cheese and some fruit, and I observed to the gentleman of the missing snuff-box, that *la fille* would fetch it for him.

"Mademoiselle was, accordingly, commissioned to execute the errand; but she presently returned, saying there was no *tabatière* to be found below.

"'*N'importe*,' said the fellow; 'bring us some champagne.'

"While this very pleasant beverage was gone for, the other officer on my right hand discovered that his pocket-handkerchief was absent without leave, and *ordered* Pierre to go to the kitchen and look for it. This command, however, was disobeyed in like manner; for my trusty follower replied, 'The servant will be here directly with the wine, and she can bring it you.' The champagne was brought, and ere the cork was let loose from its confinement, the pocket-handkerchief was *accidentally* discovered under the table!

"The girl now left the room; and never shall I forget the look she gave me as she closed the door. It seemed to say, the world has closed on you for ever!—we shall never see each other again!

"The bottle was passed, and as Pierre helped himself, he turned towards me, and a glance of the eye told what he meant. He put the glass to his lips; but placing it suddenly upon the table, said to me, 'I hope you are not ill, sir?' 'No,' I replied. I knew what he meant, but I was powerless. He added, 'Monsieur must take some cordial;' he put his hands in his pockets, and drew forth a brace of pistols, and levelling them with a deadly aim at his opposite neighbours, shot them both through the heart at the same moment. He then sprung like a tiger on the captain at the foot of the table, which was upset in the *mêlée*, caught him by the throat, and called to me to come to his assistance. I had in some degree recovered from my stupefaction, for my senses had been paralysed, if I may use the expression, and ran to the faithful fellow.

"We contrived to pinion the scoundrel, between us; and to make assurance doubly sure, Pierre bound one end of the table-cloth over the villain's face, while, with the other, he fastened his arms behind him.

"'Now, monsieur,' said he, 'stand over this *scelerat* with your pistols, until I return from the stable with a cord;' he rushed down the stairs, and was back with me in less than two minutes. We bound our friend fast, hand and foot. 'And now,' said Pierre, 'you must remain here until I have ridden to the nearest post-town, which

is not above two leagues from this. I will bring back assistance, and give our prisoner into safe custody. There is not a living being below—the house is empty. You have nothing to apprehend—not a soul will molest you. We have cleared the place. I must first catch a horse, for ours have been turned loose. There was one in the yard just now; and you may rely upon it I will lose no time in returning with some military and police, and release you from your unpleasant situation.'

"I had the satisfaction of hearing my brave and faithful attendant gallop off in a few minutes. My position in the meantime was none of the pleasantest. I made up my mind to sell my life dearly, in the event of any attempt at rescue; and what with watching the door, and the wretch at my feet, I had no very agreeable time of it. The two hours I thus spent, I thought the longest I had ever experienced. Thanks to a merciful Providence, the trial I had undergone was brought to a termination.

"The indefatigable Pierre returned at length, with a *juge de paix*, and a whole *posse* of officials on horseback, besides a troop of mounted *gendarmerie*. The prisoner was secured, and the house searched from top to bottom—not a living soul was discovered; but in a large vaulted underground-cellar were skeletons, and human bodies innumerable—some of the latter in every stage of decomposition. There could not have been less than from three to four hundred victims. The bodies were subsequently removed, by order of the authorities, and interred in the *cimetière* of Mezières; the house was razed to the ground by the infuriated populace.

"Strange to say, the landlord and the lovely girl, who had been instrumental in bringing these dark deeds to light, have never been heard of from that day to this; and I much fear that the latter perished by the hands of the wretch who kept the house. I have sought, by every means in my power, to gain some tidings of this beautiful creature; but in vain. Money and large rewards have not been wanting; and I would at this moment give half I am worth in the world to discover what became of her—for to her I owe my preservation. My tale is done, and I fear I may have fatigued you in its narration. I ought to mention that Pierre received the large reward offered by the government, under which he still holds a lucrative situation in the customs, obtained for him by the united interests of the old general and my father, as a reward for his courage, presence of mind, and fidelity."

As my companion finished the relation of his adventure, we pulled up at the "Bear," at Hungerford. "Well!" said our dragsman, "that's the most interestingest story I ever heard in my born days." May the reader be of the same opinion! I will only add, *that it is strictly true* in every particular. I parted with my intellectual and entertaining fellow-traveller about four miles on this side of Marlborough, not without an earnest request on his part of renewing our acquaintance in Paris. That I availed myself of the cordial invitation may possibly be made manifest in a future number.

FENIMORE COOPER.

The want of some just and liberal measure of international copyright has been severely felt on this side the Atlantic, but with what grievous and almost crushing effects has it been attended in America! To be sure, the American publishers had no particular reason to complain; nor did it appear to a cursory observer, that the American "reading public" were labouring under any intolerable grievance, so long as they could purchase in the broad daylight the masterpieces of modern literature as soon as they could be torn from the press, at the mere price of paper and print;—though it would be very easy to shew that in the progress of years both seller and purchaser must be vitally and inevitably injured by the apparent or temporary benefit. But the American Author—how fared he, in the face of the giant evil!

Writers in other countries could suffer but little by the want of a wiser international arrangement. Even in France and Germany, native authors could of course command patronage and purchasers, unaffected, comparatively, by any extent to which the tide of English publication might set in, whether a popular work happened to be merely reprinted amongst them, or produced in a translated form. But it was and is far otherwise in the United States, when a native and an English author of equal merit are competitors. Of two equal stories in the same language, the American's must of course be rejected, because the Englishman's may be had for nothing.

Grievous beyond doubt has been the operation of the system, or want of system, upon the interests of authors and publishers here, who have in a thousand instances seen their fair and just hopes of profit and reward struck down, by the introduction of foreign-reprints at home, and the total destruction of their sale throughout that immense region of readers, called the British possessions abroad! But worse than this, bad as it was, has happened to the ill-fated and utterly uncared-for American author; for while the popular historian, novelist, or poet in this country could still boast of having his "public" to appeal to, and count securely upon his purchasers, however reduced by these nibbling narrowing influences, the man of genius, of whatever class, in America, had no public of any kind or quality to boast—no readers to reckon upon—for in what Fool's Paradise was he to dig for a publisher! He might as well go into the woods and beat about for a phœnix!

What, indeed, can be said to justify—what advanced in the way of parallel to, a state of things, under which a writer possessed of the great original power, the attractive talents, and proportioned celebrity that distinguish Fenimore Cooper, is compelled to seek in a country not his own, the fair meed of his literary labour! London gives him hundreds for his manuscript, and New York buys his printed work for a guinea, and reprints it.

England, however, owes more to Mr. Cooper than he can ever owe to her. He has associated his name with our land's language; he has familiarized us with the unknown; he has brought the far-off close to us as are our very homes; he has carried us where no author in any age or of any class ever carried us before. There is this peculiarity

in the writings of Cooper—and a charm lies in the peculiarity, an element of power quite unconnected with the indisputable talent he possesses—that the ground he occupies in most of his leading works is new, the scenes are painted for the first time, the agents are for the most part strangers; for if we ransacked all European literature we should find nothing bearing resemblance to them—and yet we instantly recognise what people (out of America, too) pleasantly call their "naturalness"—we at once feel them to be true.

Of course we are not now speaking of his sea-scenes, but his forest-scenes. What a fairy-land have these been to thousands! What dreams made real—dreams of marvels previously unimagined, and else inconceivable!

It is long since Cooper's earliest tales became known in this country—long even since they became familiar to readers of all ranks. Amidst the wide working of the potent and wondrous spells of Scott, whose current of popularity was all but sufficient—

"To kill the flock of all affections else,"

the stranger stood forth and found a willing audience. At his very first advance, he manifested the power to startle and impress. In the teeth of political prejudice in some quarters, and critical prejudice in others—in opposition to the ruling taste, and prepossessions the most widely diffused and powerful—he took hosts of readers captive, and at once marked them for his own. He established himself as a writer, who where he was heard once, would be pretty sure to be heard twice. He had something to say, and besides that, he had a manner of his own in saying it. People might dislike, might misunderstand, his works, but they could not treat them with indifference. They were never common-places in what they included, if the outline or even the general substance were little better. Good or bad, they were not to be laid down, dismissed, forgotten. With all their weaknesses, there was sure to be an effect somewhere, whose influence was to be an existence for life among the reader's literary recollections. He won his position, then, and he has held his footing.

When we say that these permanent influences belong to his earliest writings, it is of course because we rank these with his best. The "Pilot," and the "Red Rover," are tales never read without excitement, or remembered without pleasure. The author is, as much as any man, at home on the sea; his ships are not as painted ships

"Upon a painted ocean;"

nevertheless, there is much in these stories that might be cheerfully spared, for either the strength of one portion of the book makes the rest feeble, or the author quitting the sea for the land, gets really out of his element. With one set of characters we are breathing fresh air in company with old Nature herself, and with another we are choked up in a theatre, where "nothing is but what is not;" seeing a play, and not a good one. To this class belongs a later production, the "Water Witch," which, though less striking in its purposes and interest, has its masterly scenes, but weakened by frequent repetition in spite of the great skill with which this is managed.

An instance, moreover, of the fire and animation which Cooper is sure to feel when he once gets afloat, of the living effect which he can

give to *water* even though it flow but in a canal, is seen in that bold vigorous Venetian boat-race with which the "Bravo" breaks upon us so dashingly. Many years have passed since that picture was presented to the imagination, but there it is still, associated in its degree with proud and high reminiscences of Venice; remembered and kept before the mind's eye, as we remember the contest of the famous bowmen, Locksley and Hubert—the colloquy between the immortal Vicar and Mr. Jenkinson—or anything else equally unlike, so that it be equally true.

The "Spy" is another of the tales which, at whatever age they may be read, make an impression not easily worn out. With younger and more impressible readers, the perusal of it is an event;—so strange, various, contradictory, but absorbing, is the interest of character belonging to it. It is written on the author's favourite plan, of protracting and reserving while he may, and then plunging to his effect. The character of Harvey Birch is brought out, as Birch himself would manage an escape, when eyes which must be deceived in spite of their vigilance are upon him—slow riding at first, as though nothing was intended, a quicker pace insensibly as danger thickens, till the critical moment comes and concealment is impossible—then, "off" is the word. The effect of the "Spy" depends upon the closing pages; it is comparatively flat as we thread the mazy paths that lead us there. The repulsiveness created by the spy himself gradually lessens, curiosity and admiration as slowly increase, until the final revelation in the scene with Washington comes—than which we know of few things more impressive or affecting.

When the poor, despised, baited, trampled man—the seeming spy of the enemy, whom a thief at the gallows-tree would have scorned—the hunted wretch, who, in his disinterested love of country, has met dangers and endured ignominies unspeakable—is recognised by the illustrious leader as a friend to the liberties of America—as an incorruptible, a noble-minded patriot, who must be contented to bear the brand of a foe to all he holds dear lest living interests should be compromised—we see a picture which renders this extraordinary character a treasured recollection.

But above all that is best of this author's delineations, his vivid, romantic, and yet truth-stamped pictures of sea-life or land-life, most readers will place his portraitures of Indian character, and his expositions of life under many varying circumstances of interest, in the vast wilds and desert regions of America. In the trackless prairie and the interminable forest, Cooper seems to have an elasticity of existence, a sense and knowledge of life, a fertility of resources and expedients, that render him a sort of literary representative of the imperishable Leatherstocking himself; and had his contribution to the stock of human pleasure been confined solely to his creation of this curious and inimitable character, worked out as it is, with unfaltering power, through five successive tales, he would still have "said his say," and won the kindly and grateful respect of more than one country.

The mere extent to which this character is drawn out, renders it a literary curiosity. There is scarcely an instance of a conception being so fully sustained under the circumstances which have governed the completion of this portraiture—this history of a life from youth to

age, composed so disjointedly, yet finished with such harmonious relationship in all its parts. No character, perhaps, was ever so much tried, without wearing out the interest it at first created. No writer could run a greater risk, in the attempt to add to such strength, of weakening and crippling it. But "La Longue Carabine" sprang from a brain that was conscious of its strength,

"And saw as from a tower the end of all."

It did seem dangerous to meddle with Him of the renowned Rifle; to conduct him into other times and scenes, and force a comparison with those wanderings and adventures with Uncas and Chingagook, in which such unrivalled powers of stimulating curiosity and protracting excitement are displayed. Yet what a new exhibition of the same faculty interests and enchains us in the delineation of the old Trapper; and how the reality grows upon us, as the years roll over him, and we see the self-same being, under different modifications of his intelligence and experience, moving amidst the immeasurable prairie, and, when the mighty waste is all one flame, combating the terrific agency of fire by turning it against itself. Over and over again may these narratives of forest adventure be read, and the scenes are as vivid as at first, and the Trapper never grows tedious.

More daring still was it (but none will regret the daring) to depict, in recent years, the youth of a character so established in the partiality of all readers; and to carry us back, as in the "Deerslayer," to those early times when the heart of the simple, honest creature was fiercely attacked by desperate beauty, he in his exquisite modesty unconscious all the time of his conquest—when, too, his famous rifle first came into effective play against a savage of a rare sort, winning for its hopeful master the designation of Hawkeye. The "Pathfinder" followed, and worked out other essential points of a character, so powerfully conceived, and finished with such mastery of hand, as to be attractive in every stage of its history.

Some one has said that the creation of "Uncle Toby" was the finest compliment ever paid to human nature. Compliments to our poor clay, quite as fine, to say the least, are to be found out of Sterne's once over-estimated writings; to our mind, La Longue Carabine figures in the select list.

The portraitures of Indian character have doubtless all the leading lines of fidelity; truth seems everywhere to regulate the drawing; and they are filled up with unfailing power. We never see, as in Cooper's pictures of common people in cities, and soldiers on their march, signs of the weak hand and the unnoting eye. He himself seems Indian when painting Indians. The instances are numerous. The general features of the tribes he has introduced are strongly marked, and the individual characteristics are ably discriminated. There is a fine fire-eyed young savage, whom we remember in "The Borderers," —he calls to mind the acting of Kean. Of Uncas and his silent heart-buried passion it is unnecessary to speak; he stands out brightly in the collection. While border-life, savage manners and habits, the "sands and shores and desert wildernesses," retain an interest, Cooper's tales will not be read without a charm.

We now take up the latest addition to the American novelist's long list—"Wyandotté; or, the Hutted Knoll."

A short account of this must suffice. It is the history of the sufferings of a family settled on the borders, at the outbreak of the Revolution. The head of it, Captain Willoughby, had served in the king's army, until approaching age and other considerations warned him to collect his worldly means, and secure a promising settlement about one day's march from Susquehannah. After toiling through a full share of the difficulties attendant upon such a step, and just as he is beginning to feel at home, surrounded by an attached family, the Revolution begins. His son is in the army, a gallant, rising soldier, steadfast to his colours; but the father grows argumentative, and wavers between freedom to America and fidelity to England. Hence an interest arises, which is heightened hourly as the war spreads, and apprehensions of danger from the Indians and the lawless adventurers, set in motion by the turbulence of the time, begin to prevail. The "Hutted Knoll," so is the imperfectly-fortified place called, becomes the object of attack, by a mingled troop of red-skins, and painted whites more barbarous still. A large portion of the work discusses the preparations for the siege, the conflicting feelings of the family and their few dependents, the stratagems employed on both sides, and the hair-breadth escapes and romantic adventures of the chief persons of the story. The end is tragic; death sweeping away most of the actors, and leaving a solitary marriage, like a flower, blossoming above the grave.

As in many of his former works, the author takes his time before he throws in his interest. He suffers our feelings to lie fallow, and then to be sure we have a fair crop of emotion. The power he has so often displayed of concentrating his force upon one spot, and working excitement by dint of going doggedly into details which seem of minor importance, and are often tedious, until the catastrophe shoots up, like a pyramid from a broad naked level, he has employed here, and with effect. It is unfair to complain that much of the narrative is dull, when the dullness is a necessary step to the excitement; but however essential to the plan, it may not the less be felt sometimes.

There are two female figures charmingly drawn; one is Willoughby's daughter, who marries, and dies most needlessly; the other, Maud, a frank, beautiful, impassioned girl, who is his daughter in all but birth, and a fond and ardently loving sister to his son, until, on the eve of womanhood, an instinct of her sex reminds her that there is no relationship, and another kind of love brings alternately shadow and sunshine across her path. The son shares this feeling, and a love-conflict, delicately managed, gives rise to several touching scenes, which terminate happily at the altar.

Wyandotté himself is a character peculiarly the author's own. He is a sort of half-outcast from the Indians, a "Tuscarora," who had attached himself to the whites, acquired the soubriquet of Saucy Nick, picked up their language, and blended a hundred bad qualities with many good ones. As Saucy Nick, he had been flogged by his military master; but he continues in his service, cherishing revenge, and bethinking him that he is a great chief though degenerate, until by degrees he abandons to some extent his depraved and rum-drinking habits. It is at this period, that Willoughby, when in great danger, and exasperated by the desertion of some of his people, threatens him again with the lash. The Indian's back, as the threat is uttered, seems

to feel the old wounds; and the desire of revenge burns into his heart:—

"'Listen,' said the Indian, sternly. 'Cap'in ole man. Got a head like snow on rock. He bold soldier; but he no got wisdom enough for gray hair. Why he put he hand rough on place where whip strike? Wise man nebber do *dat*. Last winter he cold; fire wanted to make him warm. Much ice, much storm, much snow. World seem bad—fit only for bear, and snake, dat hide in rock. Well; winter gone away; ice gone away; snow gone away; storm gone away. Summer come in his place. Ebbery t'ing good; ebbery t'ing pleasant. Why t'ink of winter when summer come, and drive him away wid pleasant sky?'"

The Captain replies to this:—

"'In order to provide for its return. He who never thought of the evil day in the hour of his prosperity, would find that he has forgotten, not only a duty, but the course of wisdom.'"

"'He *not* wise!' said Nick, sternly. 'Cap'in pale-face chief. He got garrison; got soldier; got musket. Well, he flog warrior's back; make blood come. Dat bad enough; worse to put finger on ole sore, and make 'e pain, and 'e shame, come back ag'in.'"

Wyandotté is important to the Captain; he can give information, but is distrusted—yet he tells truth. His replies are characteristic:—

"'Answer the questions in the order in which I put them.'

"'Wyandotté not newspaper to tell ebbery t'ing at once. Let cap'in talk like one chief speaking to anoder.'

"'Then, tell me first what you know of this party at the mill. Are there many pale-faces in it?'

"'Put 'em in the river,' answered the Indian, sententiously; 'water tell the trut'.'

"'You think that there are many among them that would wash white?'"

Distrust of the Indian continues, in spite of many tokens of devotion, and of feelings the most grateful and refined, evinced towards the ladies of the party—indeed to all who use him kindly. There is a delicacy in his conduct that justifies even the appellation by which the author characterizes him, "this forest gentleman." But Captain Willoughby has a too vivid sense of the man's failings and degradation; he threatens him with flogging once more; and the forest gentleman, amidst a thousand proofs of gratitude and affection for the family, decoys the head of it into the woods, and avenges himself by a most deliberate assassination. "The old sores smarted."

After the commission of this cold-blooded murder, we have some difficulty in reconciling ourselves to the friendly offices of the savage towards the wife and children, and in appreciating his delicacy and refinements. Yet we must hold steadily the thread whose windings lead us into the recesses of the Indian nature, and we may find consistency in his desire to soften the blow to his favourite, the innocent Maud, who is *not* the daughter of Willoughby, whom he has murdered.

"'Oh! is it so, Nick!—*can* it be so?' she said; 'my father has fallen in this dreadful business?'

"'Fader kill twenty year ago; tell you *dat* how often?' answered the Tuscarora, angrily; for in his anxiety to lessen the shock to Maud, for whom this wayward savage had a strange sentiment of affection that had grown out of her gentle kindnesses to himself on a hundred occasions, he fancied, if she knew that Captain Willoughby was not actually her father, her grief at his loss would be less. 'Why you call *dis* fader, when *dat* fader. Nick know fader and moder. *Major no broder.*'"

And there is a touch of consummate art in the Indian afterwards. Though he has so recently urged Maud's want of natural affinity to

the family as a reason why she should not grieve, he reminds her of the imaginary connexion, when proposing to effect the release of her lover (the Major, who has been taken prisoner) and to engage her in the attempt. Understanding a woman's feelings, he omits the word lover:—

"'Come wid Wyandotté—he great chief—shew young squau where to find *broder*.'"

The great chief Wyandotté is converted to Christianity and dies forgiven—a fate with which the author might have been content, without throwing in a reflection which seems to aim at discovering some palliation of the most monstrous crime, in the usages of a portion of civilized society. We are sorry to quote what follows:—

"Let not the self-styled Christians of civilized society affect horror at this instance of savage justice, so long as they go the whole length of the law of their several communities in avenging their own fancied wrongs, using the dagger of calumny instead of the scalping-knife, and rending and tearing *their* victims by the agency of gold and power, like so many beasts of the field, in all the forms and modes that legal vindictiveness will either justify or tolerate, often exceeding those broad limits, indeed, and seeking impunity behind perjuries and frauds."

We admire Mr. Cooper's talents, and we can enter into his feeling of impatient indignation at calumny and wrong; but the phrase, "savage *justice*," should never have been written; nor has any man a right to charge any order of civilized society with "*affecting* horror" of the foulest crime known to it.

For the rest, we wish him health and honour always.

NO CONCEALMENTS!

A Domestic Dilemma.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It was agreed between us before we married—nay, it was made a *sine quâ non* on both sides, and established as a Mede-and-Persian matrimonial law—that there were to be "no concealments between us!" As many confidences as we could contrive to secure by and for each other, but no secret unshared. What I knew, she was to know; what she heard, I was to hear. Our eyes and ears, our hearts and souls even, were to be eyes, ears, hearts, and souls, in common.

We might have our little mistakes now and then, brief controversies, momentary dissensions even—transparent shadows flitting between us and felicity, like thin fleecy clouds over the moon's face that rather embellish than obscure the light—but there was to be no mystery. We were not to pretend to throw open our whole hearts to the very inmost recesses, and then lock up one particular chamber better worth peeping into, perhaps, than all the rest. No; we were to have no reserved key, but be free to pry into everything, Bluebeardisms and all.

And admirably the system worked. "Marianne," said I, "you know you are at full liberty to ransack my writing-desk at all hours;

there can be nothing there or elsewhere that I should conceal from you. Any letters of mine, as soon as they arrive, you are free to open, only taking care to place them in my letter-case, that I may be sure to see them. Or if they should come first into my hands, you would only find them open instead of sealed, that's all the difference."

"And I'm sure," would be the reply, "I shall always be as unreserved with you. I should never dream of receiving any letter, and then locking it up, or hiding it. If it only enclosed a milliner's bill, I should bring it to you."

"Thank you, my dear. Charming confidence!"

It certainly worked admirably for a long while—two or three months—and might have been quite a perfect system, only we had bound ourselves by such solemn vows to have no concealments from one another, that conscience was rarely quite at ease, and sometimes felt its rose-leaves a little rumpled and uncomfortable, when happening to call to recollection some trifling affair that had never been communicated, for the simple reason that it had never been remembered.

As for myself I cannot say that I was so much a victim to sensibility, thus wrought upon by a too literal reading of the bond into which we had both entered; Marianne was the principal martyr.

Sometimes, perhaps, I found her looking at me at breakfast with almost half a tear in each eye, her coffee getting cold, and her newspaper (containing possibly a breach of promise, or even a murder) unread. After scalding my throat with my hot second cup in a natural emotion of surprise, as well as anxiety to know what was the matter, I discovered that she did not feel "quite right," but rather as if she were intentionally suppressing a fact which I had a claim to know—that she was quite sure she had no motive for concealment, and was even unconscious of having a secret, until she woke up in the night thinking about it—and really, then, foolish as it was, she could not help crying about it too; for of this she was certain, that there could be no affection where there was concealment.

And what was the mighty secret after all!

"Oh, no! you mistake me. It is no mighty secret—far from it; for they are only mere acquaintances, the Pimbles, though pleasant people enough; but I fancied the concealment might look intentional. It is something Mrs. Pimble told me the other day when we dined there. There is a probability of her girl marrying; yes, so she says; pretty well—an India man; but I believe the event will not take place these ten months."

"Oh, well, if that's all, the secret was not a mighty one. I could have waited the ten months for the news, and you know I should have been sure to have heard it then."

"That's very true, my dear; but then, you know, in the meantime, concealment——"

Such sensibility could not be too tenderly estimated; and when I looked round my little world of friends, and my wide universe of acquaintances, delightful indeed was the contrast which this candour and openness presented. In all directions I could hear family phrases flying about, such as—"My wife knows nothing of this;" or, "You need not mention it before Edward;" or, "There is no occasion to tell Jane things of this kind;" or, "He hates to hear about such matters, so not a syllable, if you please;" while we, in our little matrimonial

sanctum, had set up a confessional for all innocent communications, and as often as we had anything to say, and a good deal oftener, to that we could repair for a blissful interchange of confidence.

It was necessary to give a thought occasionally to the chilling reserve discernible in families around us, for so I could afford to think less of the trifling inconveniences attendant upon our own system. Every day brought with it a half dozen small secrets for Mrs. Shallow-love to hide from her husband—"matters that for her part she had no idea of telling S. about;" but, on the contrary, every day brought to my ears, fresh from the innocent lips of my wife, a hundred absurdities which there was no earthly occasion to mention to anybody.

"Oh, you are here, are you! I have only just six words—when you have finished your letters will do."

"No, Marianne, now; I'm ready to listen"—and my pen would be laid down, of course.

"Presently would do as well, but I wished to tell you that I have heard from mamma——"

"Yesterday, my love. She was quite well, all was going smoothly, and she had nothing to communicate, you told me."

"Yes, but I have heard again from her this morning; half-an-hour ago, only I have had no opportunity of telling you, and I can't bear anything to be dwelling on my mind. Here is her letter, you can read it. She has no intelligence to add to that she sent yesterday, and has therefore nothing to say."

"Oh!"

"Oh, and I never told you that Mr. Duckit has let his house——"

"Was his house to let, Marianne? I didn't know——"

"Yes. Oh, yes, his house was to let; and he has now let it, I am told—the fixtures taken at a fair valuation. Besides that, it seems he means to retire from business, and sell his Canadian property."

"Ah, very well, Marianne; I suppose he knows his own business, whatever it is, though we scarcely know *him* but by sight."

"No, to be sure, we know nothing of him, only I thought I wouldn't conceal——Oh, and that little Miss Elderby, a chattering thing—she has just been here, and I fancied you would wonder what in the world she could be telling me——"

"Not I, indeed; and I hope you don't think it necessary——"

"Yes, but I do; though there's really little or nothing to tell, except that Dr. Quick has had notice this morning to be in attendance at the Rectory"—(a little cough here)—"the rector prays for a little girl, as they have but eight—but I understand his wife's wishes in that respect are not exactly his."

"I heartily wish, my dear, that both parties may be gratified; and now, if you have no objection, I'll finish my letter."

"To be sure, certainly; indeed I have nothing to add, nor should I have communicated all this, and certainly not the particulars last mentioned, relative to affairs at the Rectory, only I am of opinion that where there is concealment——"

It was natural that I should contract, to some extent, the same habit; and I at first found myself gravely relieving my mind of a multitude of insignificances daily, the smallness of which made them a tremendous burthen to bear. Perhaps some event undisclosed, unconfided—concealed, suppressed within my own bosom—has been

recollected after quitting the house to take my morning stroll; and the door has been opened again, that I might mention the interesting fact——

"I quite forgot to apprise you, Marianne, of a step which I conceived it right to take two days ago. I have ordered a new hat—as you rather object to the shape of this—and I would not have you be taken by surprise."

Or perhaps, when she was just starting on her own trip, I called her back to say—"About the county-asylum, to which I talked of subscribing a couple of pounds. Dearest Marianne, that there may be no concealment in anything between us two, I now mention to you, that I have made it guineas!"

But this scrupulousness on my side soon vanished, and I began to find that I had nothing in the world to communicate, unless an affair of consequence had happened. Not so my wife; there is no end to the feminine conscience under the influence of affection.

It was a little inconvenient to be aroused out of my after-dinner nap, for the mere purpose of receiving a proof that she had nothing to conceal, contained in a demonstration that she had nothing to disclose. But it was still worse, when, in the midst of a fiery discussion at the club, to be summoned down to the door, and to find Marianne's eager honest face gleaming with a piece of intelligence which she felt it wicked to withhold.

"My darling creature," I cried, "such anxiety and confidential devotion makes the very heart speak within one!—"my darling creature, so you have something to say, and came here that I might not lose——"

"Yes, to be sure; and so I thought we would drive round this way, for I can keep nothing to myself. The rector's disappointed—it's a boy!"

We never had, however, the least syllable of complaint between us to check the course of mutual confidence; unless it might be thought to come in the form of a small exclamation of surprise, now and then, from the lips of Marianne, at accidentally discovering some insignificance which I had omitted to mention at the confessional.

"And so," Marianne would cry, "you met Mr. Walker the other day! He told me last night, when he came and sat by me, that he had seen you lately!"

"Walker! yes, to be sure, I met him a fortnight ago in Pall Mall."

"You never told me!"

"My dear, I forgot it before I reached home."

"How strange! Now I should have told *you!*"

That she would.

"When you asked that gentleman in the blue stock to sing last night, you praised his fine voice; I never knew you had heard him before."

"Yes, my dear, I dropped in one night, you may remember, in Wimpole-street, when there was a little music going on. He sang there."

"Really! and so he sang *there!*" cried Marianne. "Well, I never knew that till now!"

But I must confess, that about the end of the first twelvemonth of our married life, Marianne, perhaps for want of a real grievance, began

to imagine one. No, it did not amount to that either. I should rather say, that she took a needless objection to one family group amongst our acquaintances, and cherished a mild dislike which our system of candour and open confession would not of course permit her to conceal.

There *was* something a little peculiar in the tone of the people, that gave a kind of excuse to her objections. I had not known them long, not at all intimately, yet they wrote to me as to an old friend. As often as Marianne glanced over a letter of theirs, the foolish fluttering thing (never must she see this page!) felt half inclined to tear it, as an unwarrantable and impertinent freedom. There were some young girls too in the case, all monstrous innocent, but giddy as wild birds, and Marianne in fact did not at all like their chirping.

I naturally did what I could to discourage the intimacy, but that was not so easy to accomplish delicately. The letters would come now and then, and my wife would glance over them as usual, lest, as she truly observed, it should appear that she in the least minded such frivolity.

One evening, returning home after a short ramble, I found on the table some parcels of books and papers, which had arrived for me during my absence. Marianne made some reference to them as matters I had anticipated, and left me to open, search, and peruse. Underneath them, on the table, I then found a post-letter, directed in a handwriting not unknown, yet not familiar to me. It was from one of my lively freedom-loving friends—the well-meaning, but not over-refined correspondent, whose gaiety had caused many a little shadow to creep over the fair brow of my Marianne.

This letter I read, and then read again, and then laid down with a feeling of regret not unmixed with anger. I felt that my correspondent had no right, by any conceivable law of feeling or privilege of society, to address me in a manner so mistakeable. I was then associated with their dearest friends; nay, it might have been supposed that I was their near relative, and that I had known them for years was a thing legible in every line!

They commanded rather than invited my presence; I *must* join them in their excursion; it was all settled; my excellent friends the ——s, and ——s, whose names I could not have spelt, and whose faces I should not know; Wednesday morning early; magnificent scenery, soul-stirring associations; invigorating breezes, wild freshness of nature; delightful arrangement, party perfectly Bocaccian. Not a word about my wife. I did think it cool, and it heated me accordingly.

But its effect on me was of no consequence—what would be its effect on the mind of Marianne! So familiar was the tone and style of the epistle, so absurdly inconsistent with the account I had always given, that although I feared not its power to work any unkind suspicion in her mind, I knew well that it would disturb and annoy her. Perfectly blameless as I was, it must yet seem—so very free was my correspondent—that I had insensibly, inadvertently encouraged the unaccountable familiarity. I resolved, after a minute's consideration, to spare her the annoyance. Why should she, angel that she was (and *is*, whether she should chance to see this paper or not!), be even a momentary sufferer by such impertinence! But how to take in safety this first step into the dark regions of secrecy!—how to manage the first violation of our compact!—how to effect my First Concealment!

Mark, ye married youth, that ye may avoid! I said I was blameless—and yet I must needs turn schemer, and work with the tools of guilt.

The letter, having been found under the packets, had been unobserved by me until their removal. Marianne had made no mention of it, the seal was unbroken—perhaps she had not seen it at all. What then so easy? I would burn it at once. Not so;—stop! If she had not seen the letter itself, she must have heard the postman's knock—our house was not so large (how the family has increased!), and she knew that *a* letter had been left. To put it aside—to *half*-hide it for the evening, would, if she should chance to notice its absence, or spy the epistle itself, look most awkward and suspicious. It would denote my consciousness of something, and deprive me of the power of explaining anything. I should be convicted of a desire to conceal, without profiting by my guilt.

The thought struck me—yes, I had it. Happily the letter, though from the same family party, was not from the same *person* who had frequently written; and even if Marianne had seen it, it was unlikely that she had recognised the hand. Forth from my pocket I drew a letter which I had brought from the club—it was from Tom Jones, of St. John's, to come and smoke with him. Triumphantly drawing Tom's letter from its envelope, and performing the same operation with respect to the new comer, I placed the jolly smoker's summons in the envelope of my objectionable correspondent, thrust one into my pocket, and threw the other carelessly on the table. There it lay! To all appearance, the very same, save and except its broken seal, that I had found there! *That* was the letter just left by the postman! What a masterpiece of policy.

I felt, at the moment, that I ought at least to get a secretaryship to an embassy from the government. My talents had been sadly thrown away—buried alive under heaps of honesty!

While thus pleasantly musing, wandering as I may say between Constantinople and Madrid, Marianne entered. I was then deeply busied in my books and papers. There lay the *clever* deception—the innocent, the criminal epistle,—the sheep in wolf's clothing. My Marianne, after a minute or two, approached the table, and took it up. I never raised my eyes, nor seemed conscious of the action. There was silence — broken but by the rustling of my papers. "Yes," thought I, "you may read with quiet nerves—you cannot know how cunningly I have contrived to spare you an annoyance!"

No sooner had the thought been conceived, than a faint moan, a low cry of fright and pain, startled my inmost soul. I looked up, and saw my wife's face perfectly white—

"The lively blood had gone to guard her heart."

Her limbs trembled—fear and anguish were diffused all over her, and she dropped at my feet. I could not speak, surprise kept me dumb, and her feelings first found a voice.

"Oh! what have I done? and what have you done? That is not the letter, but the envelope only. The child, your little nephew, was in the room when it came, and before I could see what he was doing, had seized it and found one side of the cover open—see, here it is—he read the name of the writer—I saw not a word, but only know from whom it came. Oh, why this mystery—this dreadful deception?

What am I to think, what fear, what suffer!" And then she sank powerless upon my knees.

A hundred feelings crowded stiflingly into my heart at that instant, but assuredly a silly feeling was uppermost. I had not the emotion of a rascal, of a hypocrite; but I am able to announce to the public in general that the feeling of an enormous fool is a singularly disagreeable one.

Evasion would have been meanness, madness—besides, it was impossible; and with crimsoned cheeks, I instantly fell to my confessions. I explained all in ten words. I drew the real letter—that infernal well-intentioned missive—from my pocket. I convinced her that there was nothing in it, and that I had been betrayed into the most intense folly by anxiety for her—by respect for her very mistakes—by disinterested fondness and affection.

And she believed as readily as she doubted. Well might she doubt, and well might she believe. From that moment—good or evil—there have been NO CONCEALMENTS.

Our Library Table.

POETRY.

A Lay and Songs of Home, by Georgiana Bennet. The poems—for many are so entitled to be called—in this little volume, breathe a passionate sincerity. They could only have been written by one whose ardent mind had been taken full possession of by an enthusiasm for song, whose very blood ebbed and flowed obedient to the ruling star—a star, that has been sometimes found shining somewhat too near the planet that governs the watery tides.

Not only is the passion for poetry—and with anything less than a passion, how should poetry have existence in any nature—not only is it made manifest in every page of the book, but many tokens of a maturing though still imperfect power to give expression to it consistently, to harmonize the wild throng of thoughts, and control the yet headlong impulses of the heart, are here too.

Besides this, it may be safely said, that these poems could never have been written but by one who is either worked upon by the phantasmagoria of a vivid imagination, or has suffered in reality beyond her years, by the necessitous evils of life, the pangs that turn fate's arrows into pens, and set poets raving. We have not for years perused pages so blotted with tears—perused, in prose or verse, such wild, earnest, painful records of personal suffering, sorrow, disappointment—such disclosures of deep and dark feelings of bereavement, loneliness, and gloom;—nor, on the other hand, have we lately read of such enthusiastic aspirations for fame—above all, of such a daring, we hope not deceptive, consciousness of the power to command it.

It is true, we have read such records before. A great portion of the spontaneous music of poor lamented L. E. L. sung of purely fictitious woes; three-fourths of her impassioned song is a tale of personal suffering, disappointment, and despondency, which she never sustained, and which those who knew and lived beside her in the cordial confidences of friendship, could best shew to be merely dreams cherished as subjects for verse. Her literary executor, who knew her as well as any person, tells us that these haunting memories, crushed affections, ruined hopes, and blighted enjoyments, were in most of her pages but mere terms of art—a bruised heart was a professional necessary, and a blighted spirit was a literary resource. Her constant and hackneyed use of such materials for the kind of verse which flowed with such wonderful freedom

from her pen, detracts not one iota from the influence still exercised over us by the more really passionate and thoughtful of her writings—the more mournful, solemn, and deeply imagined of her after-poems.

But of course the greatest, and most enduring record of the personal-suffering school, in modern poetry, is "Childe Harold." Though much of the melancholy picture—the "dioramic view" of gloom and anguish, wrong, bitterness, and savage desolation, was notoriously overcharged—enough remains to shew, if something in the very tone of the poet had not of itself spoken most convincingly to the heart, that he was singing of no fictitious woes, but was in the main terribly in earnest.

There is something of the same quality impressing the reader to a similar effect, in the tone and manner of the poet now singing to us a "Lay of her Home;" though, by the way, a "Lay of the Universe" would have been an apter title for a strain that extends now from England to Italy, and then stretches as easily to India—celebrating not merely a host of moral and intellectual faculties incidentally, but commemorating persons and events beside—Oliver Cromwell at one time, and the Prince of Wales' Christening at another.

"Childe Harold" is the immediate source of inspiration; and with the form of the stanza, the writer has caught, insensibly, perhaps, the exact manner and method of her master; the same flying from individual to general principles—the same mingling of the actual and the ideal—the same fitful wanderings of memory, and abrupt expressions of despondency and wretchedness; all which, relieved by historical or imaginative episodes of considerable merit, would be utterly unendurable, if there were not over all an air of intense earnestness—a passionate expression that awakens a corresponding fervour, and an unaffected sympathy as we read.

In one material point of philosophy, there is a grand distinction indeed between the world-wearied Byron and his disciple. The lady's gloom, deep, and often mysterious as it is, is ever bounded by a sunshine as resplendent. *Her* song, howsoever it begins, commonly ends in Religion; and though her muse would cover the green and flower-spread earth with a funeral pall, she still leaves the summer heaven blue and open above.

We must not close without some examples of the spirit in which the model-poem has been remembered, and of the force and grace often displayed in the execution. We take these as characteristic—not as the best, by any means:

"Mine is a spirit not to be subdued,
Nor utterly be crush'd, though beaten down;—
Once more, emerging from my solitude,
I seek to win the guerdon of renown,—
For *others'* sake, to grasp Fame's proudest crown,
To make my name an honour'd one:—yes, I
Who long have borne in silence the world's frown,
Arouse from my deep sleep of apathy,
And strive to win a name whose mem'ry shall not die!

"I strive no more with feelings proud and high—
Fate may depress me,—as the thunder shower,
Suddenly falling from the clouded sky,
Bends to the earth the wild unsheltered flower,
But even as that revives in brighter hour,
My heart may rise triumphant over woe;
Blighted, not crush'd, by the dread tempest's power:—
And while sweet feelings do not cease to glow,
And sense and life be left, my rude, wild strain must flow!

"Yet vain for me to hope for earthly bliss,—
Of human happiness I dare not dream,
But look for peace in brighter realms than this;—
My barque floats slowly down life's troubled stream,
The sky is dark above me,—not a beam
Breaks through the gloom; and hope's fond reign is o'er!
But my own sorrows shall not form my theme,
Nor the sad thoughts which haunt me evermore,—
But turn we now to Fancy's dear familiar lore!"

The abrupt diversion to "fancy's lore" is characteristic of the model; so are all the turns of the poem. The apostrophe to the Prince's Christening is graceful, and recals to mind the introduction of the famous stanzas on the dead Princess in "Childe Harold." One severe loss is pictured in a thousand touching allusions; indeed, one consciousness of an unsubsiding grief may be said to pervade whatever is here penned—the loss of a father. There is a long passage in the chief poem, which is evidently an outpouring of the heart, and not to be read without tears. It is too long to quote entire—

"Return, return to earth, my Sire! once more;
Life hath no joy without thee—oh, return!
And I will be more docile than of yore,
More watchful of thy wishes; for I yearn
To shew how bright Affection's lamp can burn!—
Yet 'tis a selfish wish,—and well for thee
That my wild prayer *is* vain:—and I do mourn
To deem that I *could* wish that thou shouldst be
Again on this dark earth, to share its griefs with me!

"Awhile farewell, mine own beloved Sire!
'The heart may break, yet brokenly live on,'
And my worn spirit ceases to aspire
After the things of earth, for THOU art gone,
For whom the vain, vain prize I would have won;—
Yes—THOU art gone, and I—am desolate!
I had not struggled even as I have done,
But that the thought of thee could still create
A spirit to endure—a power to conquer—Fate!"

If the "worn heart" and the "haughty spirit" here so frequently depicted, could be wrought upon to exercise more happily the gifts of intellect and imagination, of which this volume of mournful verse is a convincing evidence, the writer would find open before her a far surer path to the poet's dazzling recompence, Fame—and its pleasant attendant, Envy.

Paris and its People.—By the author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," &c.—Mr. Grant makes the most of his time. During a fortnight's stay in Paris, he contrives to examine the aspects of the various classes composing its society; to glance at the state of its morals and its crime; to institute comparisons between the habits and manners of its people and those of our own; to describe its newspaper press, its literature, literary men, and publishers; to visit its thousand hotels, cafés, restaurants, estaminets, cabarets, and theatres; to lounge upon its boulevards; to lave his limbs in its Chinese, Algerine, and floating baths on the Seine; to thread its glittering passages; to attend mass at Notre Dame, Notre Dame de Lorette, and Saint Roch; to expatiate upon its pretty women, comforting himself the while that we have prettier women (if not so well dressed) in London; to count the bearded baboons with bad cigars in their mouths, whom he met at every turn; to ride in omnibuses and cabs; to fly by railway to Saint Cloud, Saint Germain, and Versailles; to dine at the Rocher, and sip Lafitte of the *première qualité;* to visit the public libraries, hospitals, prisons, and legislative chambers; to sentimentalize in Père La Chaise; to describe the river, the bridges, the streets, the houses; to discuss the state of political feeling; to weigh the whole system of government; and lastly, to cast a retrospective glance over the early origin and history of the renowned city. All this he accomplishes easily and pleasantly in a fortnight; and he embellishes his book, moreover, appropriately enough, with a Daguerreotype portrait of himself, which we think (notwithstanding his protest against such) would have been materially improved by a well-grown beard, of the true Rue Saint Honoré growth.

Hastily put together, as these volumes necessarily are, and abounding in faults as they do, they are nevertheless agreeable and readable, and contain a great deal of information, which, if not new, at least has the air of novelty,

while they exhibit very remarkable proofs of the industry of the writer. Taken altogether, they form an excellent guide-book to the French capital; far better than the wretched affair published by Galignani. A manual, indeed, for the stranger in Paris, free from the influence of hotel-keepers and from other influences, is a positive desideratum.

Friendship's Offering for 1844. It is not always of late years that an "annual" could be called, in literal language, an offering of friendship; but if to many the phrase may be thought less applicable than it formerly was, the very reverse is the case with "Friendship's Offering" itself. It comes out like a small giant refreshed, swollen indeed to a full size, and clad in beauty. Its contemporaries, comic and sentimental, are still numerous, but not materially changed; but here we have one of the oldest transformed into the newest, and its novelty claims notice. Of the plates, the frontispiece from a picture by Mr. Stone, deservedly takes the lead; and of the first item of the literary contents, a still more expressive opinion can be given by transferring it to this page. Too seldom does the pen that furnished it afford the opportunity.

"TO OUR NEIGHBOUR'S HEALTH.—BY BARRY CORNWALL.

"SEND the red wine round to-night;
For the blast is bitter cold.
Let us sing a song that's light:
Merry rhymes are good as gold.

"Here's unto our neighbour's health!
Oh, he plays the better part;
Doing good, but not by stealth:—
Is he not a noble heart?

"Should you bid me tell his name,—
Shew wherein his virtues dwell;
Faith, (I speak it to my shame,)
I should scarce know what to tell.

"'Is he—?'—'Sir, he is a thing
Cast in common human clay;
'Tween a beggar and a king;
Fit to order or obey.'

"'He is, then, a soldier brave?'—
'No: he doth not kill his kin,
Pampering the luxurious grave
With the blood and bones of sin.'

"'Or a judge?'—'He doth not sit,
Making hucksters' bargains plain;
Piercing cobwebs with his wit;
Cutting tangled knots in twain.'

"'He is an abbot, then, at least?'—
'No, he's neither proud nor blithe;
Nor a stall-fed burly beast,
Gluttoning on the paupers' tithe.

"'He is brave, but he is meek;
Not as judge or soldier seems;
Not like abbot, proud and sleek:
Yet his dreams are starry dreams,—

"'Such as lit the world of old,
Through the darkness of her way;
Such as might, if clearly told,
Guide blind Future into day.

"'Never hath he sought to rise
On a friend's or neighbour's fall;
Never slurr'd a foe with lies;
Never shrank from Hunger's call.

"'But from morning until eve,
And through Autumn unto Spring,
He hath kept his course, (believe,)
Courting neither slave nor king.

"'He,—whatever be his name,
For I know it not aright—
He deserves a wider fame:—
Come! here's to his health to-night!'"

There is some prose almost as good in this varied volume; and nothing better of its class is likely to appear before or after Christmas, than "The Secret" (inauspiciously named) of Miss Camilla Toulmin. Serious and sparkling by turns, it is animated and graceful everywhere. Mrs. S. C. Hall's Irish Sketch has the stamp of true character upon it; and excellent, as varieties, are the contributions of Leitch Ritchie; his "Immoral Essays" are right mirthful moralities.

The Musical Bijou for 1844, published by D'Almaine, is, we beg to inform our fair readers, more gorgeously embellished this year than ever, besides containing a charming selection of vocal and instrumental music, and we cordially recommend it to their pianos.

The Arrest of Mr. Habergam Habakkuk.

LONDON, JOHN MORTIMER, 1 ADELAIDE STREET, 1842.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER XVI.

COMMERCIAL LAW AND THE LAW OF ARREST. — ROBIN'S SHARP PRACTICE, AND MANESTY'S ATONEMENT.

We have already seen that the more zealous of the elders of Seal-street had some calls upon his attention far more urgent than anything relative to the state of slavery in Africa. He was practically taught that a man-snapping trade existed nearer home, to which his wandering philanthropy had never paid any attention; and that it was put into execution by a class of men whom cowardice, not conscience, prevents from being engaged in direct piracy or absolute highway robbery. Shuckleborough, irritated to the last degree at the intolerable insolence of Habergam in daring to say a word respecting the affairs of a man to whom he was in debt, and not unfairly annoyed that any one should give the slightest attention to a story at once so calumnious and absurd, especially one who was on familiar terms with his master, and who must have known the utter impossibility of the monstrous tale, attended with his account, which reached no small sum, most carefully and scientifically drawn up, at Habakkuk's office at eight o'clock on Monday morning. With a grave courtesy, which it cost him much trouble to assume, and had been in a great measure acquired by many sedative whiffs of tobacco, he presented the paper exhibiting the fatal balance.

"If it be convenient to Mr. Habergam," he said, "to discharge in the course of the forenoon, we should feel it as an obligation."

"Are thee not coming before the time promised, friend Robin?" said the alarmed corn-factor. "I thought thee had told me I should have had further time on these unfortunate bills of Brown, Badger, and Co., which have done me so much mischief."

"Unfortunate they may well be called, Mr. Habergam," returned Shuckleborough; "but in my mind more unfortunate to those who have already paid the money upon them than to those who have received it, and as yet have paid nothing. But you need not be alarmed, Mr. Habergam, about them; we promised to overhold them three months, and so we will—there are still three weeks and five days to run. If you look over the account, you will find it relates to far different transactions, of which of course you are well aware. Look it over at your leisure—I am sure it is perfectly correct. I must wish you good morning for the present, because business presses; but I shall be here again punctually at ten o'clock, Mr. Habergam."

With a most ceremonious bow, which by no means inspired satisfaction in the breast of him to whom it was devoted, Robin left the counting-house, leaving its master to go to breakfast with what appetite

he might. Habergam scrutinized the accounts with a professional eye, though before he commenced the examination, he was well aware that no hole was to be found in the book-keeping armour of their over-complimentary calculator. While thus engaged, a formal and prim messenger, despatched from the meeting-house, came to remind him that it was now nine o'clock, and that the members who had appointed to assemble there on the business of which he knew were already met, and that the brethren waited but for him. Had Habakkuk been of the profane, his answer to this inopportune message would have been, "The brethren be d—d!" But though the emotion which dictates such wholesale condemnation of those who displease, swelled as strongly in his bosom as in that of the most swearing of troopers, nothing so undevout passed his lips. He merely groaned, and told the messenger to inform those who sent him that he was engaged in unexpected business, and that he thought the matter was not so pressing but that it might stand over.

After the disappointed Mercury, whose curiosity had been strongly excited by the hopes of picking up ample food for slander, had departed, Habergam grunted forth something, as like a curse as possible, upon his folly in meddling in the matter at all, to which he instinctively attributed this sudden call for the money. "I may well say," he muttered, "that it is an unexpected business—and I might say, too, that it is a most annoying business just now. Two thousand eight hundred and forty-seven pounds, odd shillings, and pence; and if I have six hundred and fifty available in the house, it is as much as I have. However, there is no use in loitering about it; Shuckleborough is as punctual as an hour-glass, and I have not quite the time measured by an hour-glass to spare——"

Revolving in his inmost mind on whom of his friends he should call to assist him in his present difficulty, he sallied forth. It is useless to re-write what has been written a thousand times. He fared as all money-borrowers, from the days of Timon. Those to whom he applied,

> "Did answer in a joint and corporate voice,
> That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
> Do what they would, are sorry——"

In fact, the scarcity of money, which never fails to prevail on all such occasions, was pleaded to the unlucky corn-factor, and he came back—"no richer in return." He had indeed raised a couple of hundred pounds, but his absence had raised a devil which made that two hundred pounds of no value. He had not returned until half-past ten, and thereby missed Robin, who was exact to a moment. His clerks told him that Mr. Shuckleborough was very cross, and slightingly adding that he would return at eleven, when he trusted he would not be trifled with any longer. If poor Habakkuk had been waiting for him, it would have made little difference; but Shuckleborough would have been deprived of a pretext for a more copious discharge of that bile which had been burning within him since the day before. At eleven, he returned, "with countenance severe."

"Mr. Habergam," said he, "you must think my time of little worth, else you would not waste it in the manner which you have done this

morning; but as arguing about that, Mr. Habergam, will not tend to the recovery of my hours, let us go to business at once. Have you looked over, Mr. Habergam, the account I left you, and found it correct?"

"Perfectly," said Habakkuk; "I had no doubt of that."

"All, then, that remains, Mr. Habergam, is to settle it. I have the receipts and vouchers all ready in my pocket." And suiting the action to the word, he produced them. "Two thousand eight hundred and forty-seven pounds, seventeen shillings, and two-pence. If it is any convenience to you, Mr. Habergam, we shall let the small money stand over, and take as on the present account, two thousand eight hundred."

"Why, truly," said Habergam, "friend Robin——"

"My name, sir," interrupted the clerk, with haughty indignation, "is Robert! *I* was christened, Mr. Habergam, in the manner of a Christian country—not named, like some people, as a dog; and as to my being your friend, sir—it is perfectly new to me how the friendship has sprung up between us! Let us go on to business."

"Then, Robert Shuckleborough," said the corn-factor, in whom what he would call the Old Adam was working strong to knock down a man, whom for more than twenty years of commercial life he had looked upon as not much better than a menial; "the truth is, that I have not got the whole sum."

"I thought so, by ——!" said Robin, with an oath. "Well, what have you to offer, my good man?"

"I have just now about nine hundred pounds, which I can pay up at once."

"So far, so good. But for the remaining nineteen hundred, how do you propose to arrange?"

"I could give you bills, which have only a few days to run, to the tune of about eleven hundred pounds."

"Bills!—shew them to me," said Shuckleborough, with infinite scorn. "Bills—any, I suppose; Brown, Badger, and Co.'s affairs. Bills, my good man, must be taken from you with considerable caution."

"The bills," said Habergam, roused, in spite of his circumstances, to anger, "are as good as the bank. Ask of any bankers in Liverpool. I'll discount them myself at five per cent this moment."

"Hardly, now, my good man," replied Shuckleborough—"hardly. I have planted the bills we held of you in every banking-house in Liverpool, cautioning them not to proceed until the time we promised to overhold has expired, and then to act on their own judgment."

Habergam looked aghast, but said not a word, as he had handed over the bills, well knowing that they were destined to be condemned.

"Ay, I thought so — a precious lot! Broadbrim, Bam, and Co.; Humphrey Ham; Fox and Levi, — ay, that is not fox and goose; Mark and Mincing—yes, we know that firm well; Hildebrand Stanley, —what, Sir Hildebrand?"

"Yes."

"For two hundred and fifty pounds! Why, you know a bill of Sir Hildebrand's is not worth two hundred and fifty pence, which, I suppose, is as much as you gave him for it; yet this is the only bill of the lot for which I would give you five shillings. Here, I'll buy this of you at double the price, no matter what that be, of the money you

gave Sir Hildebrand. I'll cash it for you at once out of my own resources. To what amount have you swindled the gentleman?"

"Swindled!" said Habergam. "Mr. Robert Shuckleborough, you have been convivial at an early hour this morning, else you would not dare use such language to me. The bill came into my hands——"

"I am tired," said Shuckleborough, "of listening to this cheating and fraudulent stuff. It is of no consequence how the bill came into *your* hands—you will find it something of more importance to ascertain how it is that you came into our hands."

He whistled, and a pair of uncouth ruffians appeared at the preconcerted signal.

"This is the man," continued Robin, "the defendant in the case of Shackleford *v.* Habergam, (Robin had taken care that his master's name should not appear in the transaction.) Do your duty, Oliver Oglethorpe."

"It aint a pleasant duty," said Oliver—grinning, however, at the same time, in hideous delight; "but, Habakkuk Habergam, here's the writ—here's the original. Come, my old trump, time's precious—we must tramp at once. Put on your castor. We'll wait for that, for we aint unreasonable."

"What!" said Habergam, greatly astonished, and feeling the insult and injury still more deeply as they were inflicted in presence of some half-score of stupified clerks—"do you mean to say that I am arrested?"

"I do mean that thing," said Oliver Oglethorpe, "and no mistake. Pay the sum marked on the back of the writ, with the fees, and, in course, the thing is at an end; if not, in course, you must go with us."

"In course," said his attendant, a gentleman who rejoiced in the nickname of Measly Mott.

"But," said Habakkuk, much alarmed at the serious turn things were now taking, "must this be done at once?"

"Certainly," said Oliver Oglethorpe, "unless this good gentleman what brought us here gives a discharge to the writ,—I see he shakes his head, so that is no go,—or you bail."

"Mr. Shuckleborough," said Habergam, "this is a most outrageous proceeding!"

"No, it aint," said Oliver; "there's nothing in it but what's regular. I defy the chancellor of the duchy to say that there's a bit wrong!"

Habakkuk did not heed the interruption. "I must send for John Manesty, for I know Mr. Shackleford is only one of his brokers, and ask him if he has sanctioned such conduct."

"Manesty han't nothing to do with it," said Oglethorpe. "I know no more about him than I do of the ghost of Clegg Hall. Come, old chap, do not waste no more of our precious minutes."

"At all events, my good man," said Robin, "Mr. Manesty, whom you are taking the liberty of calling John Manesty, as if he were your footman, cannot interfere now. He left town immediately after quitting your synagogue for his estate at Wolsterholme, and will not return until the day after to-morrow. On Friday last, he gave me several accounts of shaky people, including yours, my good man, and told me to gather them in as I could; so I passed the transaction over to Mr. Shackleford, and he has instructed these gentlemen to act."

There was a prodigious quantity of the thing that is not, in this statement of Robin; but his victim was in no condition to repel it.

"Give me, then, until his return. Why, Oglethorpe, I have known you since you were not much more than a boy."

"And employed me, too. Do you remember? But no matter, we are wasting time."

"There's my wife and her three beauteous babbies at home," said Measly Mott, "a-waiting for the return of a husband and a father from the doing of his duty as an officer on service."

"Well, then," said the subdued corn-factor, "as you speak of wife and children, let me see mine before you drag me away."

"Come, Habakkuk, my old buck," returned Oglethorpe, "that's too good! Drag you away; you'll walk quiet enough without dragging. The frau and kinchen, if they want you, will find you easily enough in Church-lane."

"I can raise the money by the sacrifice of goods, of five times the amount, in the course of the day; but an arrest will be my ruin."

"There must be an end of all things," said Robin, taking out a silver watch the size of a coach-wheel from the enormous flap of his waistcoat. "It is perfectly useless, Mr. Habergam, to talk to me—the law must have its course. Good morning to you. I hope I have not been the cause of keeping you from any pleasant entertainment, at which you were engaged to be first fiddle."

He departed to spread through Liverpool and its vicinity the news that Habergam was in gaol, and the officials of the palatinate lost no time in consigning him to his ultimate destination, after taking care to draw from him as much of his ready money as they thought he had a disposition to part with.

All this may be very wrong or very right; but if any one thinks that in this scene Robin, who is a favourite friend of ours, behaved like a tyrant, we beg them to remember that he was sensible of a wrong, judge in his own cause, and conscious of power. Whether this is precisely the kind of tribunal which it is wise or desirable to erect, is a question to be discussed in other pages than these. Habakkuk, at all events, had sufficient leisure to inquire, whether that charity which exports itself abroad may not be very contracted in its concerns at home.

Manesty's return to his office, in spite of Robin's bouncings, took place nearly about the same time that Habergam had been arrested. No mention of that circumstance was made to him, nor did he make any inquiry which led to it. The day passed over in Pool-lane with its usual quietude, and those who had heard of the rumour spread by drunken Blazes only laughed at it. On inquiring after that worthy gentleman, it was found that he occupied his Sunday evening in getting more and more drunk; and that when he had brought that business towards a very perfect state of completion, he had, contrary to the advice and remonstrances of every one connected with the administration of the tap, staggered out, uttering incoherent oaths. During the evening he had been very troublesome; he called every man of anything like a decent appearance a pirate, and swore that he knew them on the coast of Africa. In particular, he could identify, and so could the crew of the ship Juno, now lying at Gravesend, the

greasy lubbers whom he had met in the psalm-shop. He knew them all well, and could hang them all up,—indeed, for that matter, he could hang half Liverpool; and if he could not hang the other half, he well knew they richly deserved it. After wanting to fight with every one in the room, he departed in disgust. He had no kit, nothing but what he wore about him; he had paid honestly for all he called for, and had foolishly thrown about some pieces of gold and silver; and of him nothing more was known at the Blackamoor's Arms. The landlord said he was sorry such a fellow had come into his house, and sorry, too, that he left it in such a state. "I think," said he, "he has tumbled into the river, and is drowned."

In eight or ten days the surmise of the landlord was proved to be true: a body almost decomposed was washed up under St. Nicholas' church, the dress and other indications of which proved it to be that of Blazes. Nothing was found about him except some foreign coins, doubloons, dollars, &c., amounting in value to some ten or twelve pounds. No marks of violence appeared upon his person, and the only conclusion that the coroner's inquest could come to, was that of "found drowned." Those, of course, who had entertained any suspicion that Manesty was connected with the business charged against him by the deceased, had their suspicions strengthened by the mode of his death; they had not been weakened by the arrest of Habergam.

But that was all over now. Two or three days had elapsed after he had been removed from the den of Oglethorpe, where, of course, he was most unmercifully fleeced, to the prison of the palatinate, Lancaster Castle, before Manesty was informed of the occurrence. He strongly rebuked Robin, and sent an instant discharge, with a letter of the most kindly apology. The thing had occurred in his temporary absence, and Mr. Shuckleborough had quite mistaken instructions which he had given a few days before. It was certain that a sudden pressure had come upon the house, and he had directed that some strictness should be used to obtain outstanding monies of long date; but it had never entered his head that any one should have been exposed to the inconveniences of arrest, to which he or his father before him had never resorted in any instance during a commercial course of nearly half-a-century, and which, above all things, he deeply regretted should be employed in the case of Habakkuk Habergam, with whom he had been so long knit in brotherly love. As for the transactions which unhappily gave occasion for this unlucky mistake, he begged that nothing should be thought of them until payment was perfectly convenient, no matter at how distant a date; and as for the bills of Brown, Badger, and Co., he had taken them out of his office to throw them into his own private desk, there to remain until Habakkuk himself asked for them. Nothing could be fairer or more handsome; and if the poor corn-factor emerged from prison with blasted credit and crippled resources, spirits broken and his self-importance humiliated, to become a bankrupt in three months, and an inmate of the grave in three more, no one could in the slightest degree impute those catastrophes to Mr. Manesty, who had generously flung his bills into the fire, sorrowfully attended the funeral, and headed a subscription for his family with the liberal donation of 100*l.*

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